MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS

MARCH

NO. 41

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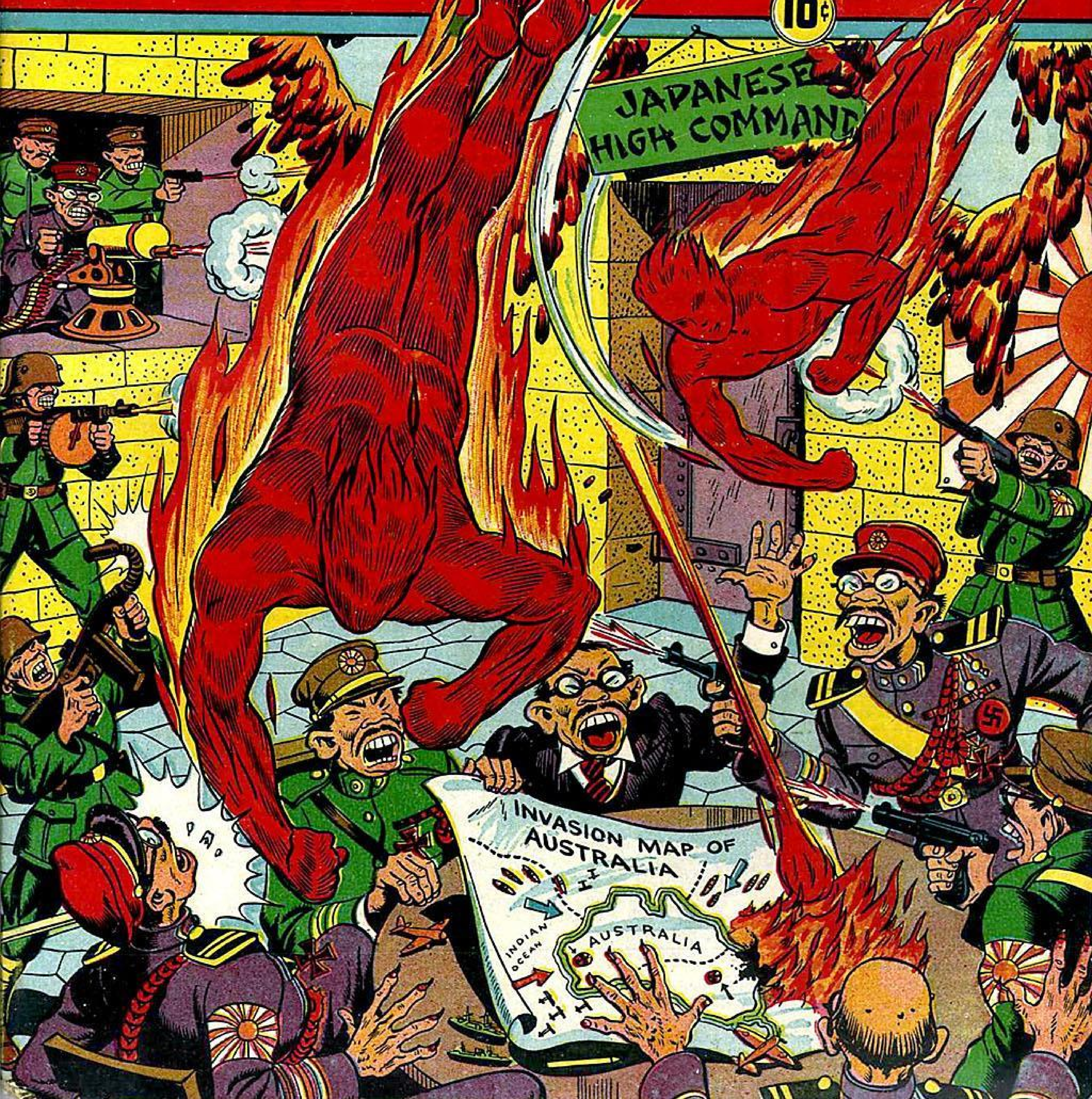
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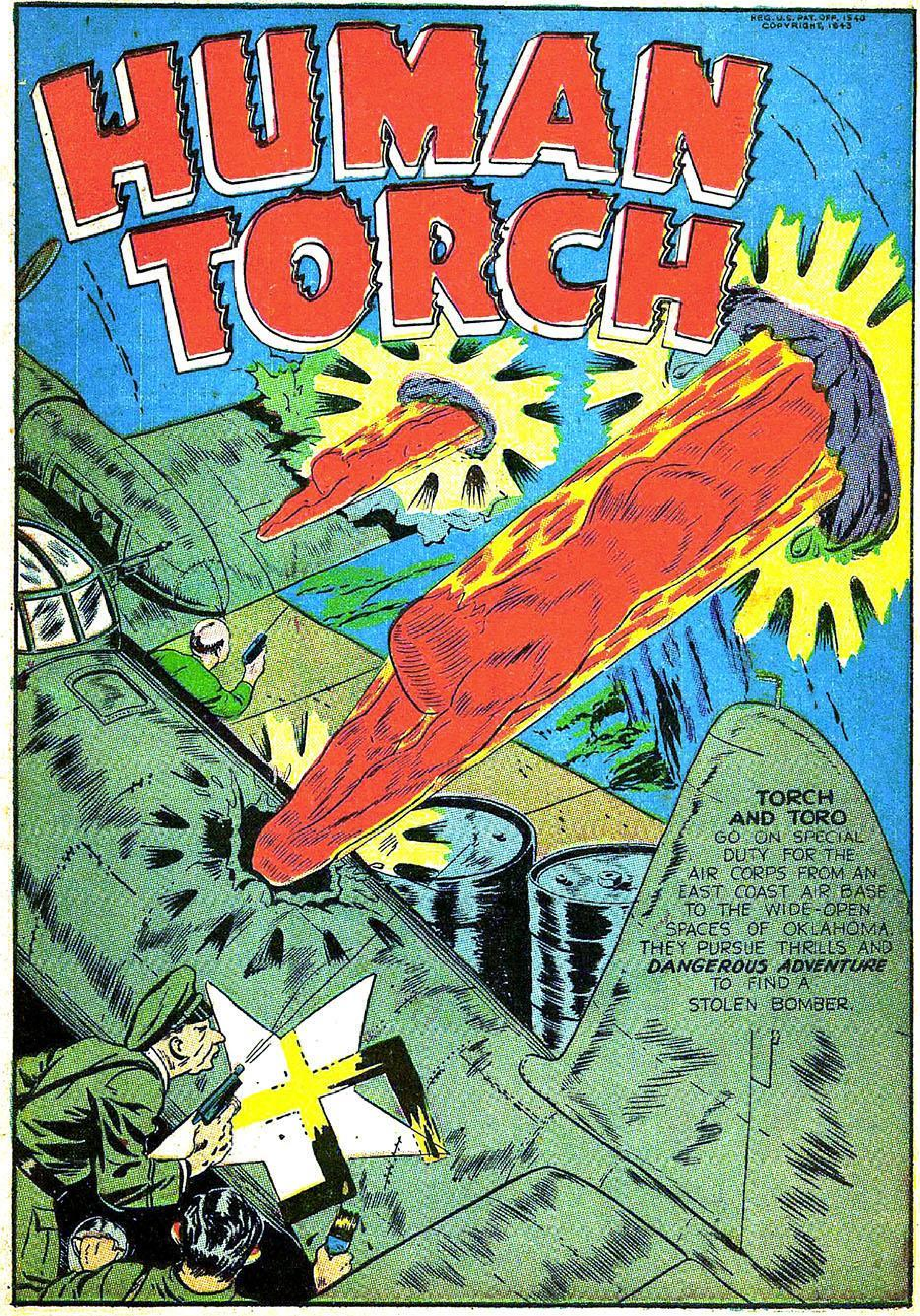
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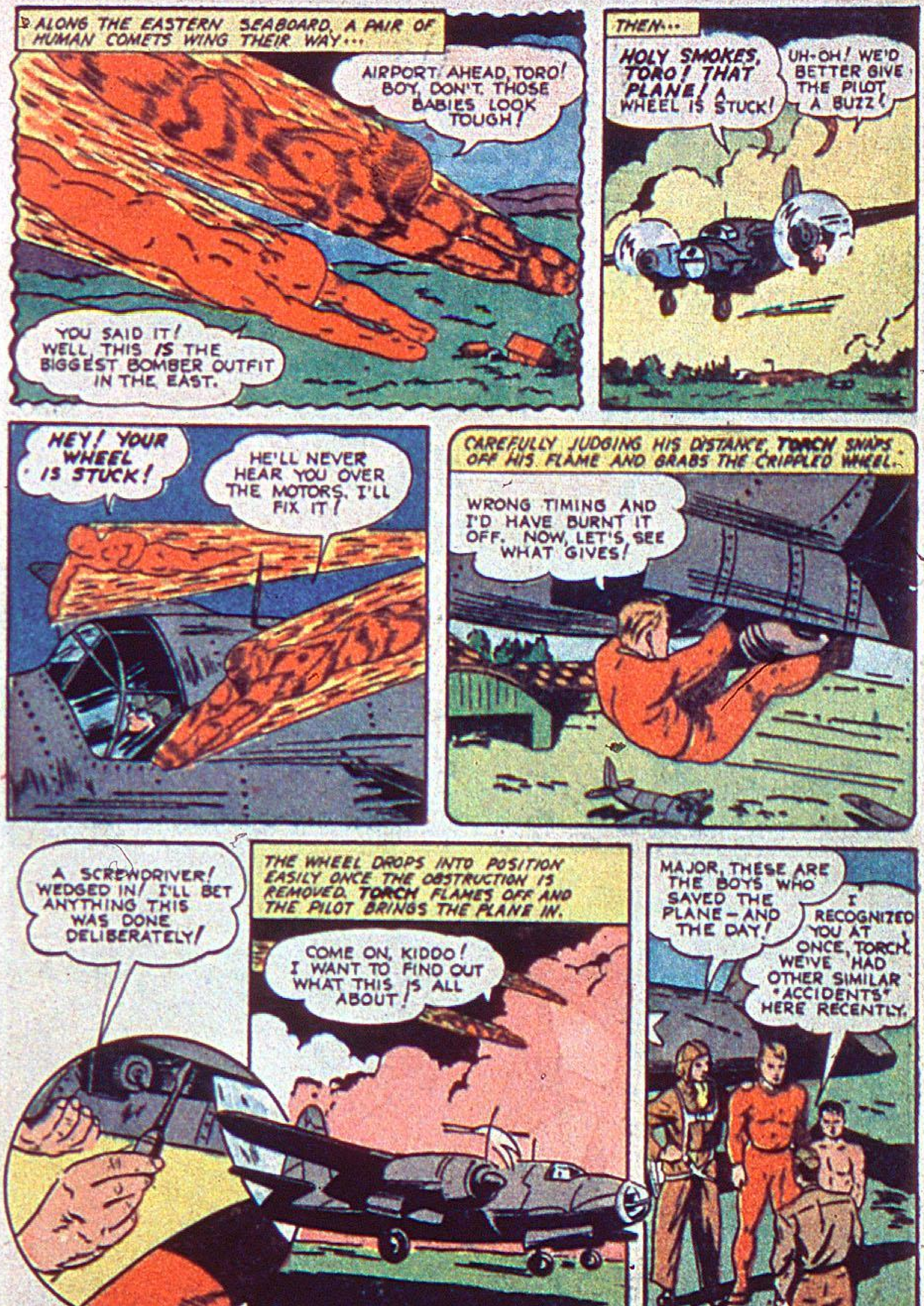
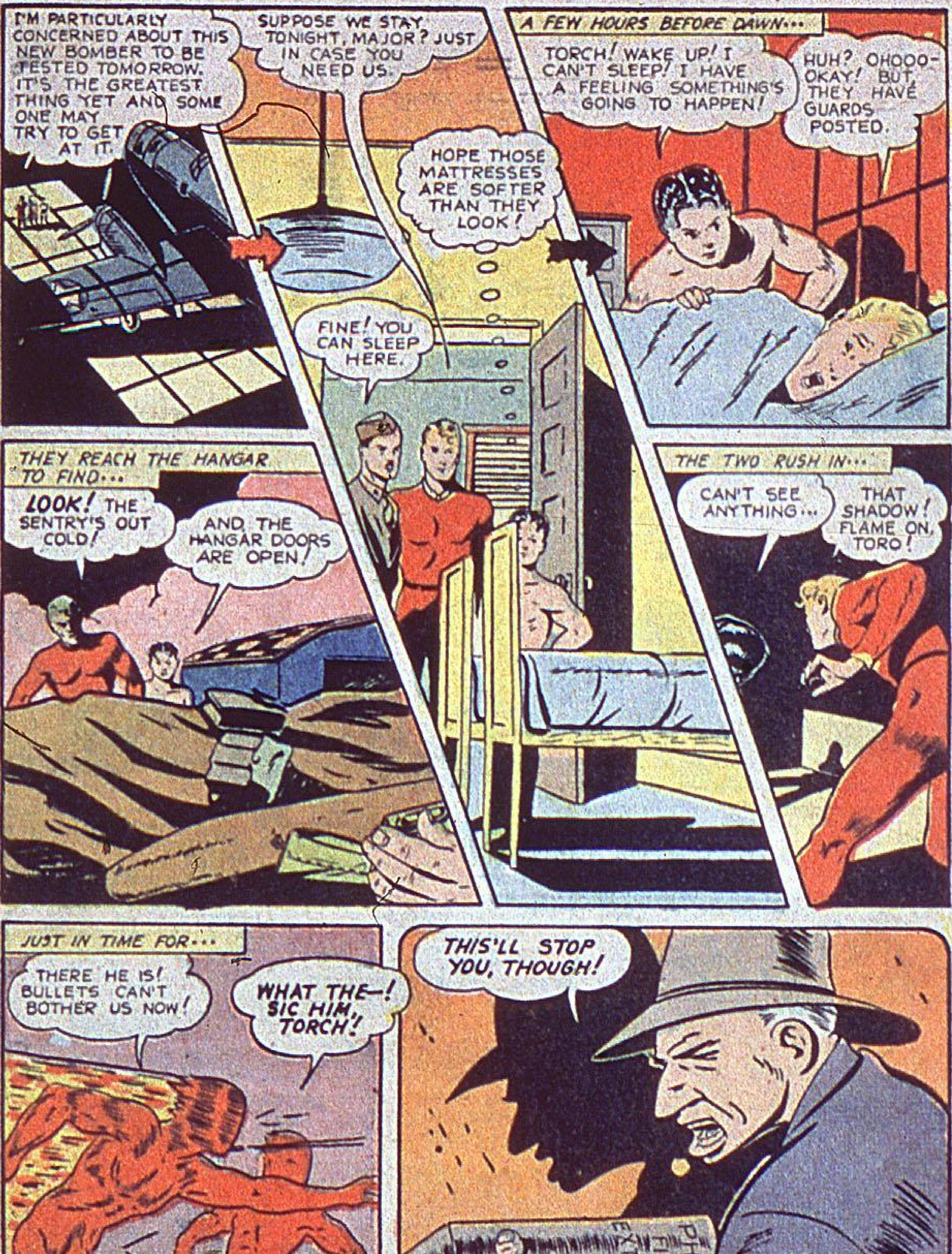
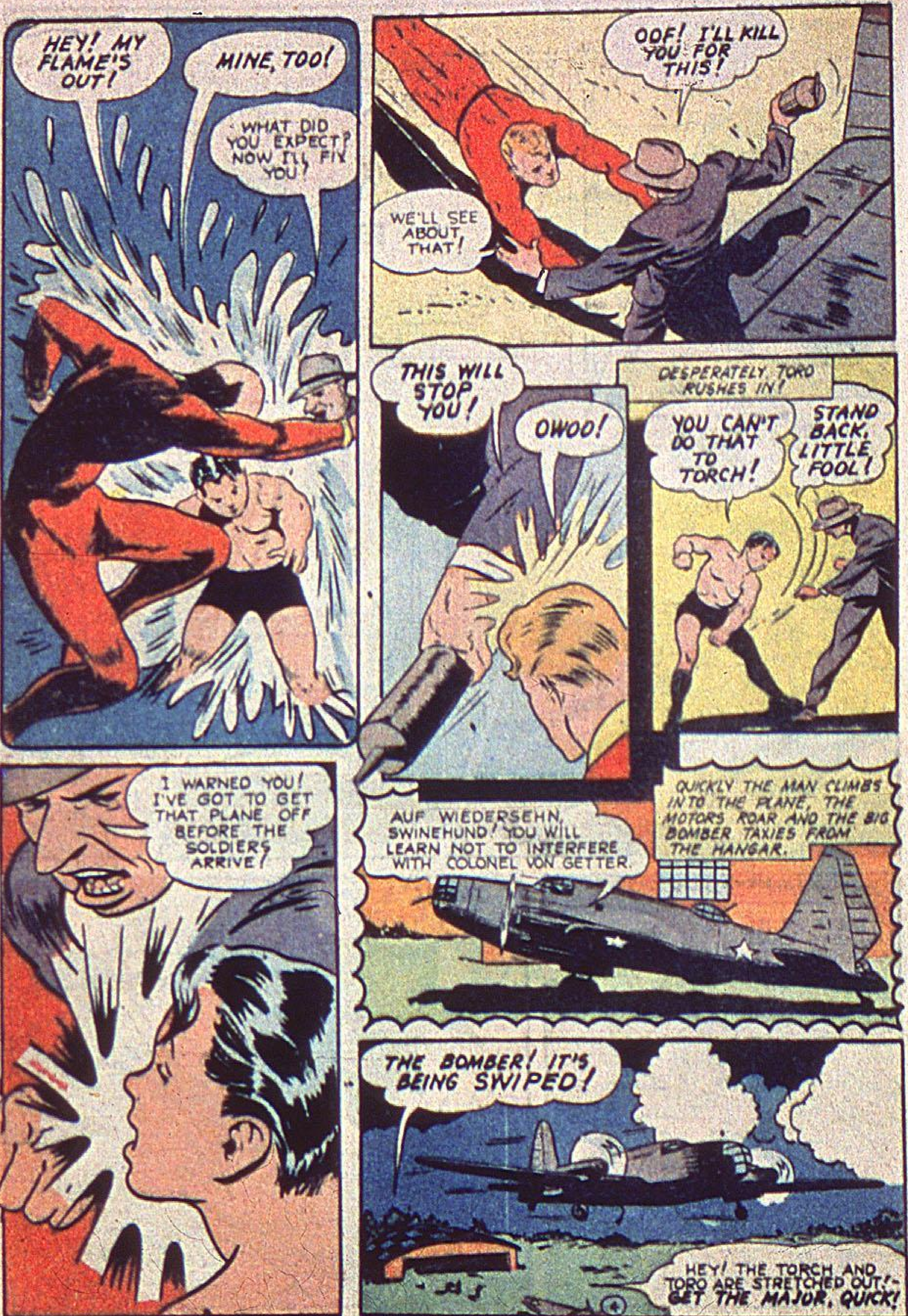
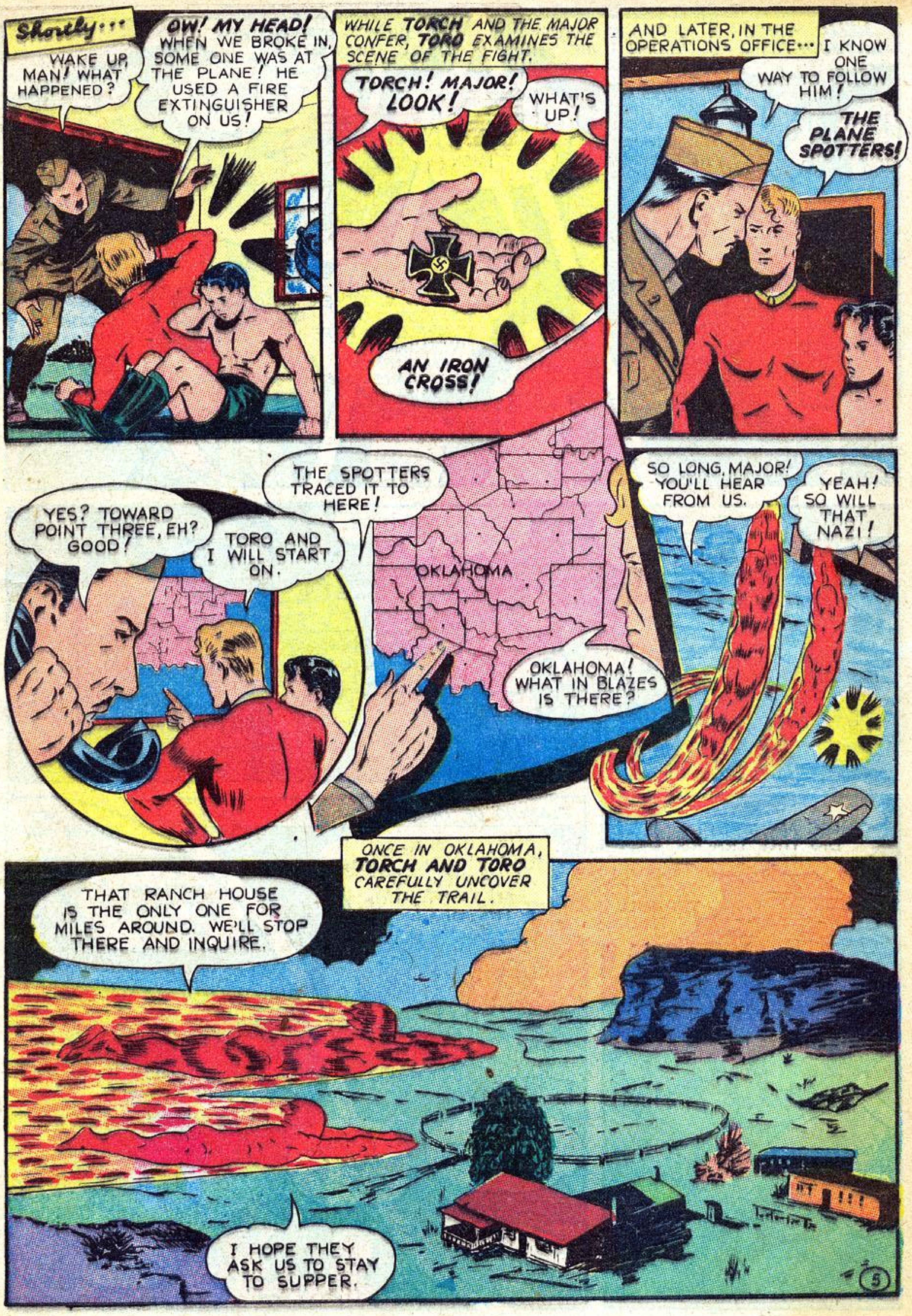
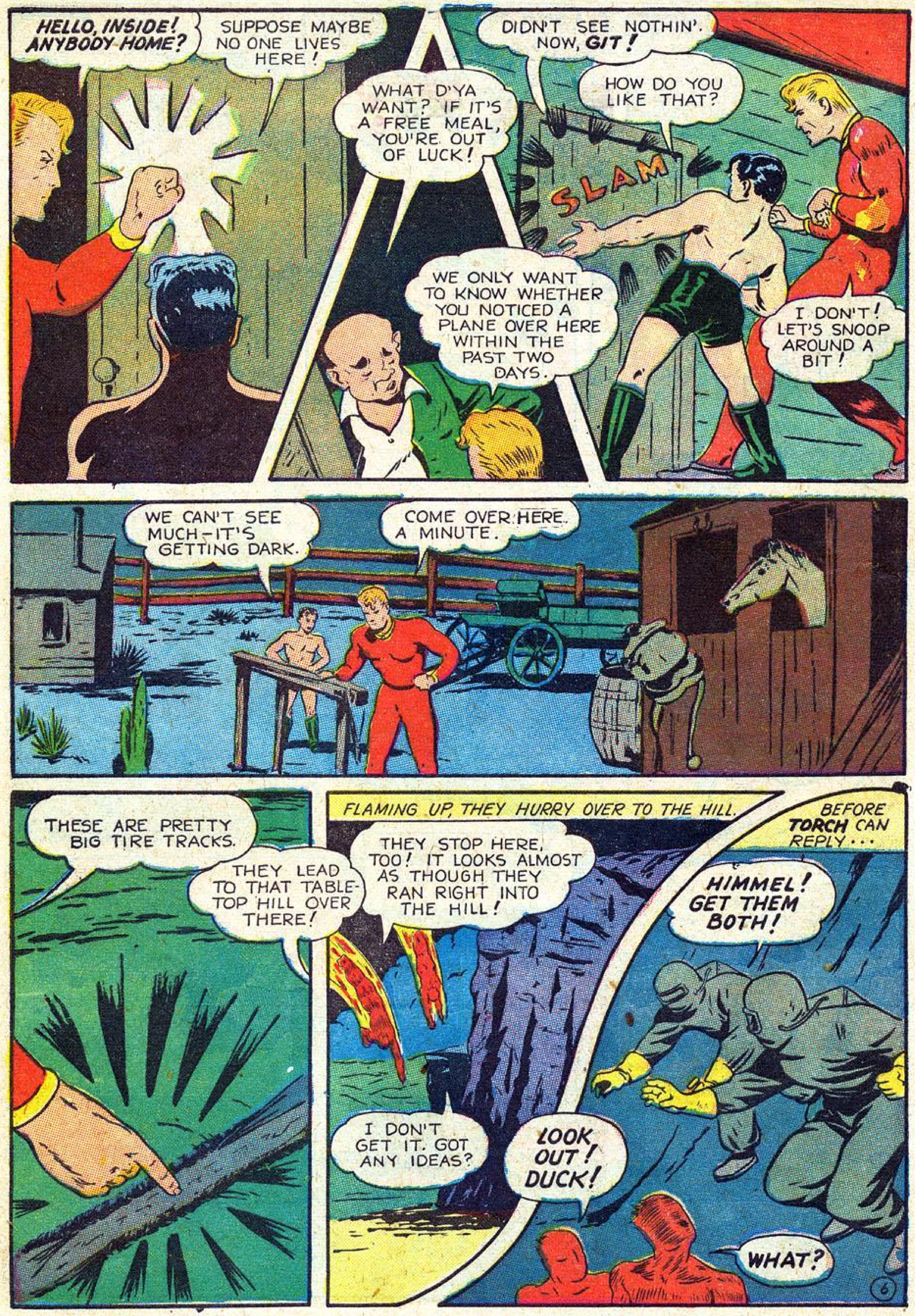
HUMAN TORCH
TORCH AND TORO GO ON SPECIAL DUTY FOR THE AIR CORPS FROM AN EAST COAST AIR BASE TO THE WIDE-OPEN SPACES OF OKLAHOMA. THEY PURSUE THRILLS AND ***DANGEROUS ADVENTURE*** TO FIND A STOLEN BOMBER.

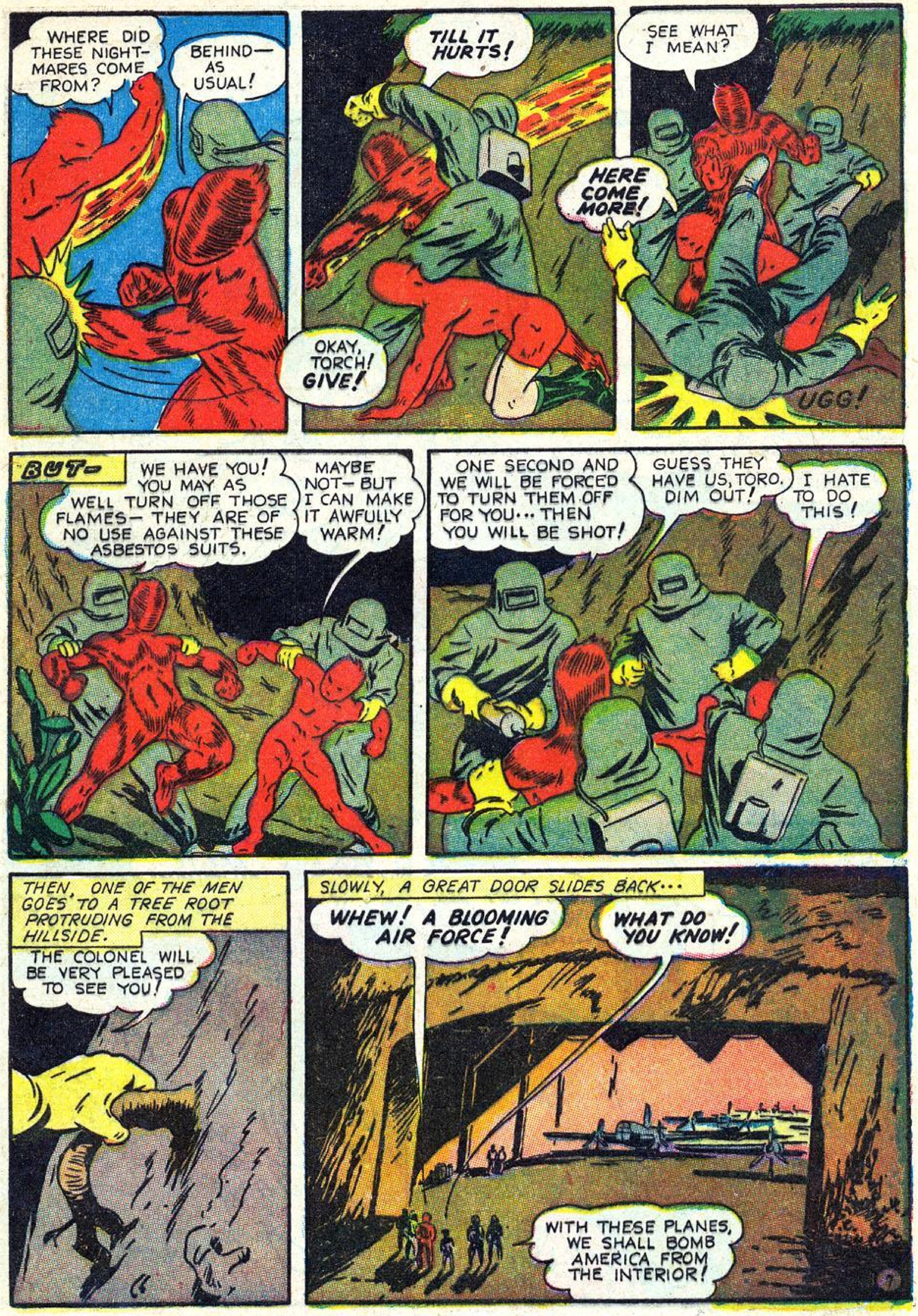

ALONG THE EASTERN SEABOARD, A PAIR OF HUMAN COMETS WING THEIR WAY...
AIRPORT AHEAD, TORO! BOY, DON'T THOSE BABIES LOOK TOUGH!
YOU SAID IT! WELL, THIS *IS* THE BIGGEST BOMBER OUTFIT IN THE EAST.
THEN...
HOLY SMOKES, TORO! THAT PLANE! A WHEEL IS STUCK!
UH-OH! WE'D BETTER GIVE THE PILOT A BUZZ!
HEY! YOUR WHEEL IS STUCK!
HE'LL NEVER HEAR YOU OVER THE MOTORS. I'LL FIX IT!
CAREFULLY JUDGING HIS DISTANCE, **TORCH** SNAPS OFF HIS FLAME AND GRABS THE CRIPPLED WHEEL.
WRONG TIMING AND I'D HAVE BURNT IT OFF. NOW, LET'S SEE WHAT GIVES!
A SCREWDRIVER! WEDGED IN! I'LL BET ANYTHING THIS WAS DONE DELIBERATELY!
THE WHEEL DROPS INTO POSITION EASILY ONCE THE OBSTRUCTION IS REMOVED. **TORCH** FLAMES OFF AND THE PILOT BRINGS THE PLANE IN.
COME ON, KIDDO! I WANT TO FIND OUT WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!
MAJOR, THESE ARE THE BOYS WHO SAVED THE PLANE — AND THE DAY!
I RECOGNIZED YOU AT ONCE, TORCH. WE'VE HAD OTHER SIMILAR "ACCIDENTS" HERE RECENTLY.
2

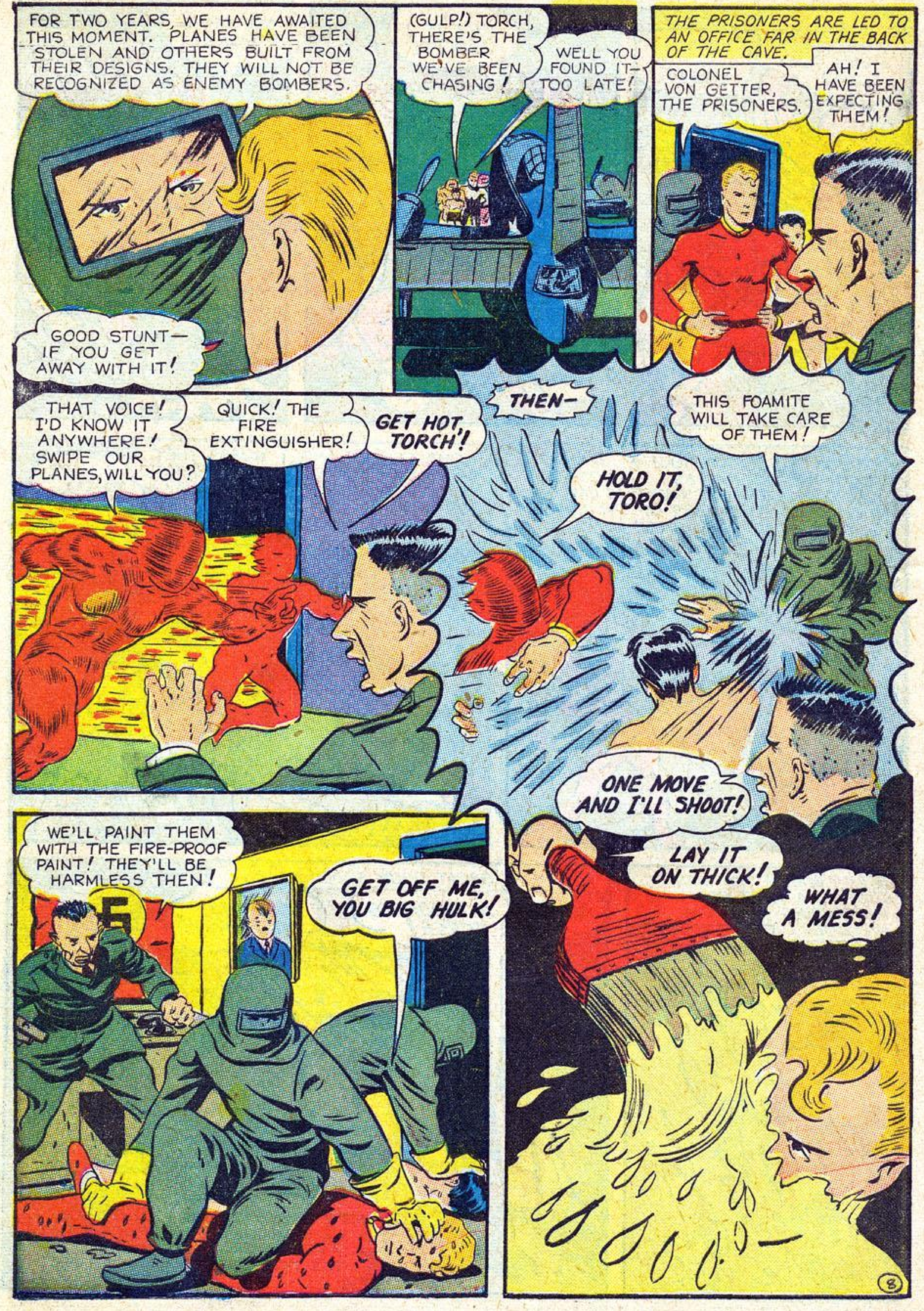

I'M PARTICULARLY CONCERNED ABOUT THIS NEW BOMBER TO BE TESTED TOMORROW. IT'S THE GREATEST THING YET AND SOME ONE MAY TRY TO GET AT IT.
SUPPOSE WE STAY TONIGHT, MAJOR? JUST IN CASE YOU NEED US.
HOPE THOSE MATTRESSES ARE SOFTER THAN THEY LOOK!
FINE! YOU CAN SLEEP HERE.
A FEW HOURS BEFORE DAWN...
TORCH! WAKE UP! I CAN'T SLEEP! I HAVE A FEELING SOMETHING'S GOING TO HAPPEN!
HUH? OHOOO-OKAY! BUT, THEY HAVE GUARDS POSTED.
THEY REACH THE HANGAR TO FIND...
LOOK! THE SENTRY'S OUT COLD!
AND THE HANGAR DOORS ARE OPEN!
THE TWO RUSH IN...
CAN'T SEE ANYTHING...
THAT SHADOW! FLAME ON, TORO!
JUST IN TIME FOR...
THERE HE IS! BULLETS CAN'T BOTHER US NOW!
WHAT THE—! SIC HIM, TORCH!
THIS'LL STOP YOU, THOUGH!
PHO FIRE EXTING

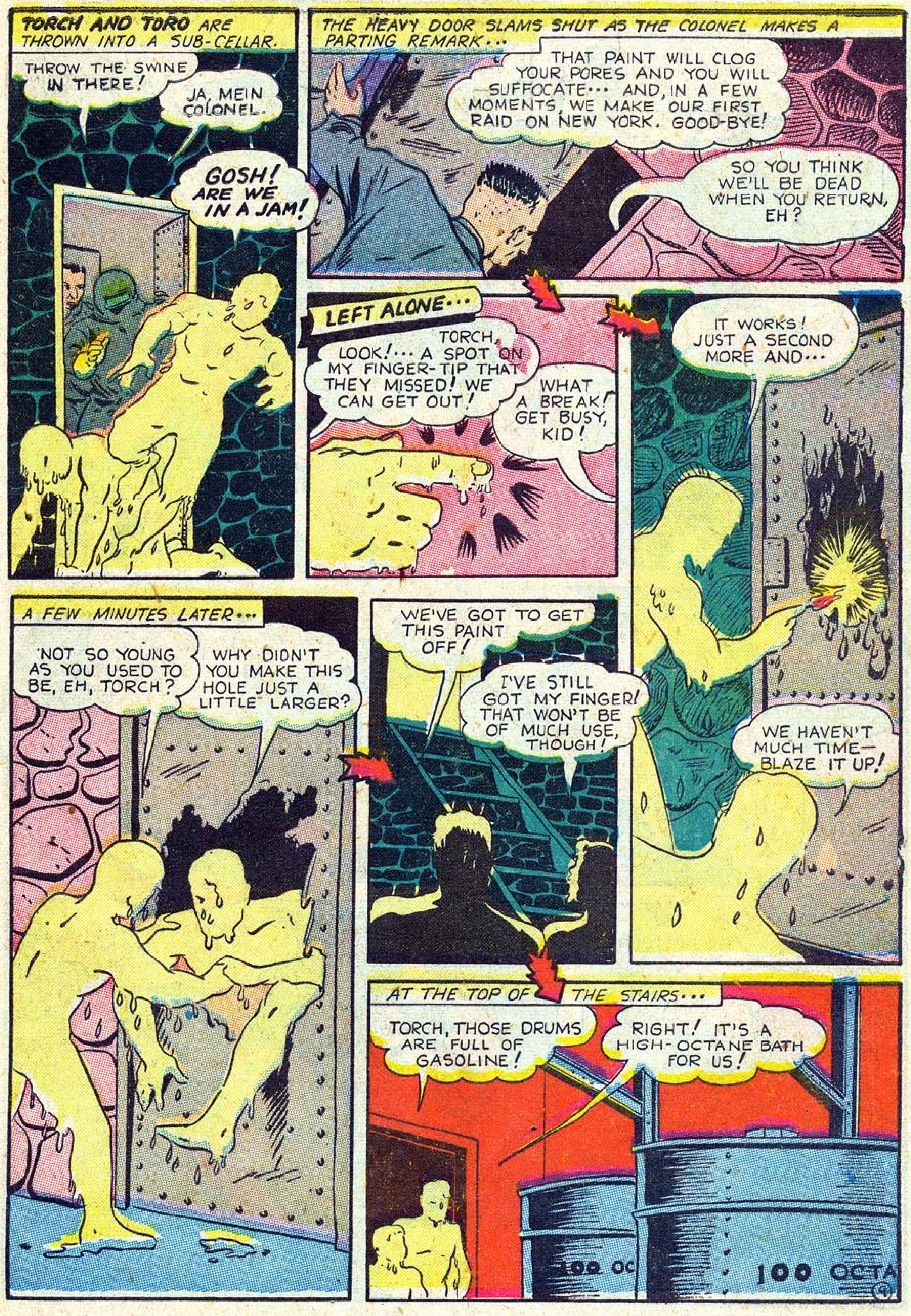

HEY! MY FLAME'S OUT!
MINE, TOO!
WHAT DID YOU EXPECT? NOW I'LL FIX YOU!
OOF! I'LL KILL YOU FOR THIS!
WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!
THIS WILL STOP YOU!
OWOO!
DESPERATELY TORO RUSHES IN!
YOU CAN'T DO THAT TO TORCH!
STAND BACK, LITTLE FOOL!
I WARNED YOU! I'VE GOT TO GET THAT PLANE OFF BEFORE THE SOLDIERS ARRIVE!
QUICKLY THE MAN CLIMBS INTO THE PLANE, THE MOTORS ROAR AND THE BIG BOMBER TAXIES FROM THE HANGAR.
AUF WIEDERSEHN, SWINEHUND! YOU WILL LEARN NOT TO INTERFERE WITH COLONEL VON GETTER.
THE BOMBER! IT'S BEING SWIPED!
HEY! THE TORCH AND TORO ARE STRETCHED OUT! GET THE MAJOR, QUICK!
4

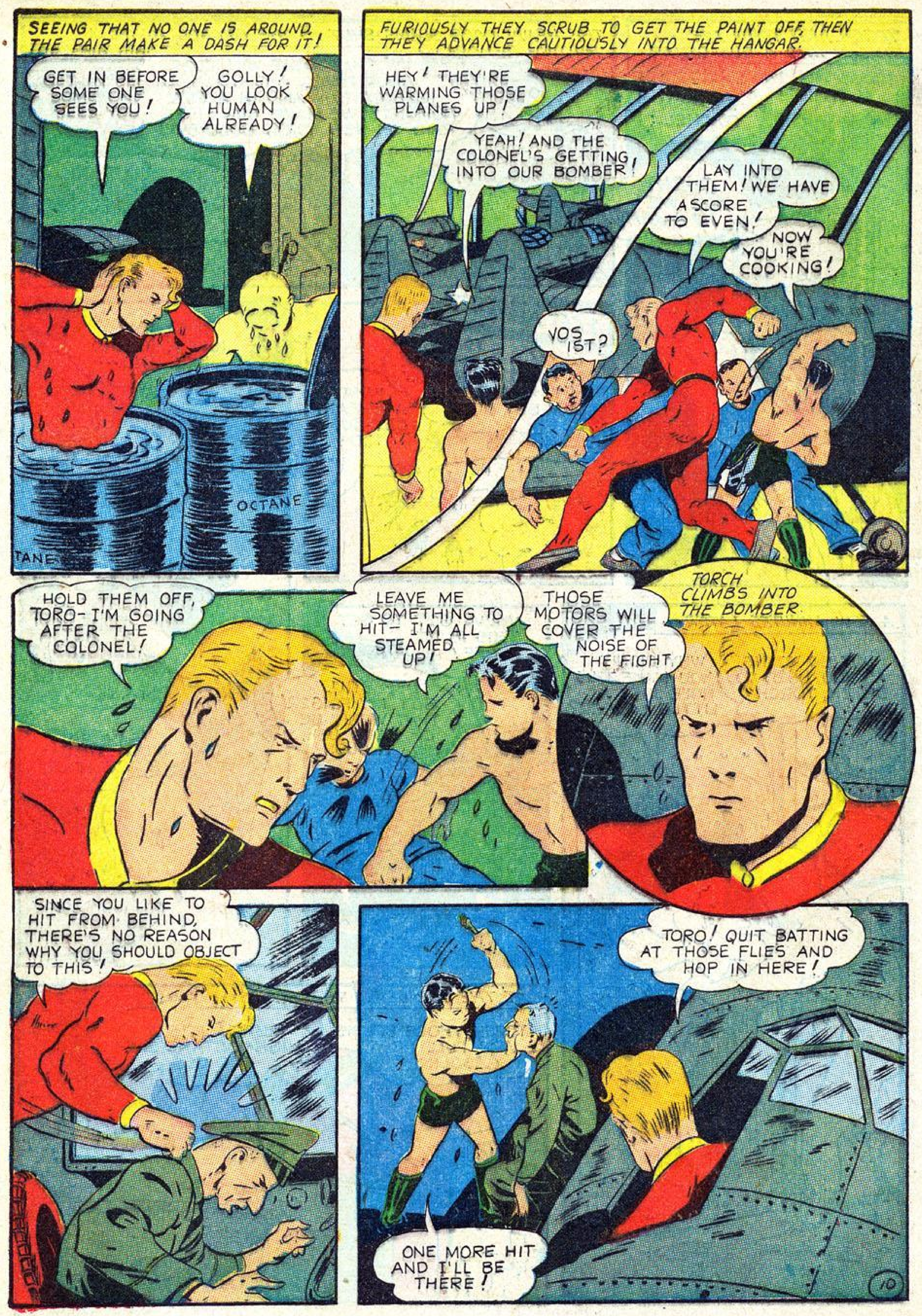

Shortly...
WAKE UP, MAN! WHAT HAPPENED?
OW! MY HEAD! WHEN WE BROKE IN, SOME ONE WAS AT THE PLANE! HE USED A FIRE EXTINGUISHER ON US!
WHILE TORCH AND THE MAJOR CONFER, TORO EXAMINES THE SCENE OF THE FIGHT.
TORCH! MAJOR! LOOK!
WHAT'S UP!
AN IRON CROSS!
AND LATER, IN THE OPERATIONS OFFICE...
I KNOW ONE WAY TO FOLLOW HIM!
THE PLANE SPOTTERS!
YES? TOWARD POINT THREE, EH? GOOD!
TORO AND I WILL START ON.
THE SPOTTERS TRACED IT TO HERE!
OKLAHOMA
OKLAHOMA! WHAT IN BLAZES IS THERE?
SO LONG, MAJOR! YOU'LL HEAR FROM US.
YEAH! SO WILL THAT NAZI!
ONCE IN OKLAHOMA, TORCH AND TORO CAREFULLY UNCOVER THE TRAIL.
THAT RANCH HOUSE IS THE ONLY ONE FOR MILES AROUND. WE'LL STOP THERE AND INQUIRE.
I HOPE THEY ASK US TO STAY TO SUPPER.

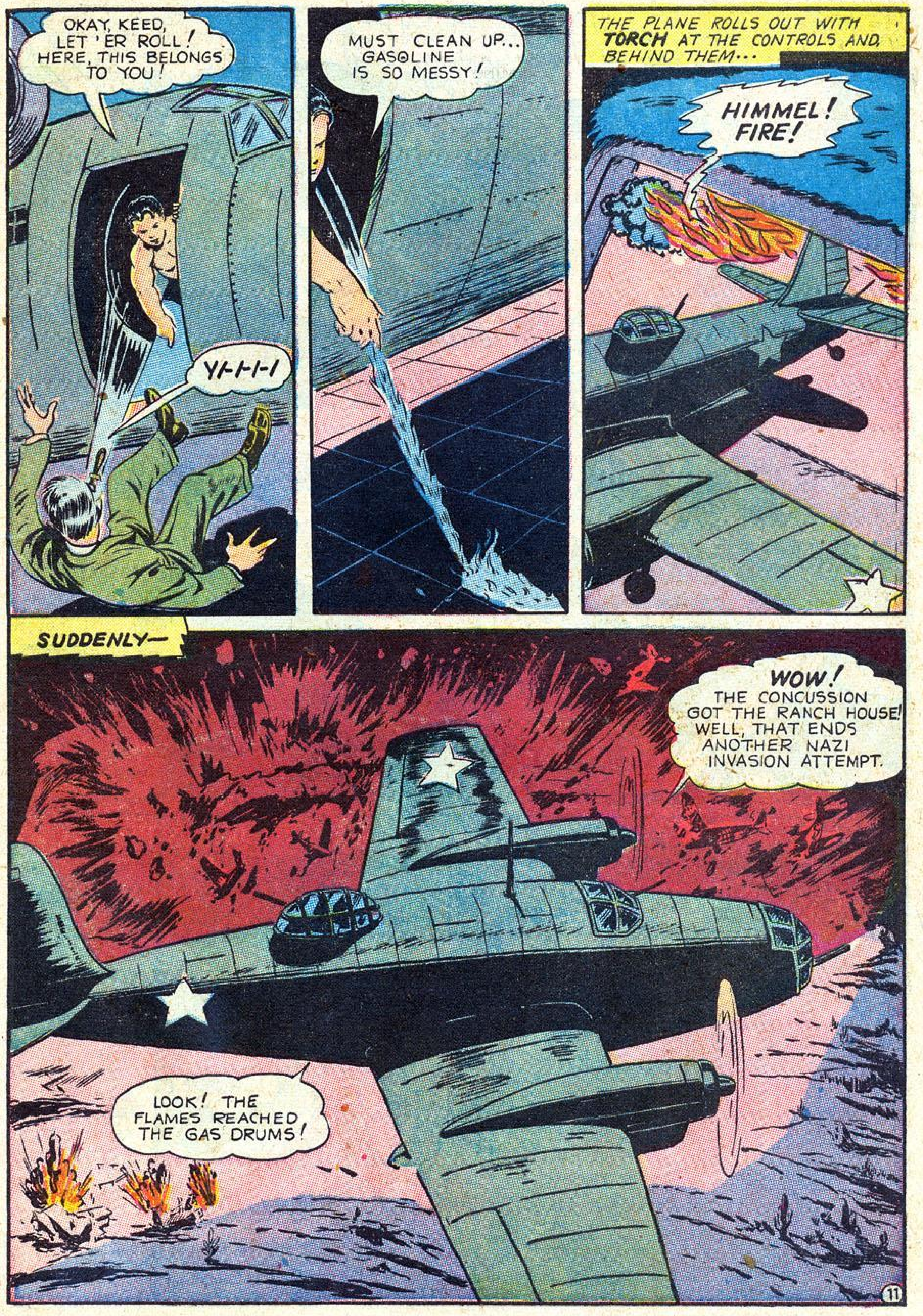

HELLO, INSIDE! ANYBODY HOME?
SUPPOSE MAYBE NO ONE LIVES HERE!
WHAT D'YA WANT? IF IT'S A FREE MEAL, YOU'RE OUT OF LUCK!
WE ONLY WANT TO KNOW WHETHER YOU NOTICED A PLANE OVER HERE WITHIN THE PAST TWO DAYS.
DIDN'T SEE NOTHIN'. NOW, GIT!
SLAM
HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT?
I DON'T! LET'S SNOOP AROUND A BIT!
WE CAN'T SEE MUCH—IT'S GETTING DARK.
COME OVER HERE A MINUTE.
THESE ARE PRETTY BIG TIRE TRACKS.
THEY LEAD TO THAT TABLE-TOP HILL OVER THERE!
FLAMING UP, THEY HURRY OVER TO THE HILL.
THEY STOP HERE, TOO! IT LOOKS ALMOST AS THOUGH THEY RAN RIGHT INTO THE HILL!
I DON'T GET IT. GOT ANY IDEAS?
BEFORE TORCH CAN REPLY...
HIMMEL! GET THEM BOTH!
LOOK OUT! DUCK!
WHAT?
6

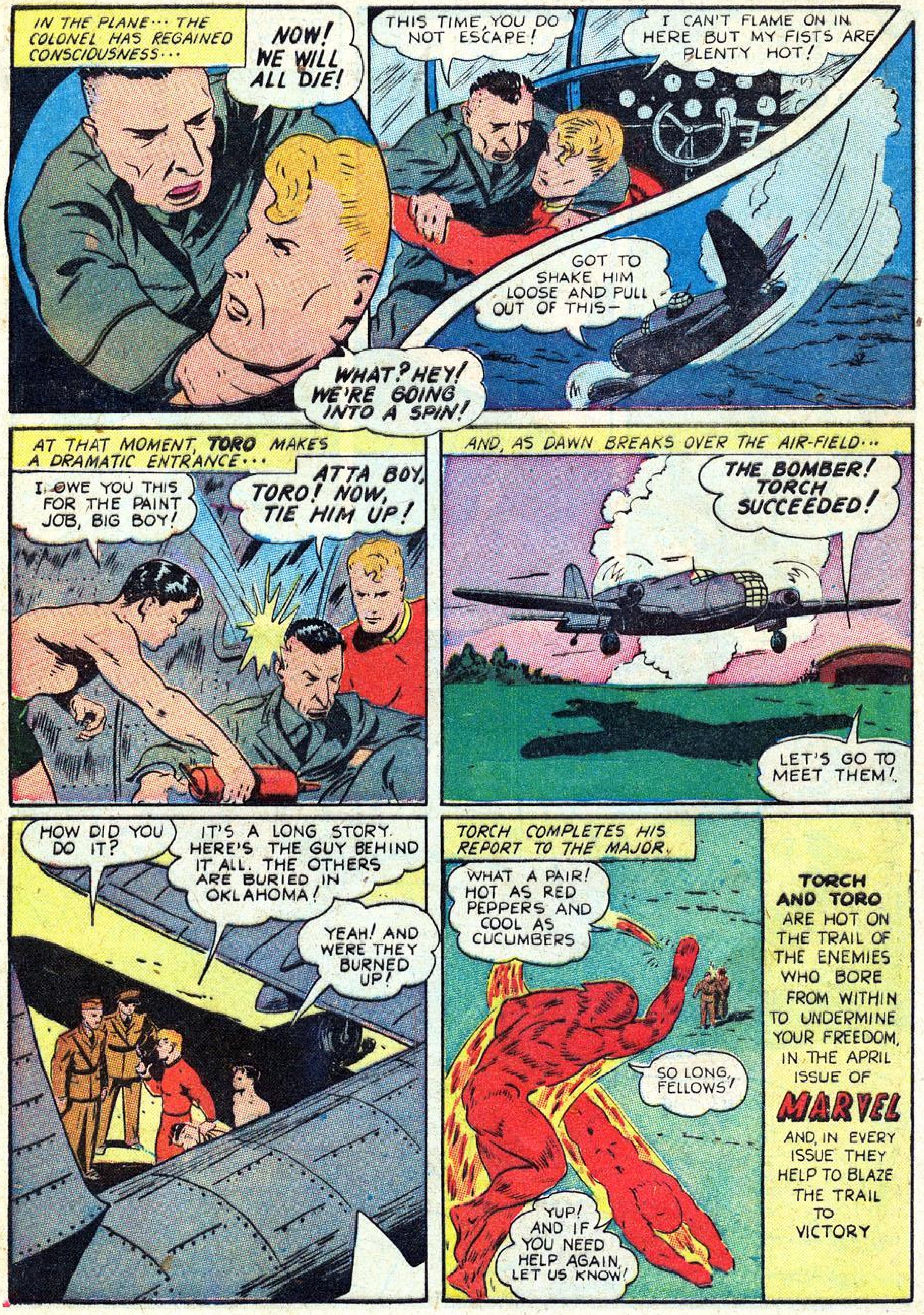

WHERE DID THESE NIGHT-MARES COME FROM?
BEHIND— AS USUAL!
TILL IT HURTS!
OKAY, TORCH! GIVE!
SEE WHAT I MEAN?
HERE COME MORE!
UGG!
BUT—
WE HAVE YOU! YOU MAY AS WELL TURN OFF THOSE FLAMES— THEY ARE OF NO USE AGAINST THESE ASBESTOS SUITS.
MAYBE NOT— BUT I CAN MAKE IT AWFULLY WARM!
ONE SECOND AND WE WILL BE FORCED TO TURN THEM OFF FOR YOU... THEN YOU WILL BE SHOT!
GUESS THEY HAVE US, TORO. DIM OUT!
I HATE TO DO THIS!
THEN, ONE OF THE MEN GOES TO A TREE ROOT PROTRUDING FROM THE HILLSIDE.
THE COLONEL WILL BE VERY PLEASED TO SEE YOU!
SLOWLY, A GREAT DOOR SLIDES BACK...
WHEW! A BLOOMING AIR FORCE!
WHAT DO YOU KNOW!
WITH THESE PLANES, WE SHALL BOMB AMERICA FROM THE INTERIOR!


FOR TWO YEARS, WE HAVE AWAITED THIS MOMENT. PLANES HAVE BEEN STOLEN AND OTHERS BUILT FROM THEIR DESIGNS. THEY WILL NOT BE RECOGNIZED AS ENEMY BOMBERS.
GOOD STUNT— IF YOU GET AWAY WITH IT!
(GULP!) TORCH, THERE'S THE BOMBER WE'VE BEEN CHASING!
WELL YOU FOUND IT— TOO LATE!
THE PRISONERS ARE LED TO AN OFFICE FAR IN THE BACK OF THE CAVE.
COLONEL VON GETTER, THE PRISONERS.
AH! I HAVE BEEN EXPECTING THEM!
THAT VOICE! I'D KNOW IT ANYWHERE! SWIPE OUR PLANES, WILL YOU?
QUICK! THE FIRE EXTINGUISHER!
GET HOT, TORCH!
THEN—
THIS FOAMITE WILL TAKE CARE OF THEM!
HOLD IT, TORO!
ONE MOVE AND I'LL SHOOT!
WE'LL PAINT THEM WITH THE FIRE-PROOF PAINT! THEY'LL BE HARMLESS THEN!
GET OFF ME, YOU BIG HULK!
LAY IT ON THICK!
WHAT A MESS!


TORCH AND TORO ARE THROWN INTO A SUB-CELLAR.
THROW THE SWINE IN THERE!
JA, MEIN COLONEL.
GOSH! ARE WE IN A JAM!
THE HEAVY DOOR SLAMS SHUT AS THE COLONEL MAKES A PARTING REMARK...
THAT PAINT WILL CLOG YOUR PORES AND YOU WILL SUFFOCATE... AND, IN A FEW MOMENTS, WE MAKE OUR FIRST RAID ON NEW YORK. GOOD-BYE!
SO YOU THINK WE'LL BE DEAD WHEN YOU RETURN, EH?
LEFT ALONE...
TORCH, LOOK!... A SPOT ON MY FINGER-TIP THAT THEY MISSED! WE CAN GET OUT!
WHAT A BREAK! GET BUSY, KID!
IT WORKS! JUST A SECOND MORE AND...
WE HAVEN'T MUCH TIME—BLAZE IT UP!
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
'NOT SO YOUNG AS YOU USED TO BE, EH, TORCH?
WHY DIDN'T YOU MAKE THIS HOLE JUST A LITTLE LARGER?
WE'VE GOT TO GET THIS PAINT OFF!
I'VE STILL GOT MY FINGER! THAT WON'T BE OF MUCH USE, THOUGH!
AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS...
TORCH, THOSE DRUMS ARE FULL OF GASOLINE!
RIGHT! IT'S A HIGH-OCTANE BATH FOR US!
100 OC
100 OCTA


SEEING THAT NO ONE IS AROUND, THE PAIR MAKE A DASH FOR IT!
GET IN BEFORE SOME ONE SEES YOU!
GOLLY! YOU LOOK HUMAN ALREADY!
OCTANE
TANE
FURIOUSLY THEY SCRUB TO GET THE PAINT OFF, THEN THEY ADVANCE CAUTIOUSLY INTO THE HANGAR.
HEY! THEY'RE WARMING THOSE PLANES UP!
YEAH! AND THE COLONEL'S GETTING INTO OUR BOMBER!
LAY INTO THEM! WE HAVE A SCORE TO EVEN!
NOW YOU'RE COOKING!
VOS IST?
HOLD THEM OFF, TORO- I'M GOING AFTER THE COLONEL!
LEAVE ME SOMETHING TO HIT- I'M ALL STEAMED UP!
THOSE MOTORS WILL COVER THE NOISE OF THE FIGHT
TORCH CLIMBS INTO THE BOMBER
SINCE YOU LIKE TO HIT FROM BEHIND, THERE'S NO REASON WHY YOU SHOULD OBJECT TO THIS!
TORO! QUIT BATTING AT THOSE FLIES AND HOP IN HERE!
ONE MORE HIT AND I'LL BE THERE!


OKAY, KEED, LET 'ER ROLL! HERE, THIS BELONGS TO YOU!
YI-I-I-I
MUST CLEAN UP... GASOLINE IS SO MESSY!
THE PLANE ROLLS OUT WITH TORCH AT THE CONTROLS AND, BEHIND THEM...
HIMMEL! FIRE!
SUDDENLY—
WOW! THE CONCUSSION GOT THE RANCH HOUSE! WELL, THAT ENDS ANOTHER NAZI INVASION ATTEMPT.
LOOK! THE FLAMES REACHED THE GAS DRUMS!


IN THE PLANE··· THE COLONEL HAS REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS···
NOW! WE WILL ALL DIE!
THIS TIME, YOU DO NOT ESCAPE!
I CAN'T FLAME ON IN HERE BUT MY FISTS ARE PLENTY HOT!
GOT TO SHAKE HIM LOOSE AND PULL OUT OF THIS—
WHAT? HEY! WE'RE GOING INTO A SPIN!
AT THAT MOMENT, TORO MAKES A DRAMATIC ENTRANCE···
I OWE YOU THIS FOR THE PAINT JOB, BIG BOY!
ATTA BOY, TORO! NOW, TIE HIM UP!
AND, AS DAWN BREAKS OVER THE AIR-FIELD··
THE BOMBER! TORCH SUCCEEDED!
LET'S GO TO MEET THEM!
HOW DID YOU DO IT?
IT'S A LONG STORY. HERE'S THE GUY BEHIND IT ALL. THE OTHERS ARE BURIED IN OKLAHOMA!
YEAH! AND WERE THEY BURNED UP!
TORCH COMPLETES HIS REPORT TO THE MAJOR.
WHAT A PAIR! HOT AS RED PEPPERS AND COOL AS CUCUMBERS
SO LONG, FELLOWS!
YUP! AND IF YOU NEED HELP AGAIN, LET US KNOW!
TORCH AND TORO ARE HOT ON THE TRAIL OF THE ENEMIES WHO BORE FROM WITHIN TO UNDERMINE YOUR FREEDOM, IN THE APRIL ISSUE OF MARVEL AND, IN EVERY ISSUE THEY HELP TO BLAZE THE TRAIL TO VICTORY

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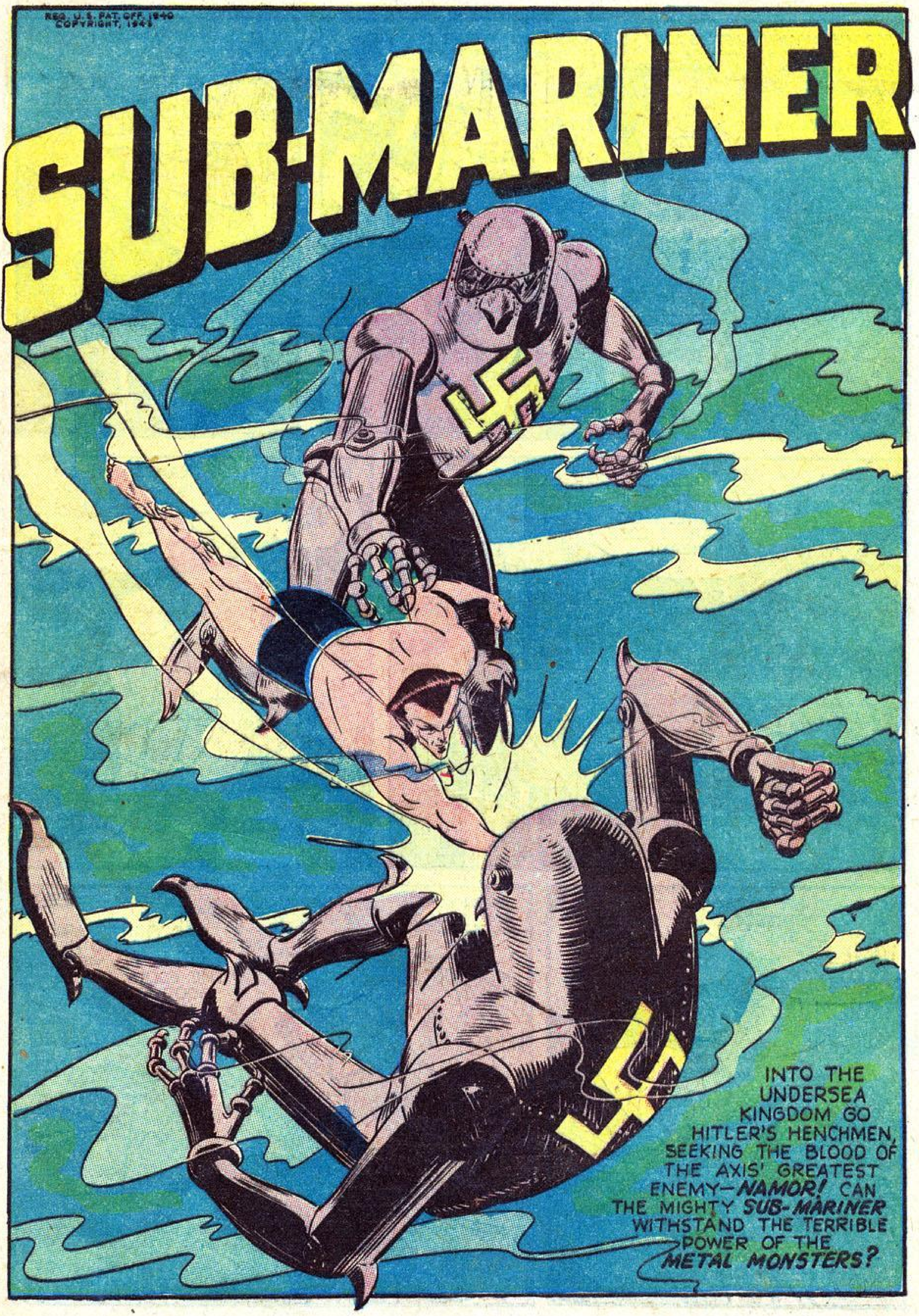
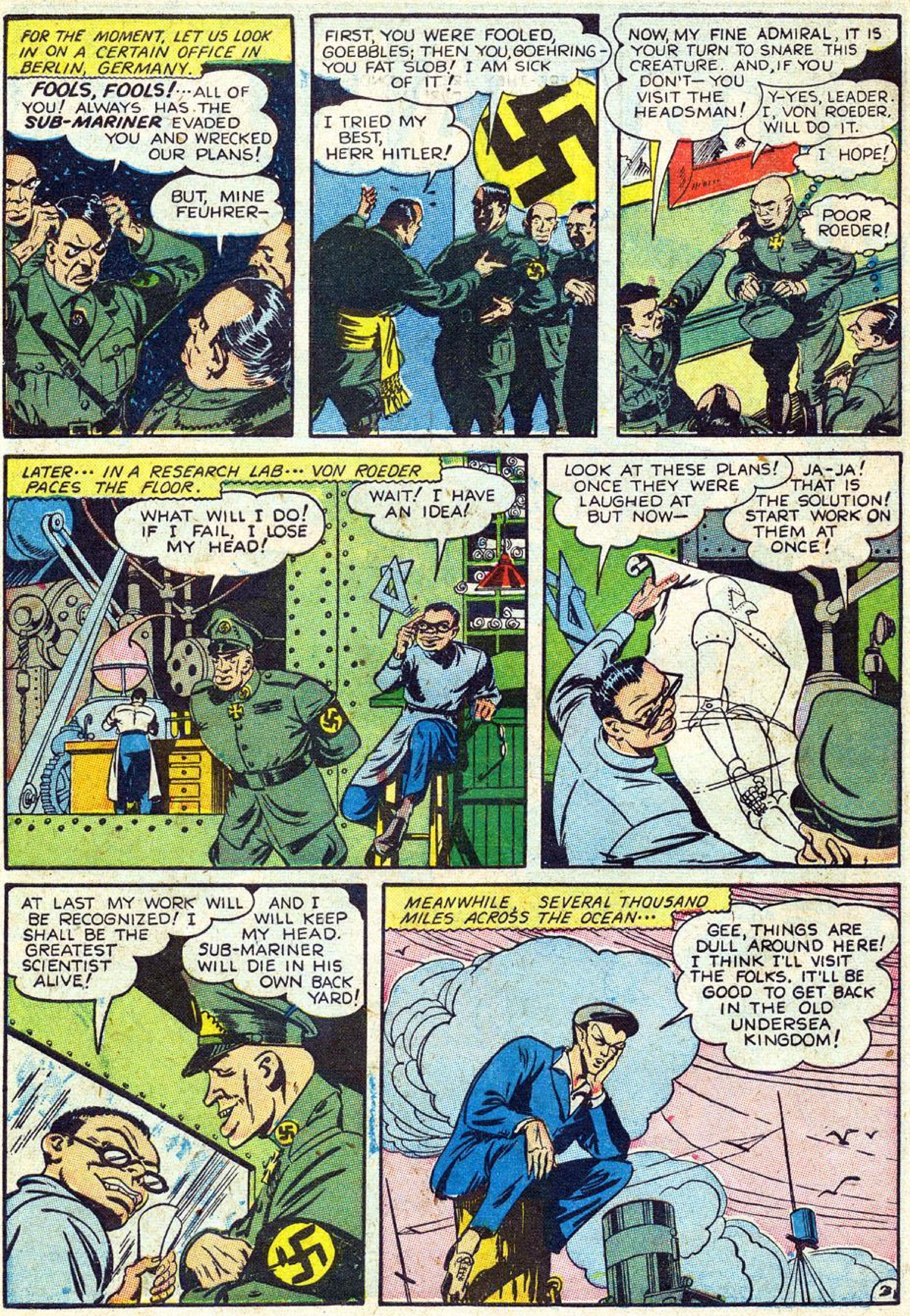
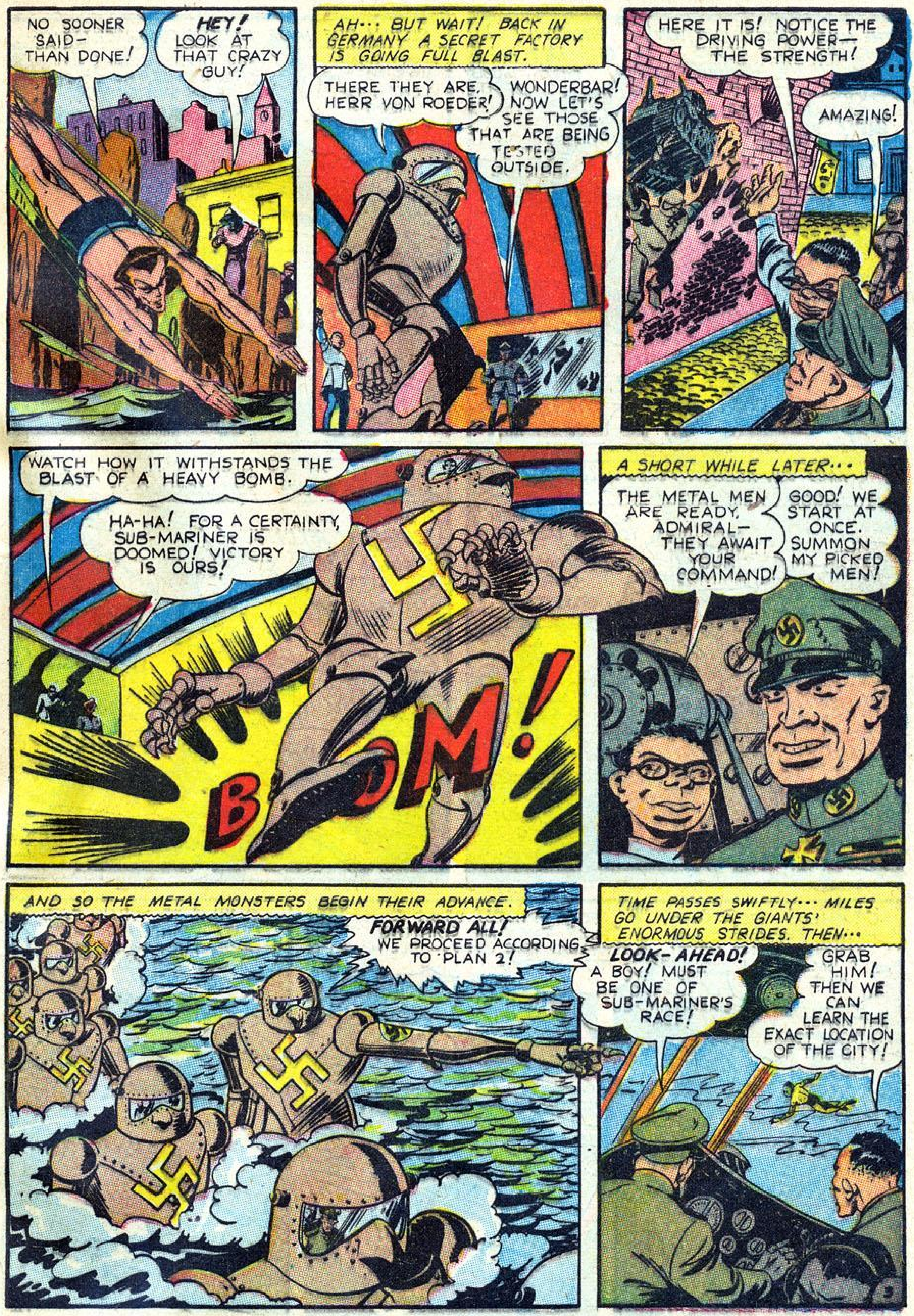
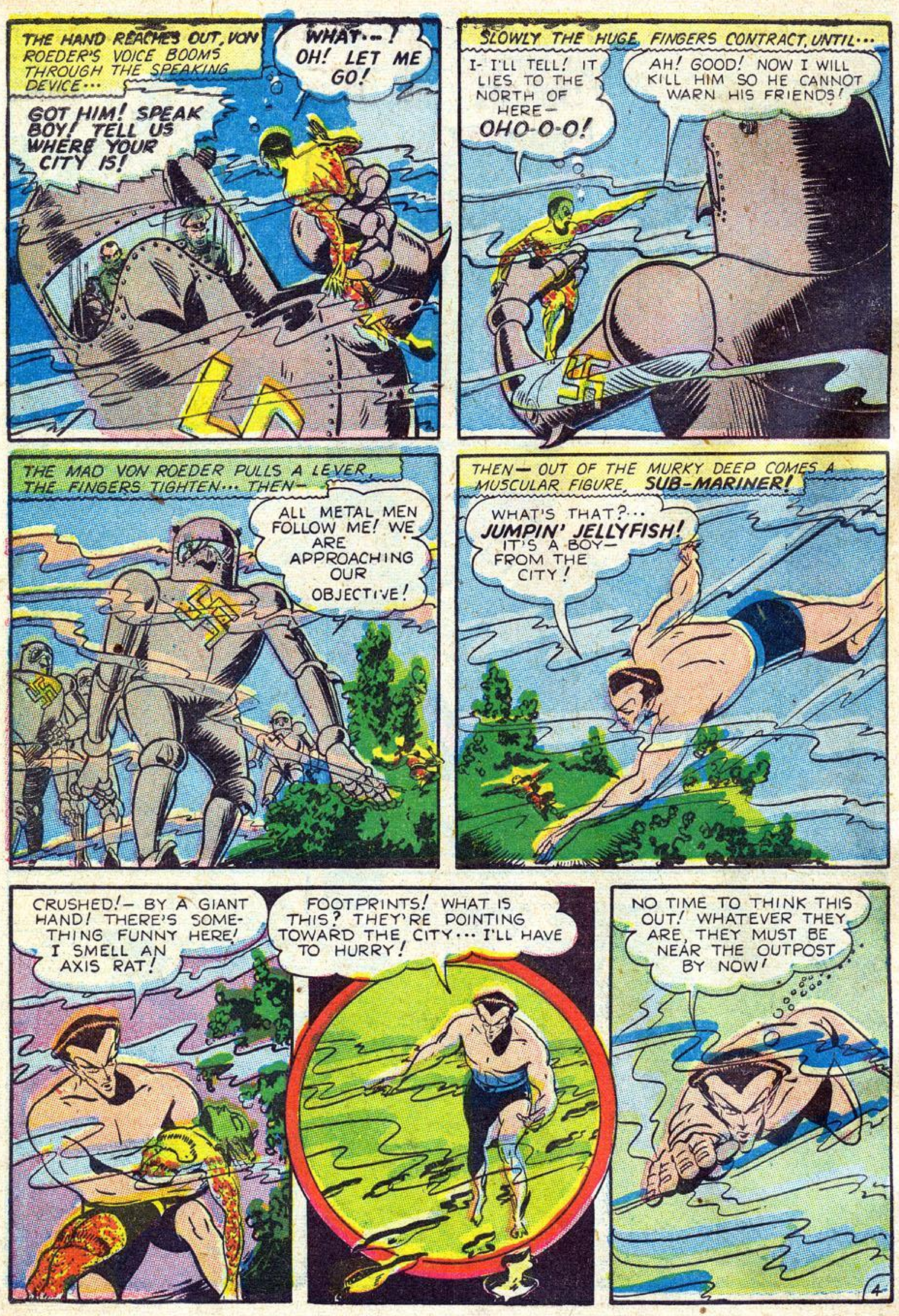
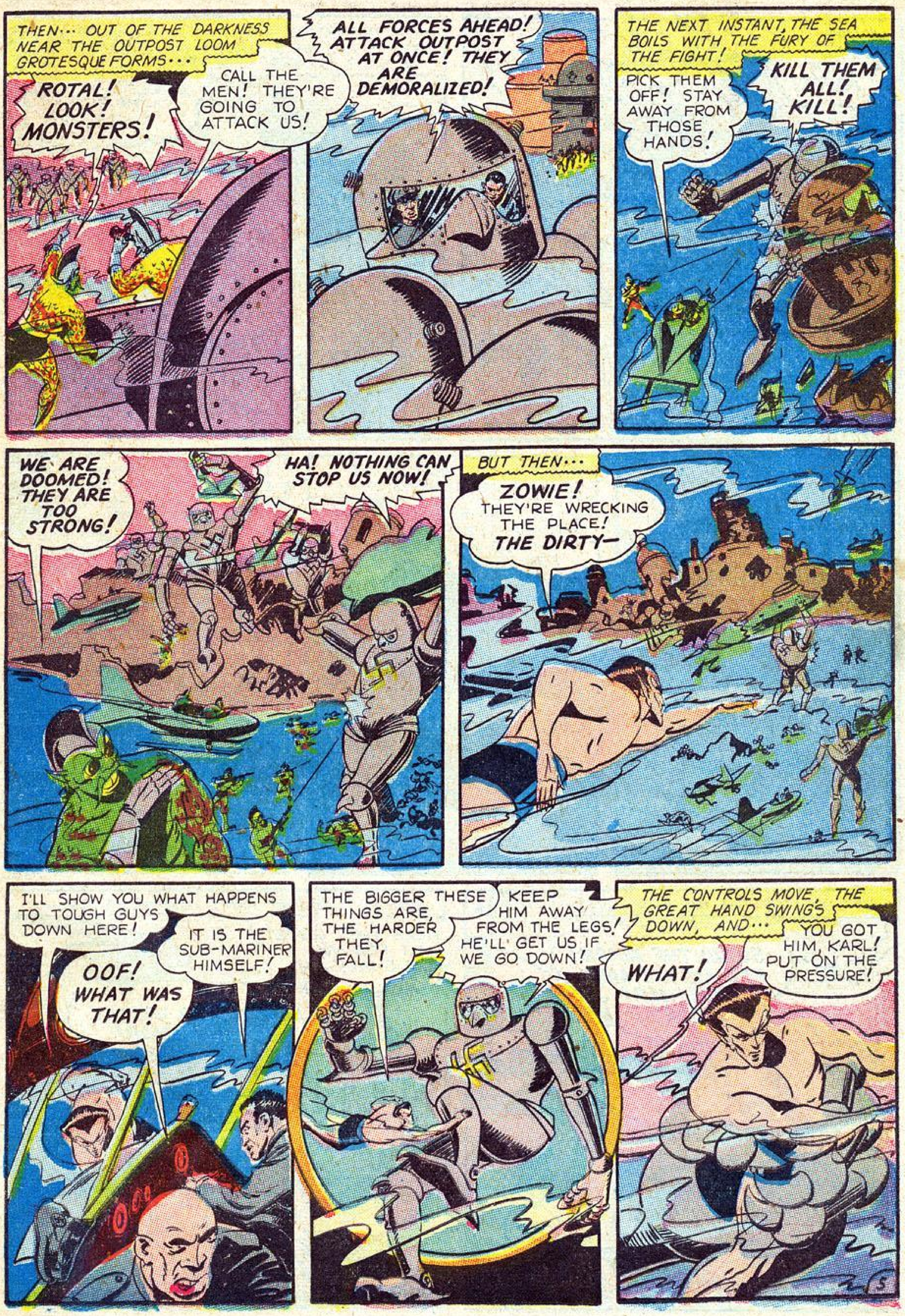
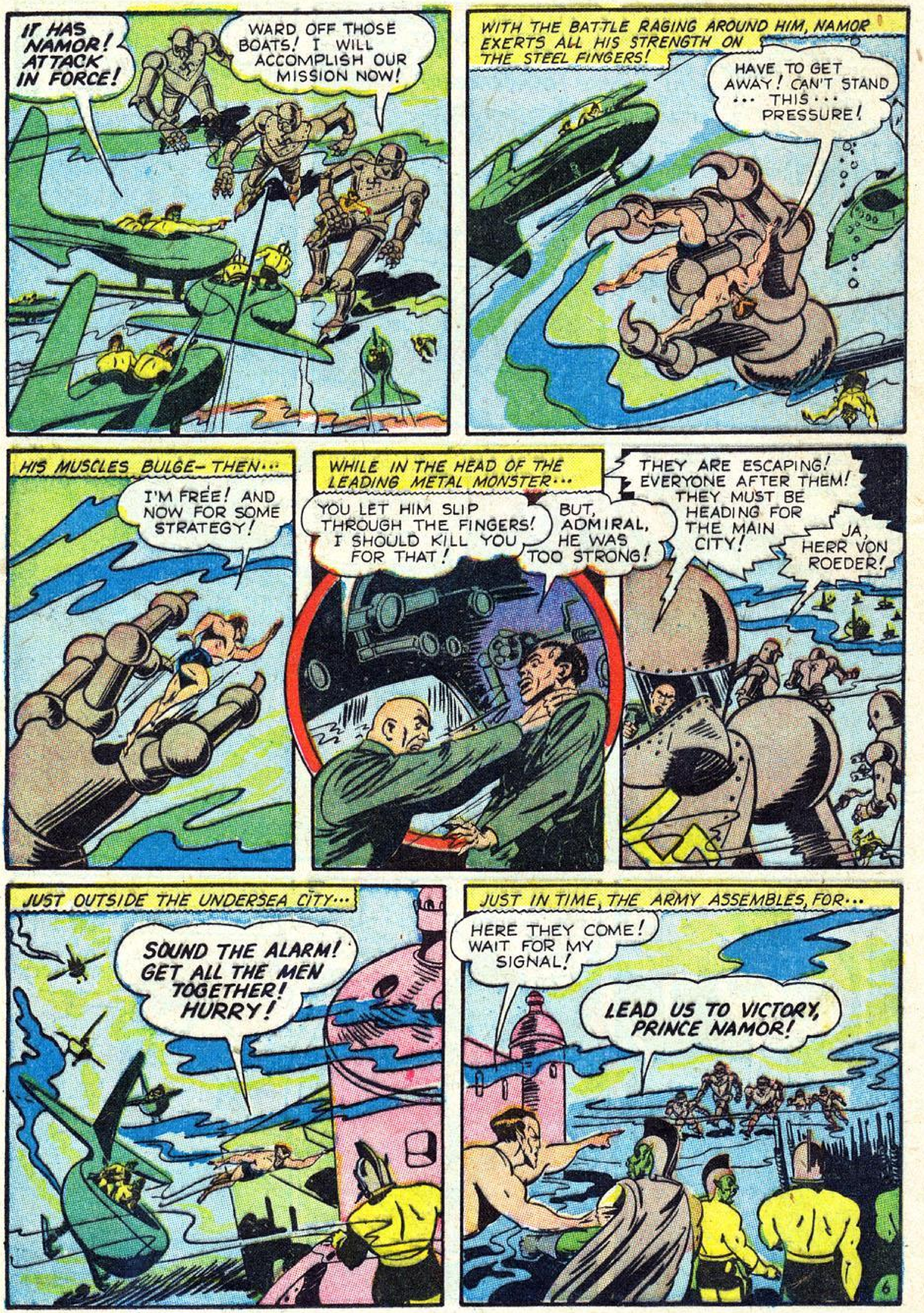

SUB-MARINER
INTO THE UNDERSEA KINGDOM GO HITLER'S HENCHMEN, SEEKING THE BLOOD OF THE AXIS' GREATEST ENEMY—**NAMOR!** CAN THE MIGHTY **SUB-MARINER** WITHSTAND THE TERRIBLE POWER OF THE **METAL MONSTERS?**

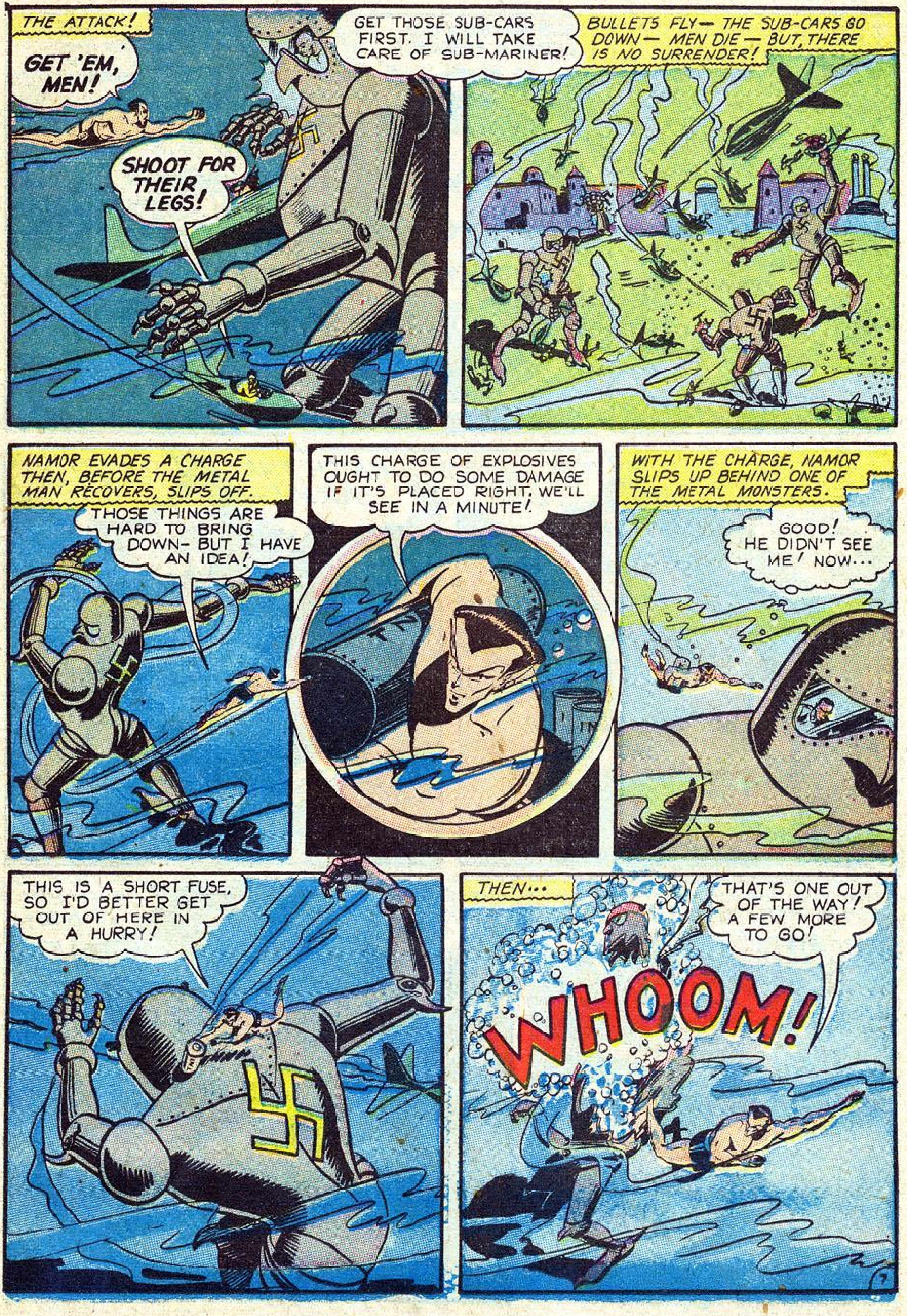

FOR THE MOMENT, LET US LOOK IN ON A CERTAIN OFFICE IN BERLIN, GERMANY.
FOOLS, FOOLS!... ALL OF YOU! ALWAYS HAS THE SUB-MARINER EVADED YOU AND WRECKED OUR PLANS!
BUT, MINE FEUHRER—
FIRST, YOU WERE FOOLED, GOEBBLES; THEN YOU, GOEHRING - YOU FAT SLOB! I AM SICK OF IT!
I TRIED MY BEST, HERR HITLER!
NOW, MY FINE ADMIRAL, IT IS YOUR TURN TO SNARE THIS CREATURE. AND, IF YOU DON'T— YOU VISIT THE HEADSMAN!
Y-YES, LEADER. I, VON ROEDER, WILL DO IT.
I HOPE!
POOR ROEDER!
LATER... IN A RESEARCH LAB... VON ROEDER PACES THE FLOOR.
WHAT WILL I DO! IF I FAIL, I LOSE MY HEAD!
WAIT! I HAVE AN IDEA!
LOOK AT THESE PLANS! ONCE THEY WERE LAUGHED AT BUT NOW—
JA-JA! THAT IS THE SOLUTION! START WORK ON THEM AT ONCE!
AT LAST MY WORK WILL BE RECOGNIZED! I SHALL BE THE GREATEST SCIENTIST ALIVE!
AND I WILL KEEP MY HEAD. SUB-MARINER WILL DIE IN HIS OWN BACK YARD!
MEANWHILE, SEVERAL THOUSAND MILES ACROSS THE OCEAN...
GEE, THINGS ARE DULL AROUND HERE! I THINK I'LL VISIT THE FOLKS. IT'LL BE GOOD TO GET BACK IN THE OLD UNDERSEA KINGDOM!

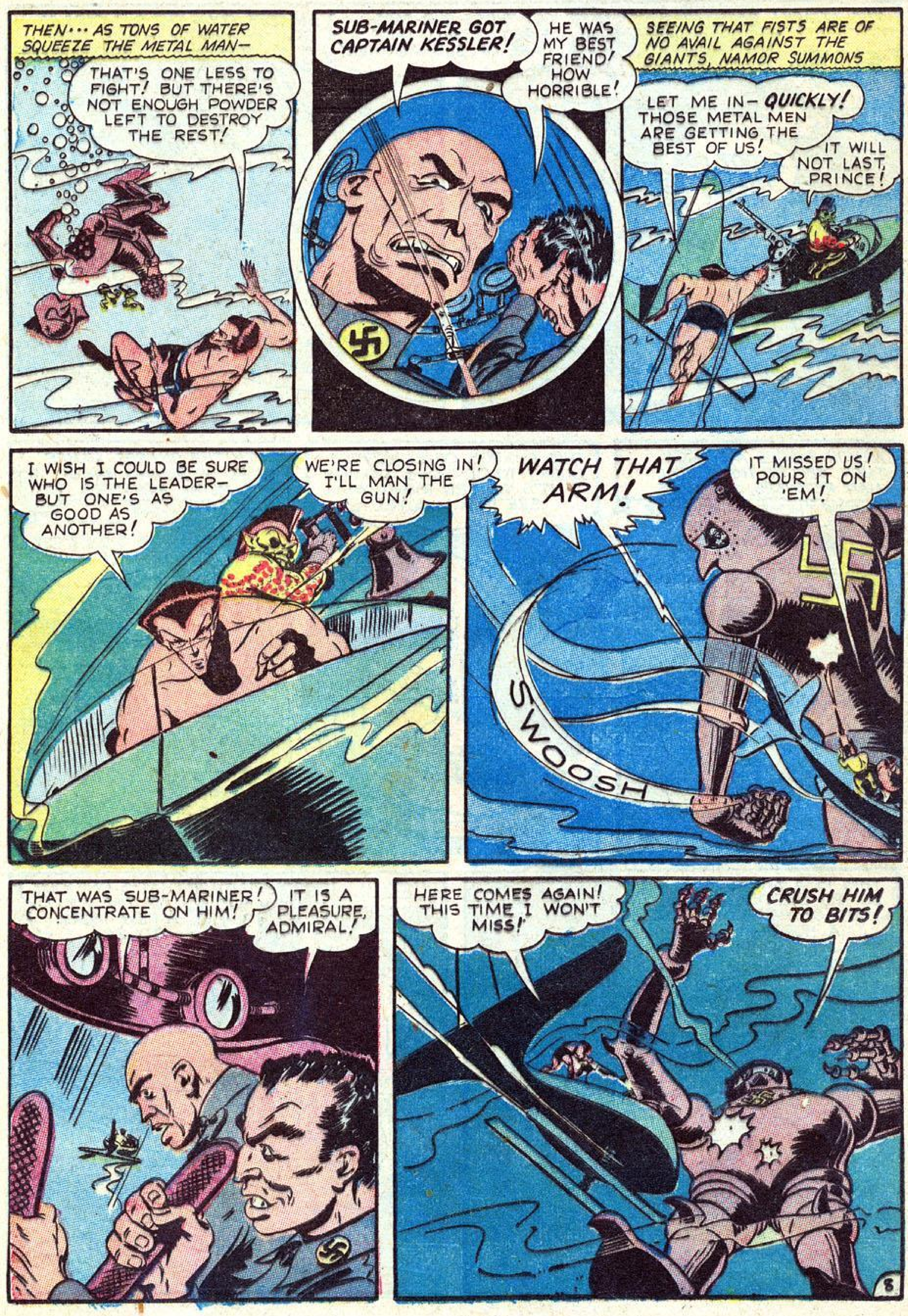

NO SOONER SAID— THAN DONE!
HEY! LOOK AT THAT CRAZY GUY!
AH··· BUT WAIT! BACK IN GERMANY A SECRET FACTORY IS GOING FULL BLAST.
THERE THEY ARE, HERR VON ROEDER!
WONDERBAR! NOW LET'S SEE THOSE THAT ARE BEING TESTED OUTSIDE.
HERE IT IS! NOTICE THE DRIVING POWER— THE STRENGTH!
AMAZING!
WATCH HOW IT WITHSTANDS THE BLAST OF A HEAVY BOMB.
HA-HA! FOR A CERTAINTY, SUB-MARINER IS DOOMED! VICTORY IS OURS!
BOOM!
A SHORT WHILE LATER···
THE METAL MEN ARE READY, ADMIRAL— THEY AWAIT YOUR COMMAND!
GOOD! WE START AT ONCE. SUMMON MY PICKED MEN!
AND SO THE METAL MONSTERS BEGIN THEIR ADVANCE.
FORWARD ALL! WE PROCEED ACCORDING TO PLAN 2!
TIME PASSES SWIFTLY··· MILES GO UNDER THE GIANTS' ENORMOUS STRIDES. THEN···
LOOK-AHEAD! A BOY! MUST BE ONE OF SUB-MARINER'S RACE!
GRAB HIM! THEN WE CAN LEARN THE EXACT LOCATION OF THE CITY!

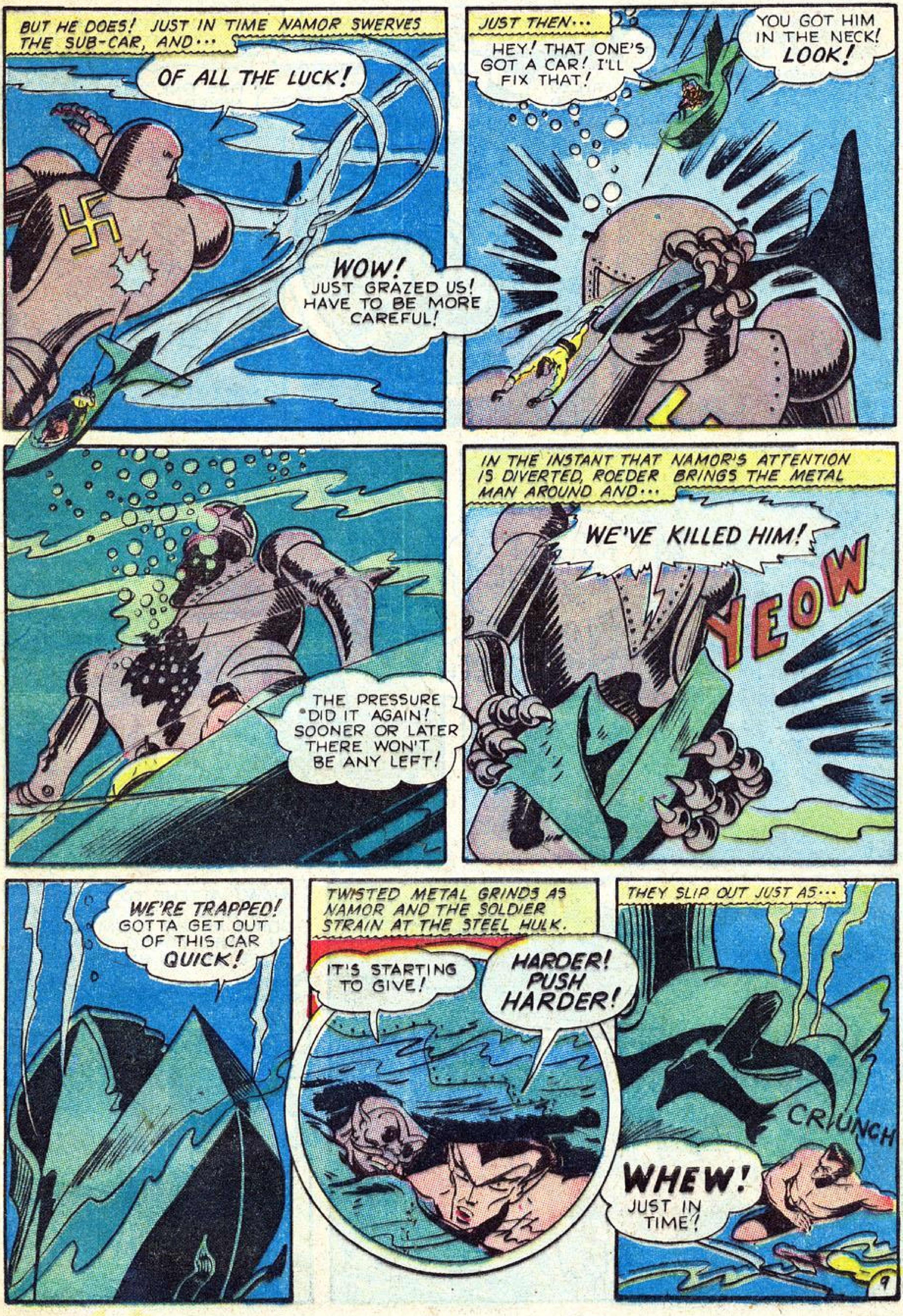

THE HAND REACHES OUT, VON ROEDER'S VOICE BOOMS THROUGH THE SPEAKING DEVICE...
WHAT...! OH! LET ME GO!
GOT HIM! SPEAK BOY! TELL US WHERE YOUR CITY IS!
SLOWLY THE HUGE FINGERS CONTRACT, UNTIL...
I- I'LL TELL! IT LIES TO THE NORTH OF HERE— OHO-O-O!
AH! GOOD! NOW I WILL KILL HIM SO HE CANNOT WARN HIS FRIENDS!
THE MAD VON ROEDER PULLS A LEVER, THE FINGERS TIGHTEN... THEN—
ALL METAL MEN FOLLOW ME! WE ARE APPROACHING OUR OBJECTIVE!
THEN— OUT OF THE MURKY DEEP COMES A MUSCULAR FIGURE, SUB-MARINER!
WHAT'S THAT?... JUMPIN' JELLYFISH! IT'S A BOY— FROM THE CITY!
CRUSHED!— BY A GIANT HAND! THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY HERE! I SMELL AN AXIS RAT!
FOOTPRINTS! WHAT IS THIS? THEY'RE POINTING TOWARD THE CITY... I'LL HAVE TO HURRY!
NO TIME TO THINK THIS OUT! WHATEVER THEY ARE, THEY MUST BE NEAR THE OUTPOST BY NOW!

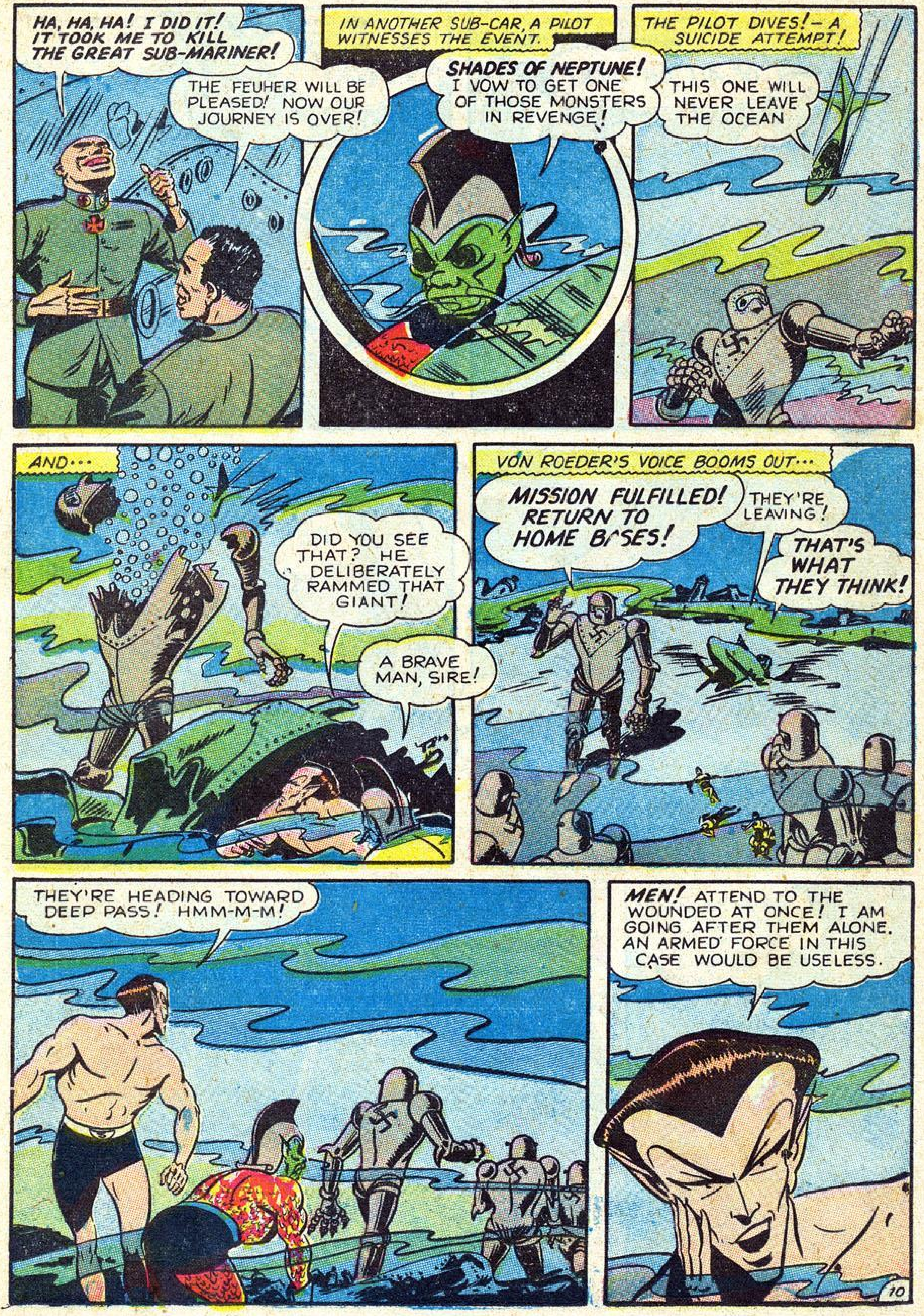

THEN... OUT OF THE DARKNESS NEAR THE OUTPOST LOOM GROTESQUE FORMS...
ROTAL! LOOK! MONSTERS!
CALL THE MEN! THEY'RE GOING TO ATTACK US!
ALL FORCES AHEAD! ATTACK OUTPOST AT ONCE! THEY ARE DEMORALIZED!
THE NEXT INSTANT, THE SEA BOILS WITH THE FURY OF THE FIGHT!
PICK THEM OFF! STAY AWAY FROM THOSE HANDS!
KILL THEM ALL! KILL!
WE ARE DOOMED! THEY ARE TOO STRONG!
HA! NOTHING CAN STOP US NOW!
BUT THEN...
ZOWIE! THEY'RE WRECKING THE PLACE! THE DIRTY—
I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT HAPPENS TO TOUGH GUYS DOWN HERE!
IT IS THE SUB-MARINER HIMSELF!
OOF! WHAT WAS THAT!
THE BIGGER THESE THINGS ARE, THE HARDER THEY FALL!
KEEP HIM AWAY FROM THE LEGS! HE'LL GET US IF WE GO DOWN!
THE CONTROLS MOVE, THE GREAT HAND SWING'S DOWN, AND...
WHAT!
YOU GOT HIM, KARL! PUT ON THE PRESSURE!

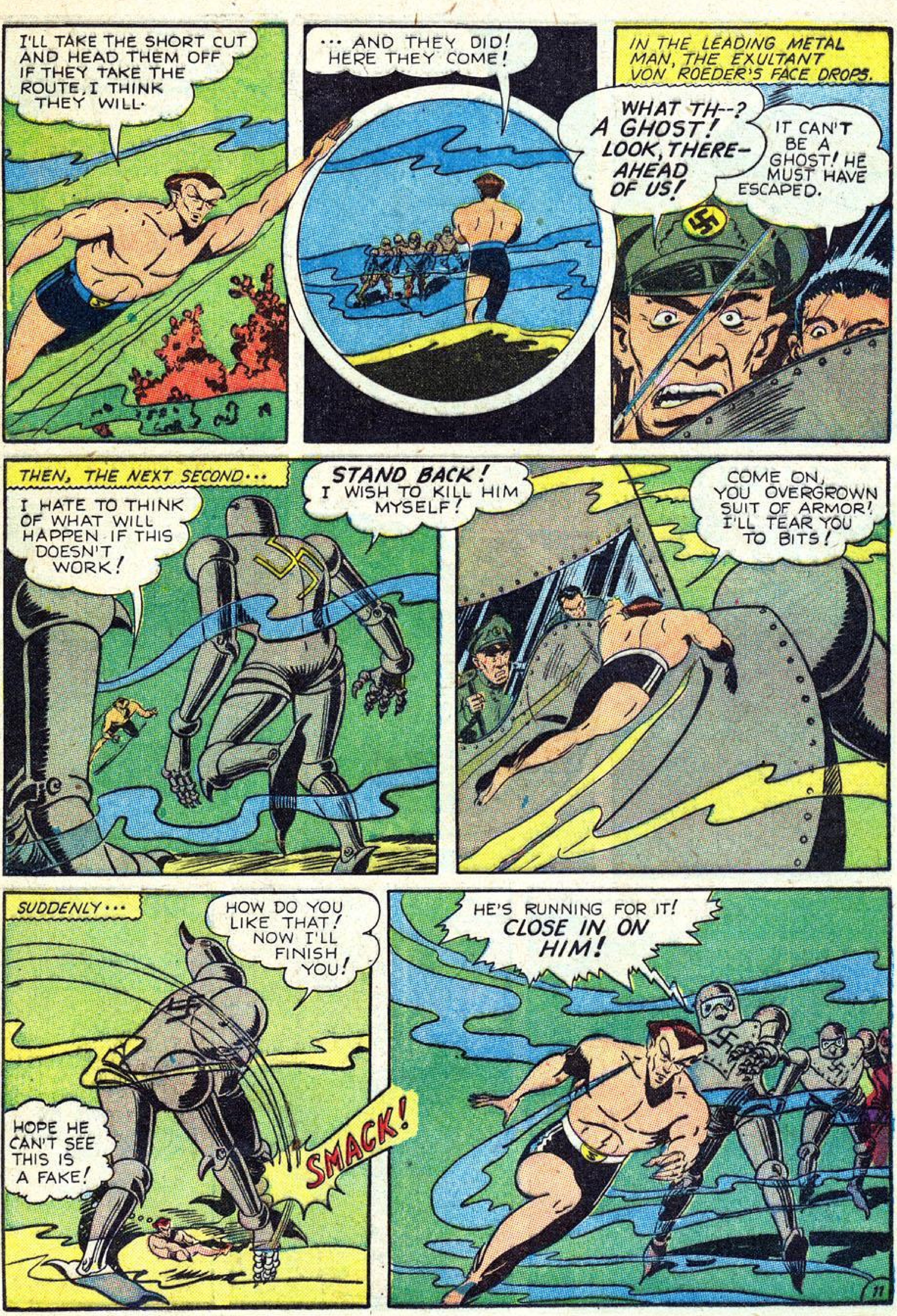

IT HAS NAMOR! ATTACK IN FORCE!
WARD OFF THOSE BOATS! I WILL ACCOMPLISH OUR MISSION NOW!
WITH THE BATTLE RAGING AROUND HIM, NAMOR EXERTS ALL HIS STRENGTH ON THE STEEL FINGERS!
HAVE TO GET AWAY! CAN'T STAND ... THIS ... PRESSURE!
HIS MUSCLES BULGE– THEN...
I'M FREE! AND NOW FOR SOME STRATEGY!
WHILE IN THE HEAD OF THE LEADING METAL MONSTER...
YOU LET HIM SLIP THROUGH THE FINGERS! I SHOULD KILL YOU FOR THAT!
BUT, ADMIRAL, HE WAS TOO STRONG!
THEY ARE ESCAPING! EVERYONE AFTER THEM! THEY MUST BE HEADING FOR THE MAIN CITY!
JA, HERR VON ROEDER!
JUST OUTSIDE THE UNDERSEA CITY...
SOUND THE ALARM! GET ALL THE MEN TOGETHER! HURRY!
JUST IN TIME, THE ARMY ASSEMBLES, FOR...
HERE THEY COME! WAIT FOR MY SIGNAL!
LEAD US TO VICTORY, PRINCE NAMOR!

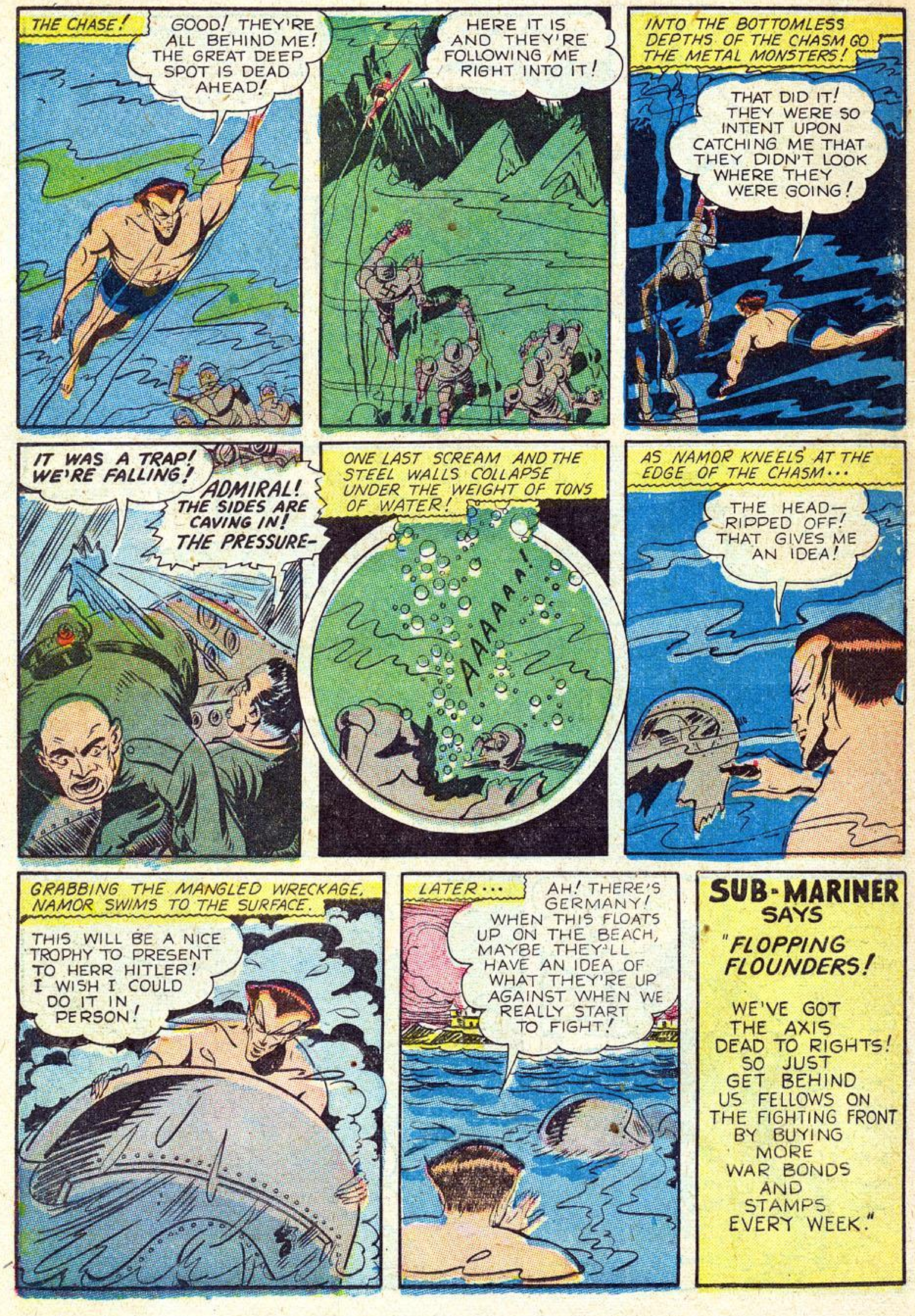

THE ATTACK!
GET 'EM, MEN!
GET THOSE SUB-CARS FIRST. I WILL TAKE CARE OF SUB-MARINER!
SHOOT FOR THEIR LEGS!
BULLETS FLY— THE SUB-CARS GO DOWN— MEN DIE— BUT, THERE IS NO SURRENDER!
NAMOR EVADES A CHARGE THEN, BEFORE THE METAL MAN RECOVERS, SLIPS OFF.
THOSE THINGS ARE HARD TO BRING DOWN- BUT I HAVE AN IDEA!
THIS CHARGE OF EXPLOSIVES OUGHT TO DO SOME DAMAGE IF IT'S PLACED RIGHT. WE'LL SEE IN A MINUTE!
WITH THE CHARGE, NAMOR SLIPS UP BEHIND ONE OF THE METAL MONSTERS.
GOOD! HE DIDN'T SEE ME! NOW...
THIS IS A SHORT FUSE, SO I'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE IN A HURRY!
THEN...
THAT'S ONE OUT OF THE WAY! A FEW MORE TO GO!
WHOOM!


THEN••• AS TONS OF WATER SQUEEZE THE METAL MAN—
THAT'S ONE LESS TO FIGHT! BUT THERE'S NOT ENOUGH POWDER LEFT TO DESTROY THE REST!
SUB-MARINER GOT CAPTAIN KESSLER!
HE WAS MY BEST FRIEND! HOW HORRIBLE!
SEEING THAT FISTS ARE OF NO AVAIL AGAINST THE GIANTS, NAMOR SUMMONS
LET ME IN— QUICKLY! THOSE METAL MEN ARE GETTING THE BEST OF US!
IT WILL NOT LAST, PRINCE!
I WISH I COULD BE SURE WHO IS THE LEADER— BUT ONE'S AS GOOD AS ANOTHER!
WE'RE CLOSING IN! I'LL MAN THE GUN!
WATCH THAT ARM!
IT MISSED US! POUR IT ON 'EM!
SWOOSH
THAT WAS SUB-MARINER! CONCENTRATE ON HIM!
IT IS A PLEASURE, ADMIRAL!
HERE COMES AGAIN! THIS TIME I WON'T MISS!
CRUSH HIM TO BITS!


BUT HE DOES! JUST IN TIME NAMOR SWERVES THE SUB-CAR, AND...
OF ALL THE LUCK!
WOW! JUST GRAZED US! HAVE TO BE MORE CAREFUL!
JUST THEN...
HEY! THAT ONE'S GOT A CAR! I'LL FIX THAT!
YOU GOT HIM IN THE NECK! LOOK!
THE PRESSURE DID IT AGAIN! SOONER OR LATER THERE WON'T BE ANY LEFT!
IN THE INSTANT THAT NAMOR'S ATTENTION IS DIVERTED, ROEDER BRINGS THE METAL MAN AROUND AND...
WE'VE KILLED HIM!
YEOW
WE'RE TRAPPED! GOTTA GET OUT OF THIS CAR QUICK!
TWISTED METAL GRINDS AS NAMOR AND THE SOLDIER STRAIN AT THE STEEL HULK.
IT'S STARTING TO GIVE!
HARDER! PUSH HARDER!
THEY SLIP OUT JUST AS...
CRUNCH
WHEW! JUST IN TIME!


HA, HA, HA! I DID IT! IT TOOK ME TO KILL THE GREAT SUB-MARINER!
THE FEUHER WILL BE PLEASED! NOW OUR JOURNEY IS OVER!
IN ANOTHER SUB-CAR, A PILOT WITNESSES THE EVENT.
SHADES OF NEPTUNE! I VOW TO GET ONE OF THOSE MONSTERS IN REVENGE!
THE PILOT DIVES! — A SUICIDE ATTEMPT!
THIS ONE WILL NEVER LEAVE THE OCEAN
AND...
DID YOU SEE THAT? HE DELIBERATELY RAMMED THAT GIANT!
A BRAVE MAN, SIRE!
VON ROEDER'S VOICE BOOMS OUT...
MISSION FULFILLED! RETURN TO HOME BASES!
THEY'RE LEAVING!
THAT'S WHAT THEY THINK!
THEY'RE HEADING TOWARD DEEP PASS! HMM-M-M!
MEN! ATTEND TO THE WOUNDED AT ONCE! I AM GOING AFTER THEM ALONE. AN ARMED FORCE IN THIS CASE WOULD BE USELESS.

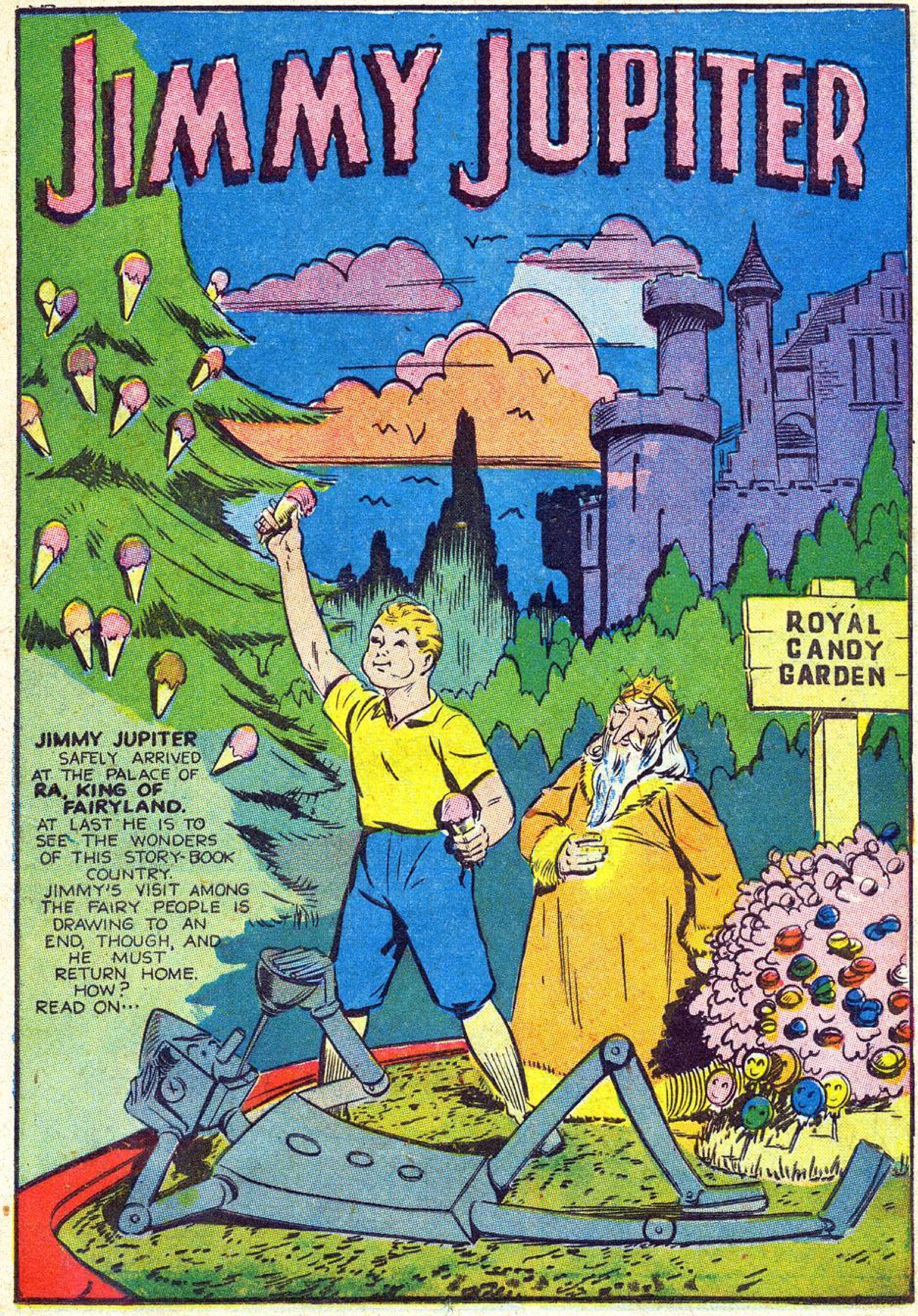

I'LL TAKE THE SHORT CUT AND HEAD THEM OFF IF THEY TAKE THE ROUTE, I THINK THEY WILL.
... AND THEY DID! HERE THEY COME!
IN THE LEADING METAL MAN, THE EXULTANT VON ROEDER'S FACE DROPS.
WHAT TH--? A GHOST! LOOK, THERE—AHEAD OF US!
IT CAN'T BE A GHOST! HE MUST HAVE ESCAPED.
THEN, THE NEXT SECOND...
I HATE TO THINK OF WHAT WILL HAPPEN IF THIS DOESN'T WORK!
STAND BACK! I WISH TO KILL HIM MYSELF!
COME ON, YOU OVERGROWN SUIT OF ARMOR! I'LL TEAR YOU TO BITS!
SUDDENLY...
HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT! NOW I'LL FINISH YOU!
HOPE HE CAN'T SEE THIS IS A FAKE!
SMACK!
HE'S RUNNING FOR IT! CLOSE IN ON HIM!

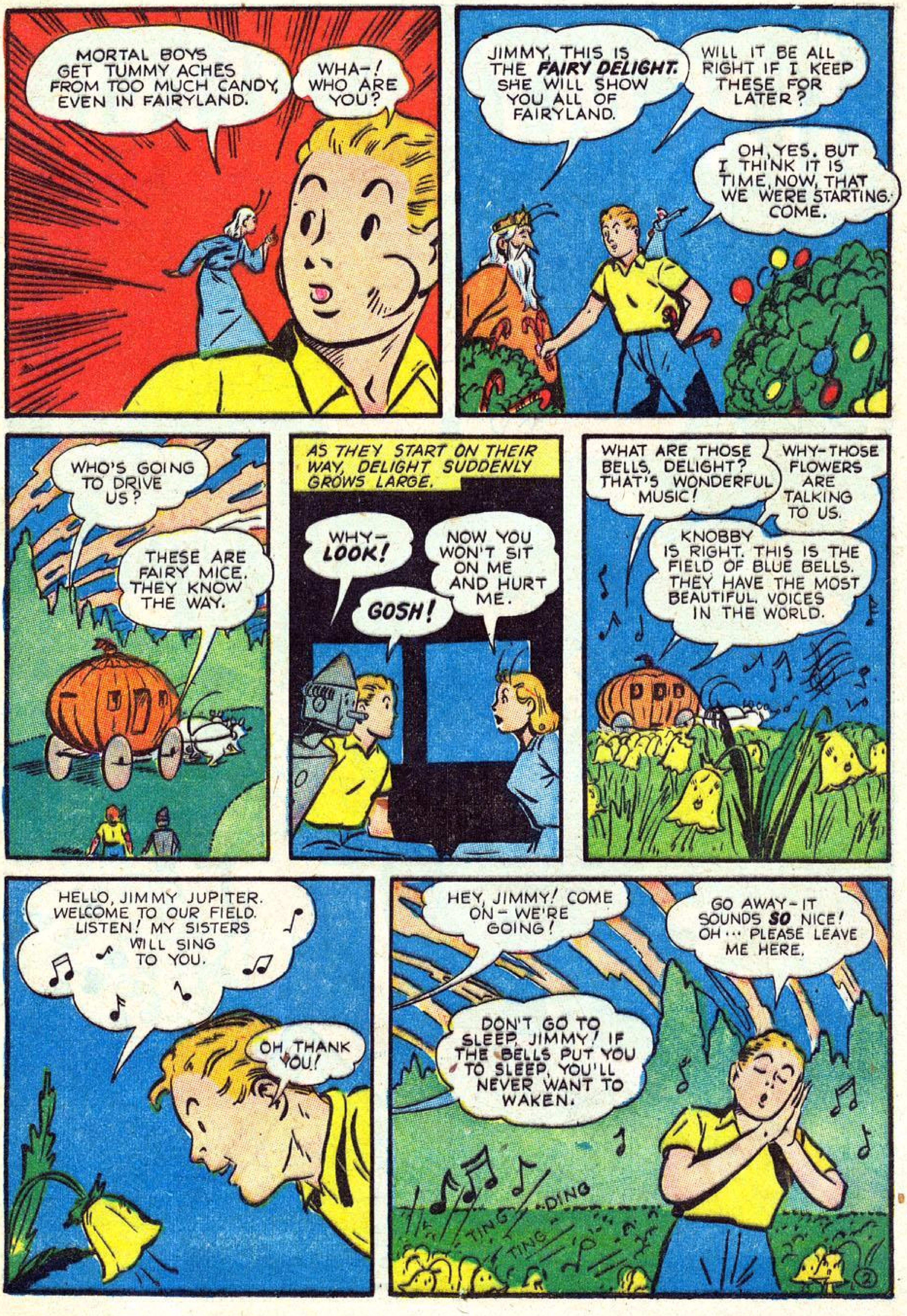

THE CHASE!
GOOD! THEY'RE ALL BEHIND ME! THE GREAT DEEP SPOT IS DEAD AHEAD!
HERE IT IS AND THEY'RE FOLLOWING ME RIGHT INTO IT!
INTO THE BOTTOMLESS DEPTHS OF THE CHASM GO THE METAL MONSTERS!
THAT DID IT! THEY WERE SO INTENT UPON CATCHING ME THAT THEY DIDN'T LOOK WHERE THEY WERE GOING!
IT WAS A TRAP! WE'RE FALLING!
ADMIRAL! THE SIDES ARE CAVING IN! THE PRESSURE-
ONE LAST SCREAM AND THE STEEL WALLS COLLAPSE UNDER THE WEIGHT OF TONS OF WATER!
AAAAAA!
AS NAMOR KNEELS AT THE EDGE OF THE CHASM...
THE HEAD— RIPPED OFF! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!
GRABBING THE MANGLED WRECKAGE, NAMOR SWIMS TO THE SURFACE.
THIS WILL BE A NICE TROPHY TO PRESENT TO HERR HITLER! I WISH I COULD DO IT IN PERSON!
LATER...
AH! THERE'S GERMANY! WHEN THIS FLOATS UP ON THE BEACH, MAYBE THEY'LL HAVE AN IDEA OF WHAT THEY'RE UP AGAINST WHEN WE REALLY START TO FIGHT!

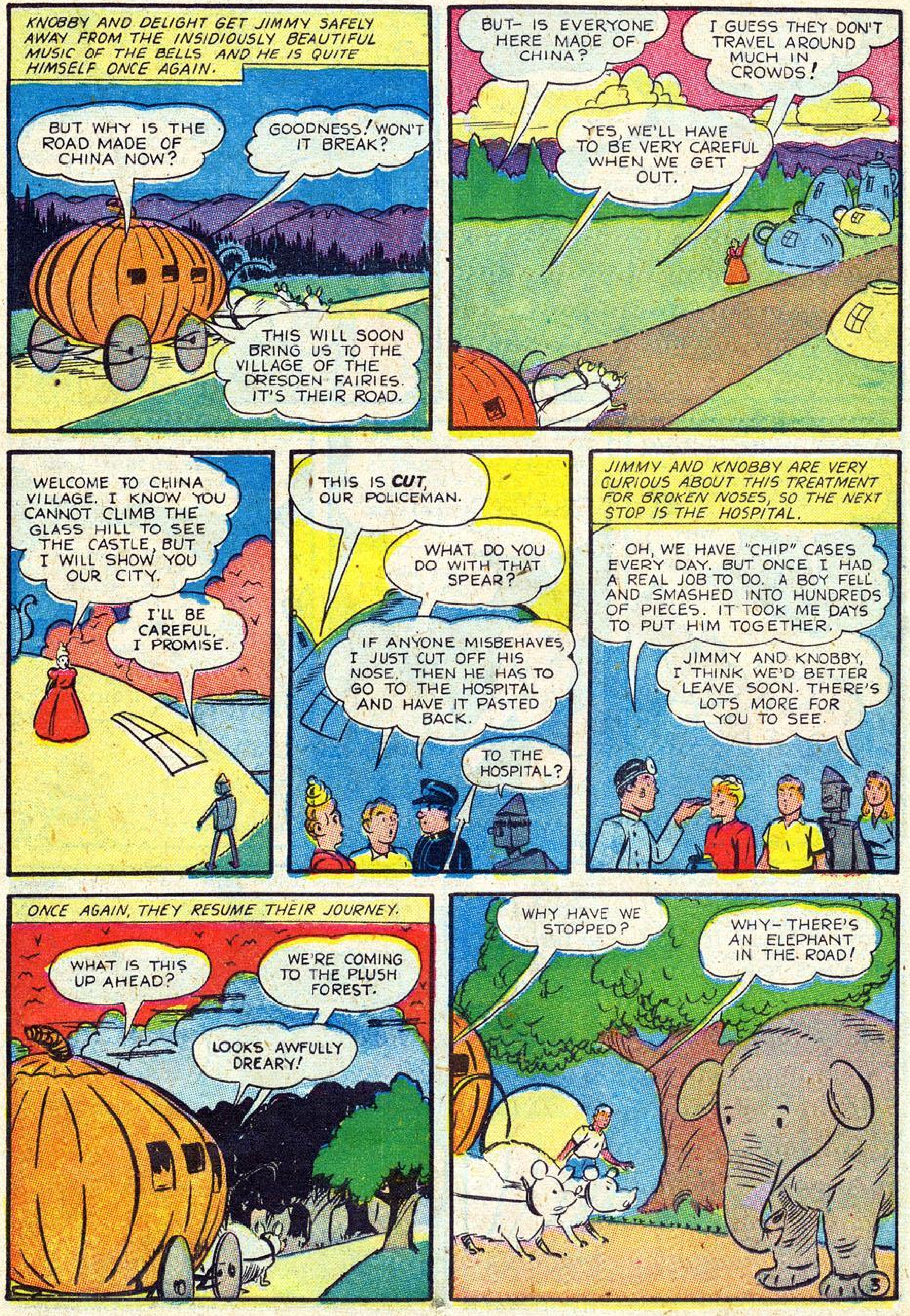
SUB-MARINER SAYS

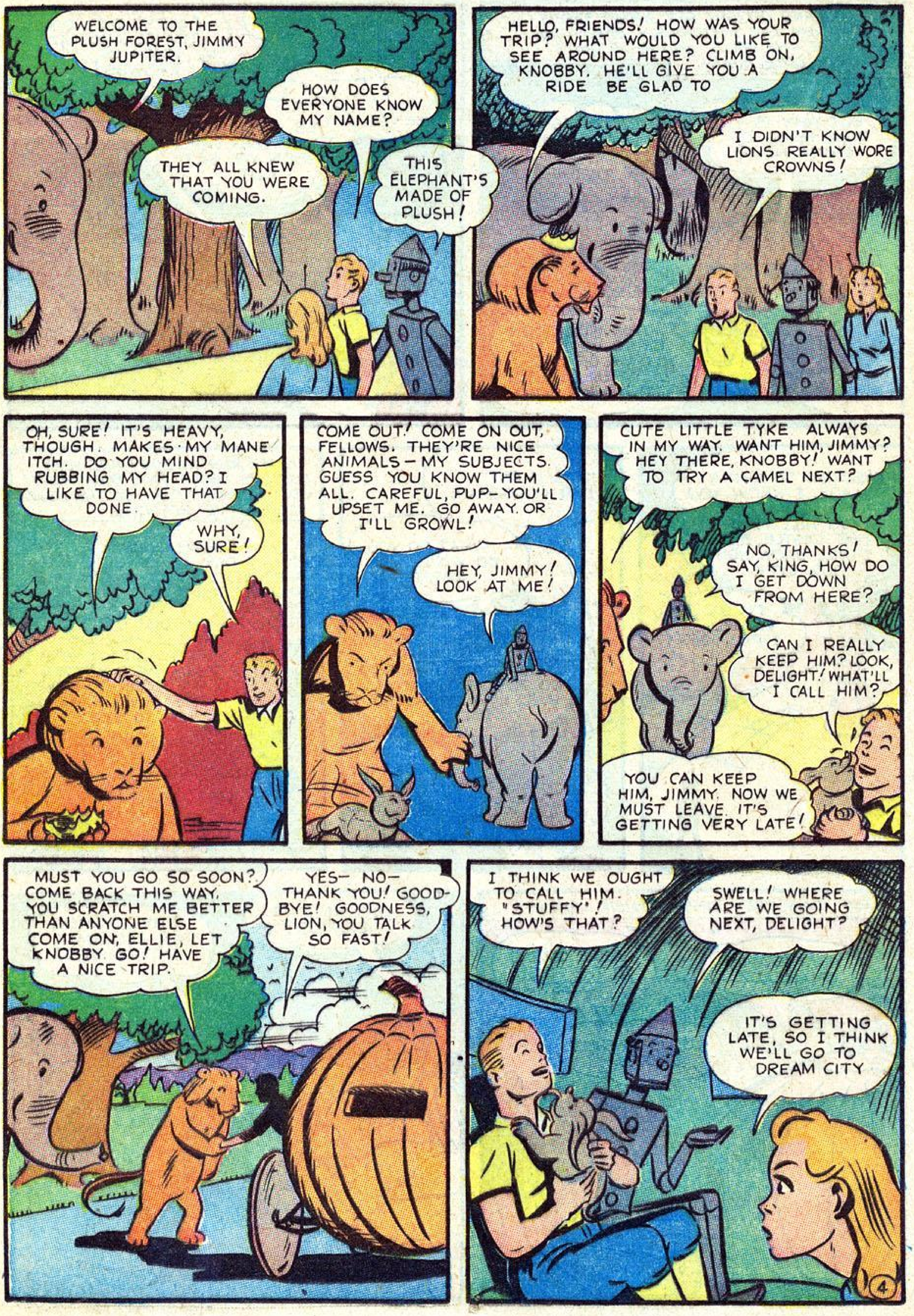
"FLOPPING FLOUNDERS!

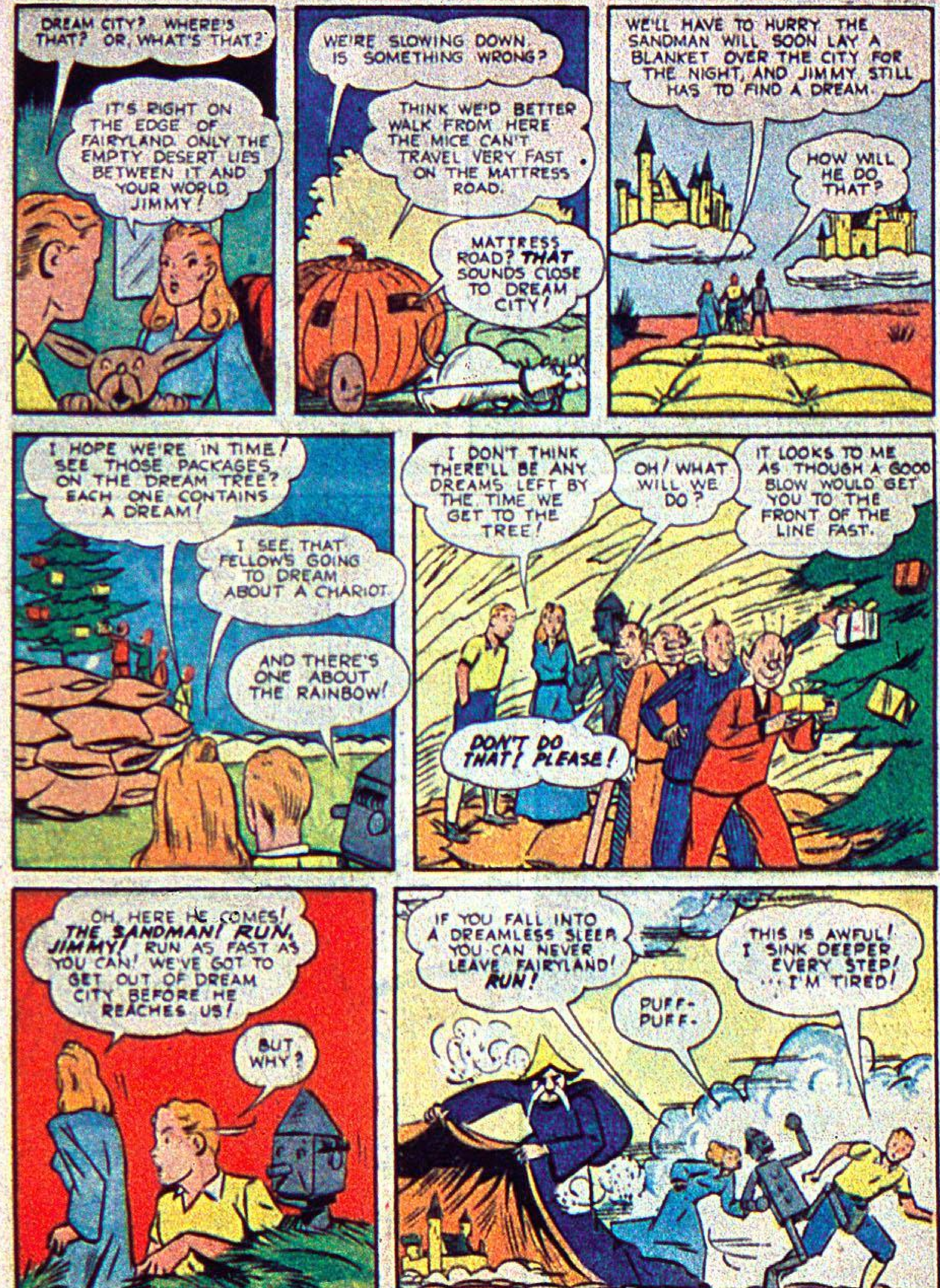
WE'VE GOT THE AXIS DEAD TO RIGHTS! SO JUST GET BEHIND US FELLOWS ON THE FIGHTING FRONT BY BUYING MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS EVERY WEEK."

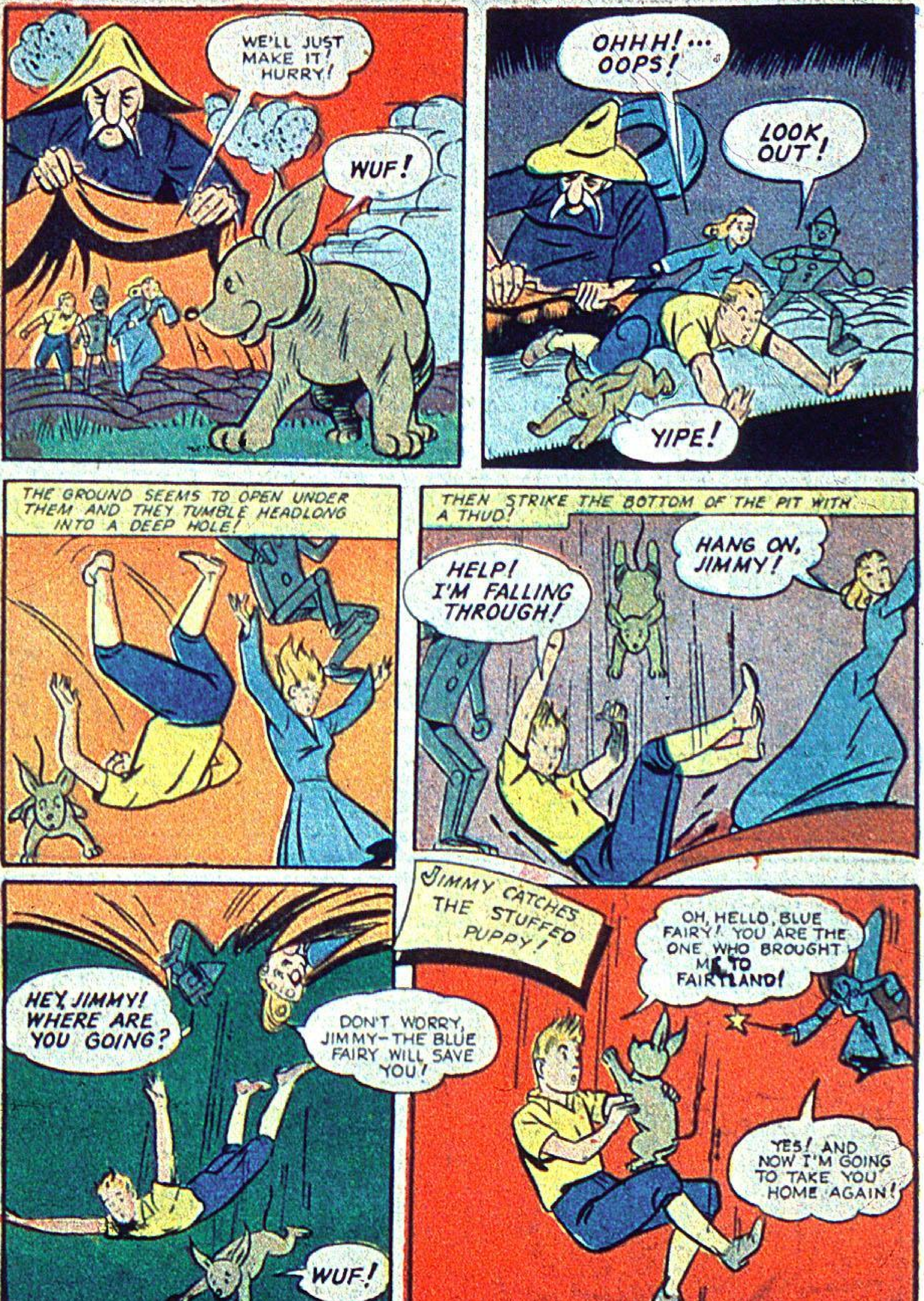

JIMMY JUPITER
JIMMY JUPITER SAFELY ARRIVED AT THE PALACE OF **RA, KING OF FAIRYLAND.** AT LAST HE IS TO SEE THE WONDERS OF THIS STORY-BOOK COUNTRY. JIMMY'S VISIT AMONG THE FAIRY PEOPLE IS DRAWING TO AN END, THOUGH, AND HE MUST RETURN HOME. HOW? READ ON...
ROYAL CANDY GARDEN

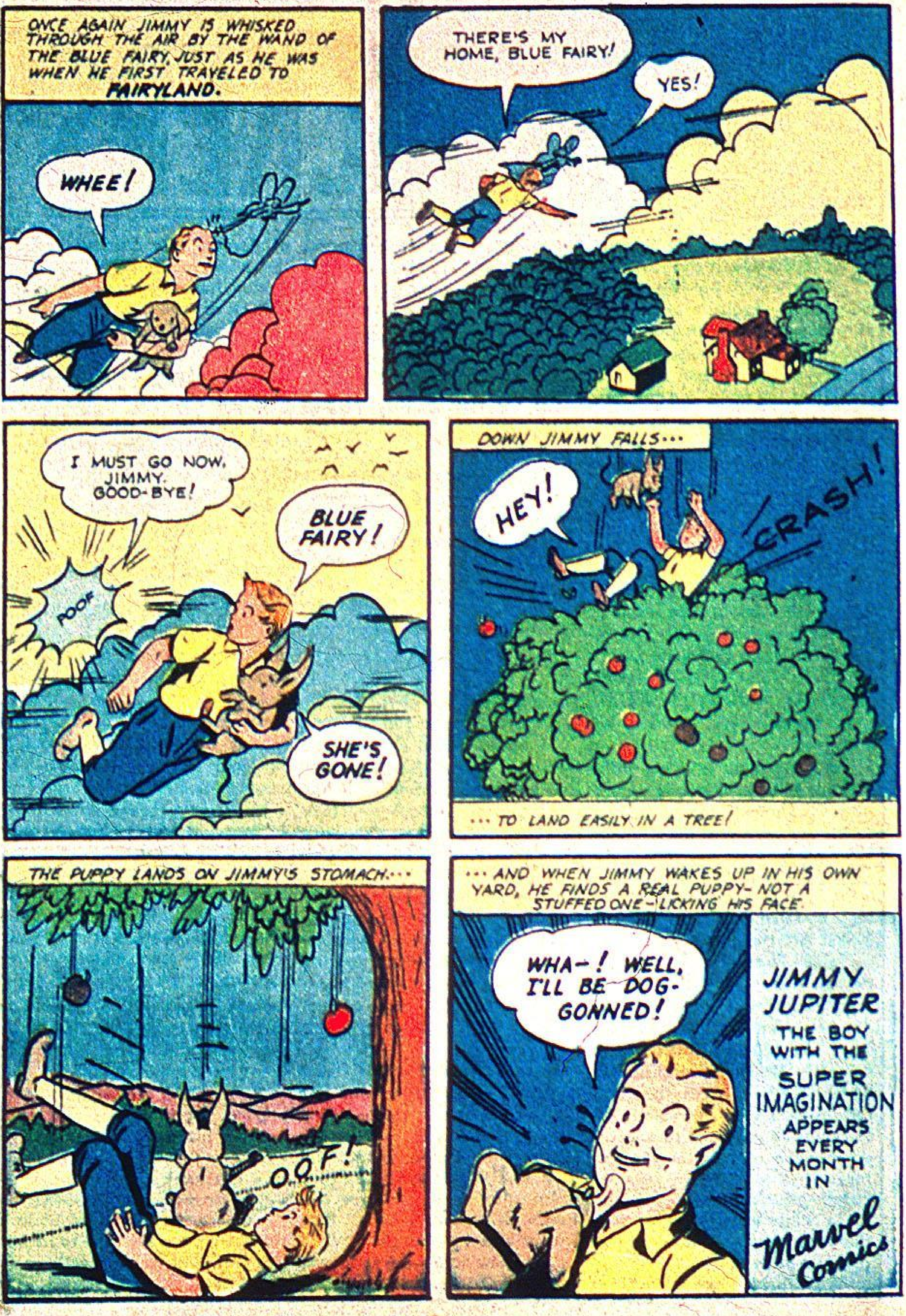

MORTAL BOYS GET TUMMY ACHES FROM TOO MUCH CANDY, EVEN IN FAIRYLAND.
WHA-! WHO ARE YOU?
JIMMY, THIS IS THE **FAIRY DELIGHT.** SHE WILL SHOW YOU ALL OF FAIRYLAND.
WILL IT BE ALL RIGHT IF I KEEP THESE FOR LATER?
OH, YES. BUT I THINK IT IS TIME, NOW, THAT WE WERE STARTING. COME.
WHO'S GOING TO DRIVE US?
THESE ARE FAIRY MICE. THEY KNOW THE WAY.
AS THEY START ON THEIR WAY, DELIGHT SUDDENLY GROWS LARGE.
WHY- ***LOOK!***
GOSH!
NOW YOU WON'T SIT ON ME AND HURT ME.
WHAT ARE THOSE BELLS, DELIGHT? THAT'S WONDERFUL MUSIC!
WHY-THOSE FLOWERS ARE TALKING TO US.
KNOBBY IS RIGHT. THIS IS THE FIELD OF BLUE BELLS. THEY HAVE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL VOICES IN THE WORLD.
HELLO, JIMMY JUPITER. WELCOME TO OUR FIELD. LISTEN! MY SISTERS WILL SING TO YOU.
OH THANK YOU!
HEY, JIMMY! COME ON- WE'RE GOING!
GO AWAY-IT SOUNDS **SO** NICE! OH... PLEASE LEAVE ME HERE.
DON'T GO TO SLEEP, JIMMY! IF THE BELLS PUT YOU TO SLEEP, YOU'LL NEVER WANT TO WAKEN.
TING
TING
DING


KNOBBY AND DELIGHT GET JIMMY SAFELY AWAY FROM THE INSIDIOUSLY BEAUTIFUL MUSIC OF THE BELLS AND HE IS QUITE HIMSELF ONCE AGAIN.
BUT WHY IS THE ROAD MADE OF CHINA NOW?
GOODNESS! WON'T IT BREAK?
THIS WILL SOON BRING US TO THE VILLAGE OF THE DRESDEN FAIRIES. IT'S THEIR ROAD.
BUT- IS EVERYONE HERE MADE OF CHINA?
I GUESS THEY DON'T TRAVEL AROUND MUCH IN CROWDS!
YES, WE'LL HAVE TO BE VERY CAREFUL WHEN WE GET OUT.
WELCOME TO CHINA VILLAGE. I KNOW YOU CANNOT CLIMB THE GLASS HILL TO SEE THE CASTLE, BUT I WILL SHOW YOU OUR CITY.
I'LL BE CAREFUL, I PROMISE.
THIS IS CUT, OUR POLICEMAN.
WHAT DO YOU DO WITH THAT SPEAR?
IF ANYONE MISBEHAVES, I JUST CUT OFF HIS NOSE. THEN HE HAS TO GO TO THE HOSPITAL AND HAVE IT PASTED BACK.
TO THE HOSPITAL?
JIMMY AND KNOBBY ARE VERY CURIOUS ABOUT THIS TREATMENT FOR BROKEN NOSES, SO THE NEXT STOP IS THE HOSPITAL.
OH, WE HAVE "CHIP" CASES EVERY DAY. BUT ONCE I HAD A REAL JOB TO DO. A BOY FELL AND SMASHED INTO HUNDREDS OF PIECES. IT TOOK ME DAYS TO PUT HIM TOGETHER.
JIMMY AND KNOBBY, I THINK WE'D BETTER LEAVE SOON. THERE'S LOTS MORE FOR YOU TO SEE.
ONCE AGAIN, THEY RESUME THEIR JOURNEY.
WHAT IS THIS UP AHEAD?
WE'RE COMING TO THE PLUSH FOREST.
LOOKS AWFULLY DREARY!
WHY HAVE WE STOPPED?
WHY- THERE'S AN ELEPHANT IN THE ROAD!


WELCOME TO THE PLUSH FOREST, JIMMY JUPITER.
HOW DOES EVERYONE KNOW MY NAME?
THEY ALL KNEW THAT YOU WERE COMING.
THIS ELEPHANT'S MADE OF PLUSH!
HELLO, FRIENDS! HOW WAS YOUR TRIP? WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE AROUND HERE? CLIMB ON, KNOBBY. HE'LL GIVE YOU A RIDE BE GLAD TO
I DIDN'T KNOW LIONS REALLY WORE CROWNS!
OH, SURE! IT'S HEAVY, THOUGH. MAKES MY MANE ITCH. DO YOU MIND RUBBING MY HEAD? I LIKE TO HAVE THAT DONE.
WHY, SURE!
COME OUT! COME ON OUT, FELLOWS. THEY'RE NICE ANIMALS — MY SUBJECTS. GUESS YOU KNOW THEM ALL. CAREFUL, PUP - YOU'LL UPSET ME. GO AWAY. OR I'LL GROWL!
HEY, JIMMY! LOOK AT ME!
CUTE LITTLE TYKE ALWAYS IN MY WAY. WANT HIM, JIMMY? HEY THERE, KNOBBY! WANT TO TRY A CAMEL NEXT?
NO, THANKS! SAY, KING, HOW DO I GET DOWN FROM HERE?
CAN I REALLY KEEP HIM? LOOK, DELIGHT! WHAT'LL I CALL HIM?
YOU CAN KEEP HIM, JIMMY. NOW WE MUST LEAVE. IT'S GETTING VERY LATE!
MUST YOU GO SO SOON? COME BACK THIS WAY. YOU SCRATCH ME BETTER THAN ANYONE ELSE COME ON, ELLIE, LET KNOBBY GO! HAVE A NICE TRIP.
YES— NO— THANK YOU! GOOD-BYE! GOODNESS, LION, YOU TALK SO FAST!
I THINK WE OUGHT TO CALL HIM. "STUFFY"! HOW'S THAT?
SWELL! WHERE ARE WE GOING NEXT, DELIGHT?
IT'S GETTING LATE, SO I THINK WE'LL GO TO DREAM CITY


DREAM CITY? WHERE'S THAT? OR, WHAT'S THAT?
IT'S RIGHT ON THE EDGE OF FAIRYLAND. ONLY THE EMPTY DESERT LIES BETWEEN IT AND YOUR WORLD, JIMMY!
WE'RE SLOWING DOWN. IS SOMETHING WRONG?
THINK WE'D BETTER WALK FROM HERE. THE MICE CAN'T TRAVEL VERY FAST ON THE MATTRESS ROAD.
MATTRESS ROAD? ***THAT*** SOUNDS CLOSE TO DREAM CITY!
WE'LL HAVE TO HURRY. THE SANDMAN WILL SOON LAY A BLANKET OVER THE CITY FOR THE NIGHT, AND JIMMY STILL HAS TO FIND A DREAM.
HOW WILL HE DO THAT?
I HOPE WE'RE IN TIME! SEE THOSE PACKAGES ON THE DREAM TREE? EACH ONE CONTAINS A DREAM!
I SEE THAT FELLOW'S GOING TO DREAM ABOUT A CHARIOT.
AND THERE'S ONE ABOUT THE RAINBOW!
I DON'T THINK THERE'LL BE ANY DREAMS LEFT BY THE TIME WE GET TO THE TREE!
OH! WHAT WILL WE DO?
IT LOOKS TO ME AS THOUGH A GOOD BLOW WOULD GET YOU TO THE FRONT OF THE LINE FAST.
DON'T DO THAT! PLEASE!
OH, HERE HE COMES! ***THE SANDMAN! RUN, JIMMY!*** RUN AS FAST AS YOU CAN! WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF DREAM CITY BEFORE HE REACHES US!
BUT WHY?
IF YOU FALL INTO A DREAMLESS SLEEP YOU CAN NEVER LEAVE FAIRYLAND! ***RUN!***
PUFF-PUFF-
THIS IS AWFUL! I SINK DEEPER EVERY STEP! ...I'M TIRED!


WE'LL JUST MAKE IT! HURRY!
WUF!
OHHH!... OOPS!
LOOK OUT!
YIPE!
THE GROUND SEEMS TO OPEN UNDER THEM AND THEY TUMBLE HEADLONG INTO A DEEP HOLE!
THEN STRIKE THE BOTTOM OF THE PIT WITH A THUD!
HELP! I'M FALLING THROUGH!
HANG ON, JIMMY!
HEY, JIMMY! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
DON'T WORRY, JIMMY—THE BLUE FAIRY WILL SAVE YOU!
WUF!
JIMMY CATCHES THE STUFFED PUPPY!
OH, HELLO, BLUE FAIRY! YOU ARE THE ONE WHO BROUGHT ME TO FAIRYLAND!
YES! AND NOW I'M GOING TO TAKE YOU HOME AGAIN!


ONCE AGAIN JIMMY IS WHISKED THROUGH THE AIR BY THE WAND OF THE BLUE FAIRY, JUST AS HE WAS WHEN HE FIRST TRAVELED TO FAIRYLAND.
WHEE!
THERE'S MY HOME, BLUE FAIRY!
YES!
I MUST GO NOW, JIMMY. GOOD-BYE!
POOF
BLUE FAIRY!
SHE'S GONE!
DOWN JIMMY FALLS...
HEY!
CRASH!
...TO LAND EASILY IN A TREE!
THE PUPPY LANDS ON JIMMY'S STOMACH...
OOF!
...AND WHEN JIMMY WAKES UP IN HIS OWN YARD, HE FINDS A REAL PUPPY- NOT A STUFFED ONE- LICKING HIS FACE
WHA-! WELL, I'LL BE DOG-GONNED!
JIMMY JUPITER THE BOY WITH THE SUPER IMAGINATION APPEARS EVERY MONTH IN Marvel Comics

Bait for SUCKERS

THERE'D BEEN NOTHING definite about Skeetso that Pete could put his finger on; nothing sufficiently important to warrant getting Skeetso kicked out of the big defense factory. He seemed harmless enough going back and forth in his ragged clothes, a battered hat rimmed round with fancy fish-hooks on his sandy hair. As often as not, punting up the river from the bad-lands where he had a shack. Yes, he seemed harmless all right. . . .

"There's a war to be won," Pete told him the third time he caught Skeetso loafing around out in the loading yard. "You've got to do your share—or else!"

"That .45's gone to your head." Skeetso's thin face drew into harsh lines about the mouth.

Pete felt anger brewing within him, but he carefully thrust it down, forced a grin to lips that were tight and hard. "Nobody's trying to ride you. No one will. I'm just giving you a tip. I'm not the only one who sees you hanging around here. You'll get the bum's rush!"

"Huh!" Skeetso spat thick tobacco juice. "Wouldn't make much difference. Don't like the danged joint anyhow. All it's done was ruin my hunting and fishing." He got up and knocked out the ash from the charred corn-cob as he slouched through the door and disappeared into the roar of the big factory.

Pete didn't like trouble and for a while after his spat with Skeetso, his pulse was fast and his eyes smarted.

Two days later, the thing Pete had expected, happened. Someone saw Skeetso lounging around and an hour later Skeetso had his walking papers!

The workers were gone. It was a new factory and there hadn't been a night shift yet. . . .

On the way to the dressing room, Pete stopped off in the stock room.

Somewhere inside him Pete felt uneasiness bothering, and instead of going on to the dressing room, he turned aside and walked through the stock room, out onto the floor of the big factory. There would be guards on duty all night but, . . .

DARKNESS HAD SETTLED over the big new building and Pete moved through the gloom inside. Everything was quiet now. He was half way across the stock room floor when he saw the rosy glow of flames off to his right!

A figure darted toward him. They crashed against the wall. Someone cursed and the breath in Pete's face was rank with tobacco. He felt cloth tearing under his fingers, twisted them deeper frantically, while his opponent smashed savagely at his face.

One blow drove his head back against a crate and his knees went soft. But he clung tenaciously, driving an answering blow in, feeling it hit solid flesh and bone; heard someone grunt with pain. Next second Pete's opponent twisted free, leaped away.

The glow across the room was high and Pete heard the crackle of flames. He lurched across the huge room. The fire was licking hungrily up the side of a stack of crates!

Hurriedly Pete snatched up a fire-bucket and flung it at the flames. A great cloud of smoke billowed up, but the fire burst out again with a huge cough. A moment later, someone yelled, and other guards hurried in. Fire-fighting equipment was rushed to the scene and within twenty minutes, the fire was out. Battered and bruised and breathless, Pete flopped on the floor.

He realized he'd failed. There would be a black mark against him. Someone had managed to stay hidden in the factory after closing hours. Someone who had started a fire in an effort to destroy the factory. That someone had escaped. There'd be trouble for Pete!

Mr. Brown looked up as Pete entered his office. He nodded sharply to a chair.

"I have the report on last night's fire," Mr. Brown stated crisply. "I understand you discovered it. How is it that you were inside the factory after your hours?"

Pete hesitated. It seemed silly to say you had a feeling, a premonition. People'd think you were superstitious. . . .

"I—I didn't feel right," Pete blurted, forcing the words out against his will, not knowing what else to say. "I don't know how to describe it—"

Mr. Brown smiled frostily. "If you were uneasy over something, that was the time to make a report. Did you suspect someone?"

"No. It was just—just—"

"Where was your gun?"

"I still had it." Pete felt his pulse quicken, his mouth get dry. "But I—"

"Why didn't you use it? You lost valuable time tussling with someone in the dark and allowed that person to escape! You might have been killed. The fire might not have been discovered until too late. Did you think about that?"

Pete shook his head. "No. I didn't think. I don't like violence. Not the kind with a gun if it can be prevented. Things happened so fast that, I just didn't think about anything!"

For a moment there was silence, broken only by the distant rumble of machinery. Then, Mr. Brown spoke sharply. "Return to duty. But remember the lives of thousands depend upon this factory. If you have any reason to suspect anyone of plotting to destroy it, make a report immediately! And don't go wandering around by yourself. You might get shot!"

That evening Pete took a walk. He had nothing definite to go on but he wanted to do a little checking up. The police had been investigating. They'd even called Skeetso. Considered an eccentric, a little "queer", general opinion held was that he was harmless. Local authorities at least, would be prone to laugh Skeetso out of any suspect list!

Pete turned off the main road, leaving his bicycle in the bushes when he got near Skeetso's shack. He went ahead on foot, peering uneasily out into the clearing. There was a little truck garden in back, with a few scraggly watermelon vines and some dilapidated stalks of corn. Skeetso was nowhere to be seen.

Pete walked across the clearing uneasily, pausing to pick up a shiny bit of metal, a spinner Skeetso used for fishing.

Pete pushed open the sagging door of the shack. Skeetso wasn't inside either. The smell of fish fat was heavy on the air. Blankets were slopped over the edge of a cot in one corner and the chimney sagged in the center like an aged sway-backed horse. There was a heavy fishing rod and reel leaning against the wall.

"Whatcha looking fer?" Skeetso asked from the doorway. Pete jumped and turned to find Skeetso slouched against the door jams, chewing methodically, his leathery face lined and thin.

"Waiting for you," Pete said. "I wanted to talk to you."

"'Bout what?"

"Different things." Pete fumbled with the fancy spinner. Skeetso came closer. His hat was pushed back on sandy hair, the band decorated with fancy flies. His eyes grew hard then.

"Where," he demanded softly, "Did yuh find that?" Pete toyed idly with the shiny spinner, smiling softly. Outside he heard a cricket, the wind tumbling softly around in the woods surrounding the old shack. It was lonely here. It was . . . dangerous.

"Where," Pete murmured, "did I find it? Want to know, Skeet?"

"Mebbe. It doesn't really matter, I reckon—"

"Yes, it does!" Pete snapped swiftly. "It matters a lot." He gathered his muscles. He said, "I found it in the factory, Skeetso. Right after the fire. You dropped it. And you started the fire!"

SKEETSO DIDN'T MOVE. His eyes were fixed upon Pete's face and a faint grin touched the leathery mouth. "Mebbe," he said softly, "I did drop it there. And the fire . . ." Suddenly his mouth tightened, his eyes flashed with anger. "They got no business moving into my country!" His voice was like a whip. "Nobody wanted it but the 'skeeters and snakes and . . . and me —" Skeetso laughed suddenly. Next instant his hand whipped out a long bladed fishing knife and he leaped in, catlike. . . .

Pete managed to parry the blow . . . It ripped down through his shirt sleeve and he felt the bitter lash of it through the flesh of his arm. Skeetso fought silently, craftily, using every cunning device he knew. The table went crashing. They fell, broke apart.

Next instant Skeetso leaped for the door. Pete plunged after him. But he felt groggy and sick, his breath was gone, his limbs ached.

Pete snatched up the heavy rod and reel and leaped out through the door. Dusk was crisp and cool along the river bottom. He saw Skeetso's flying figure and Pete steadied himself, whirling the heavy lead plummet at the end of the short rod up over his head and then forward. The reel sang, the lead whipped out. An instant later Skeetso yelped shrilly as Pete snubbed the line, snapped the rod back. Skeetso's feet flew out from under him and he hit the dirt flat on his back. Pete leaped forward.

Skeetso had connected hard. He was out cold.

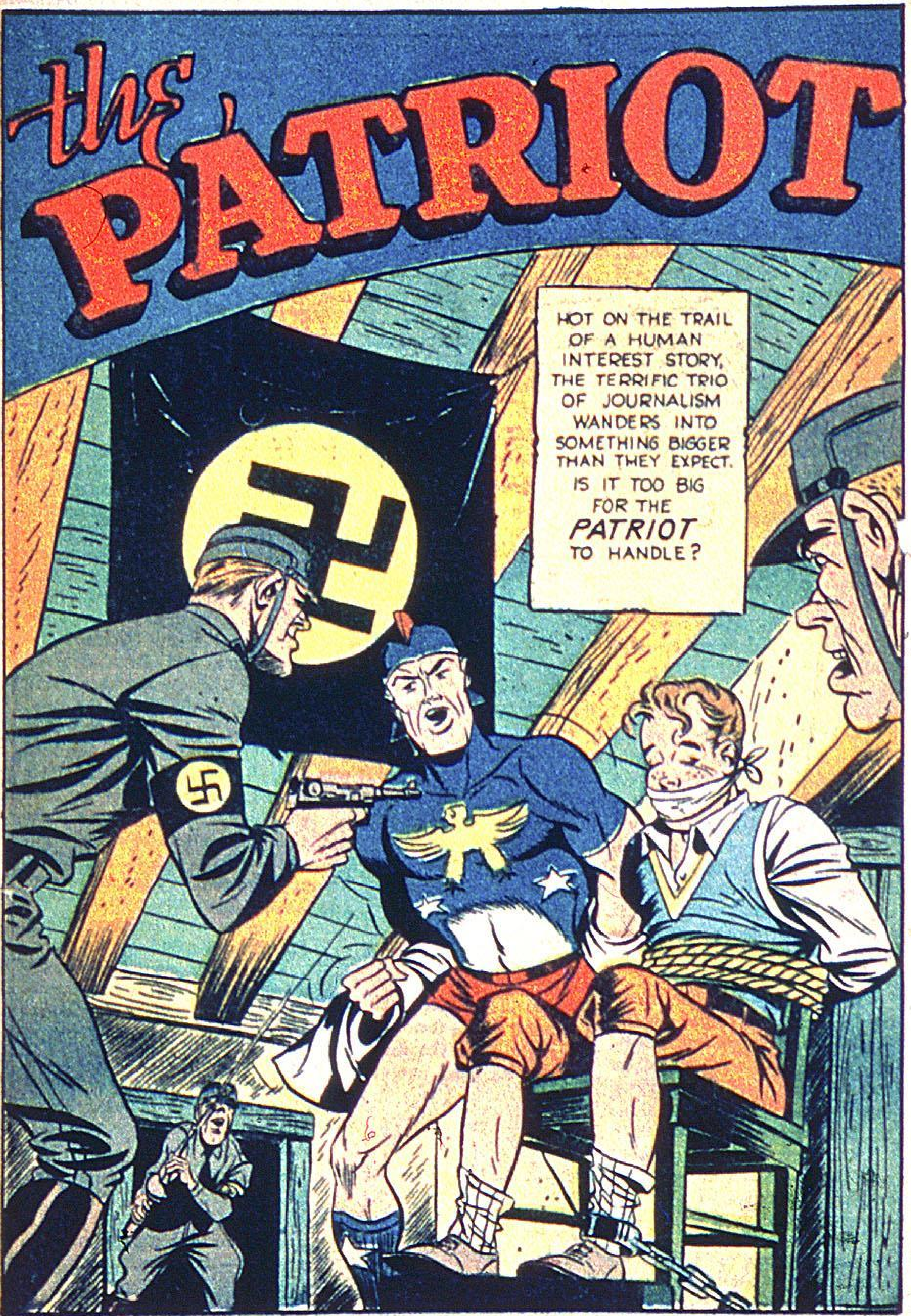
Skeetso recovered consciousness, tried the cords binding his arms methodically. He spat tobacco juice generously, glared at Pete.

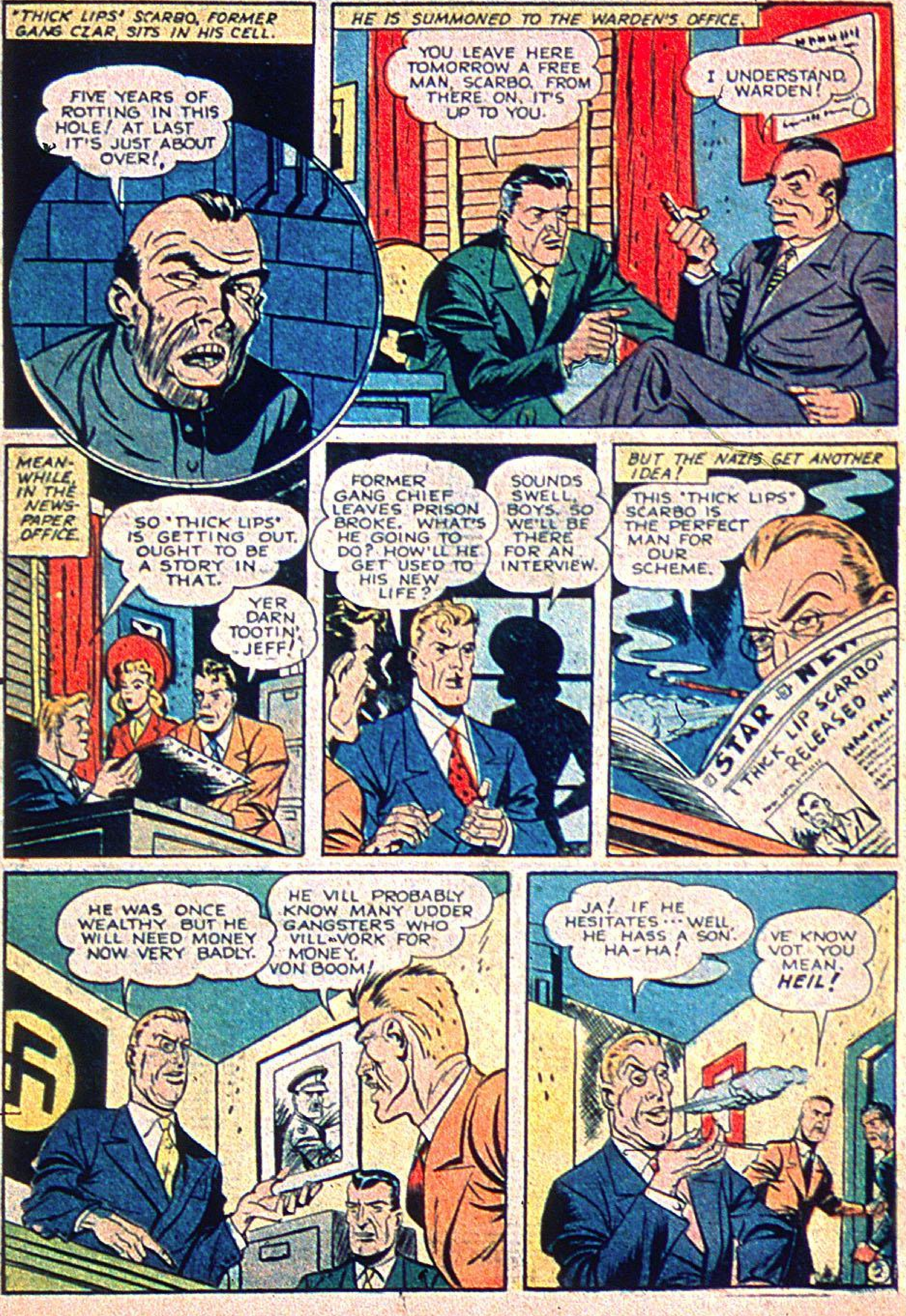
Pete said quietly. "About that spinner—I found it out in the yard."

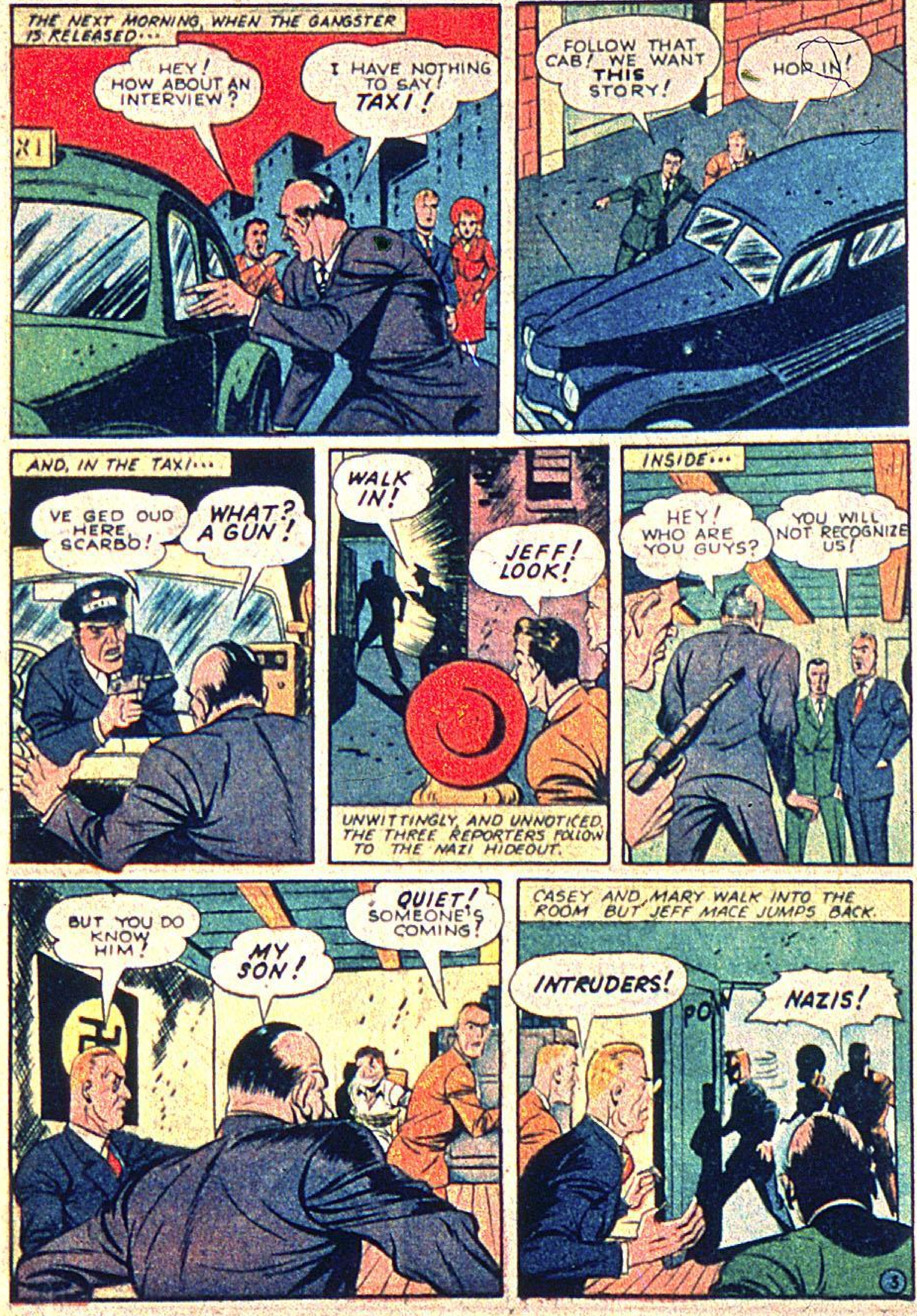
Skeetso got up, started along the trail toward the main road. "You're not so smart—"

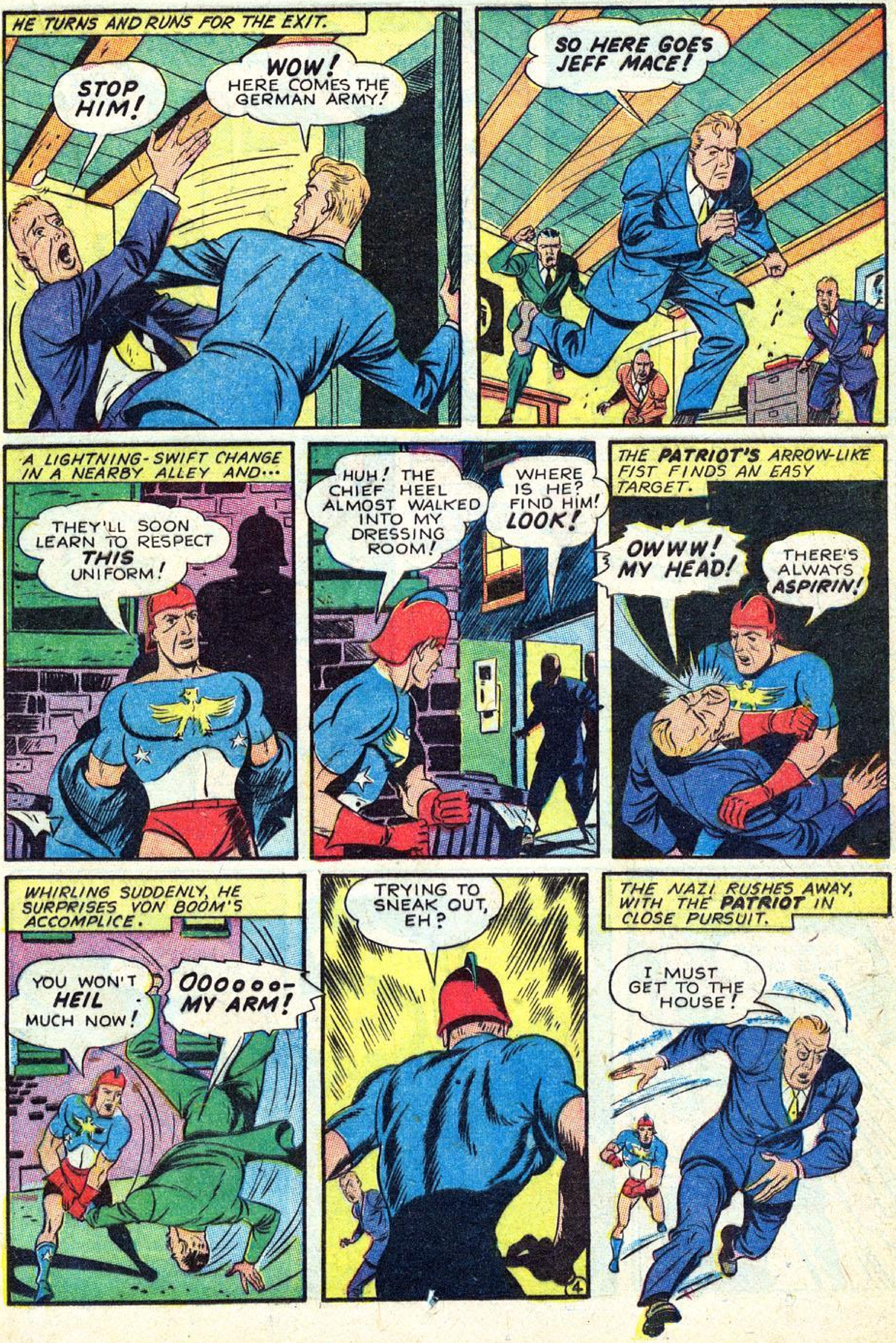
Pete laughed softly. "I'm a good fisherman though and you sure bit—hook, line and sinker!"

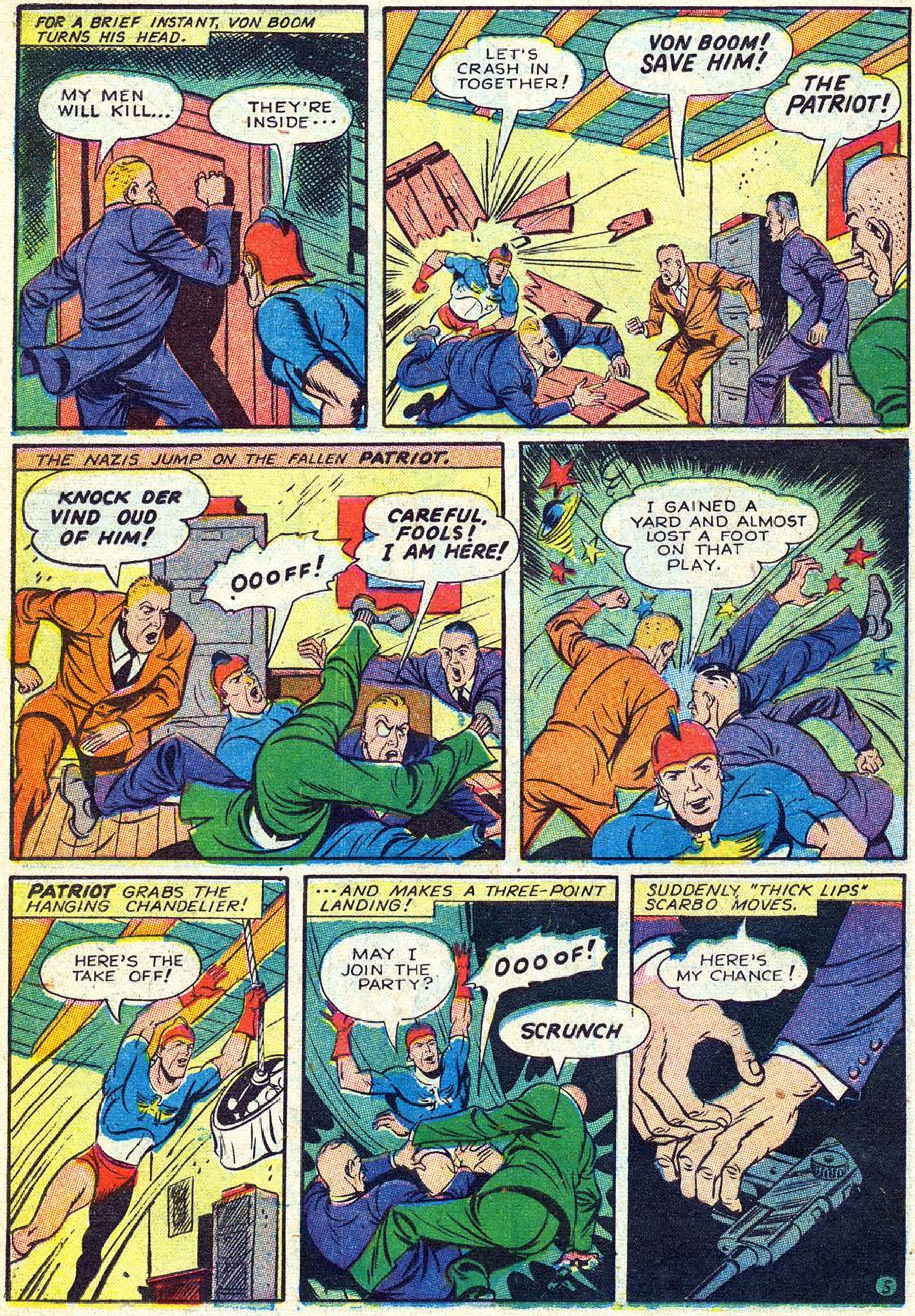
The End

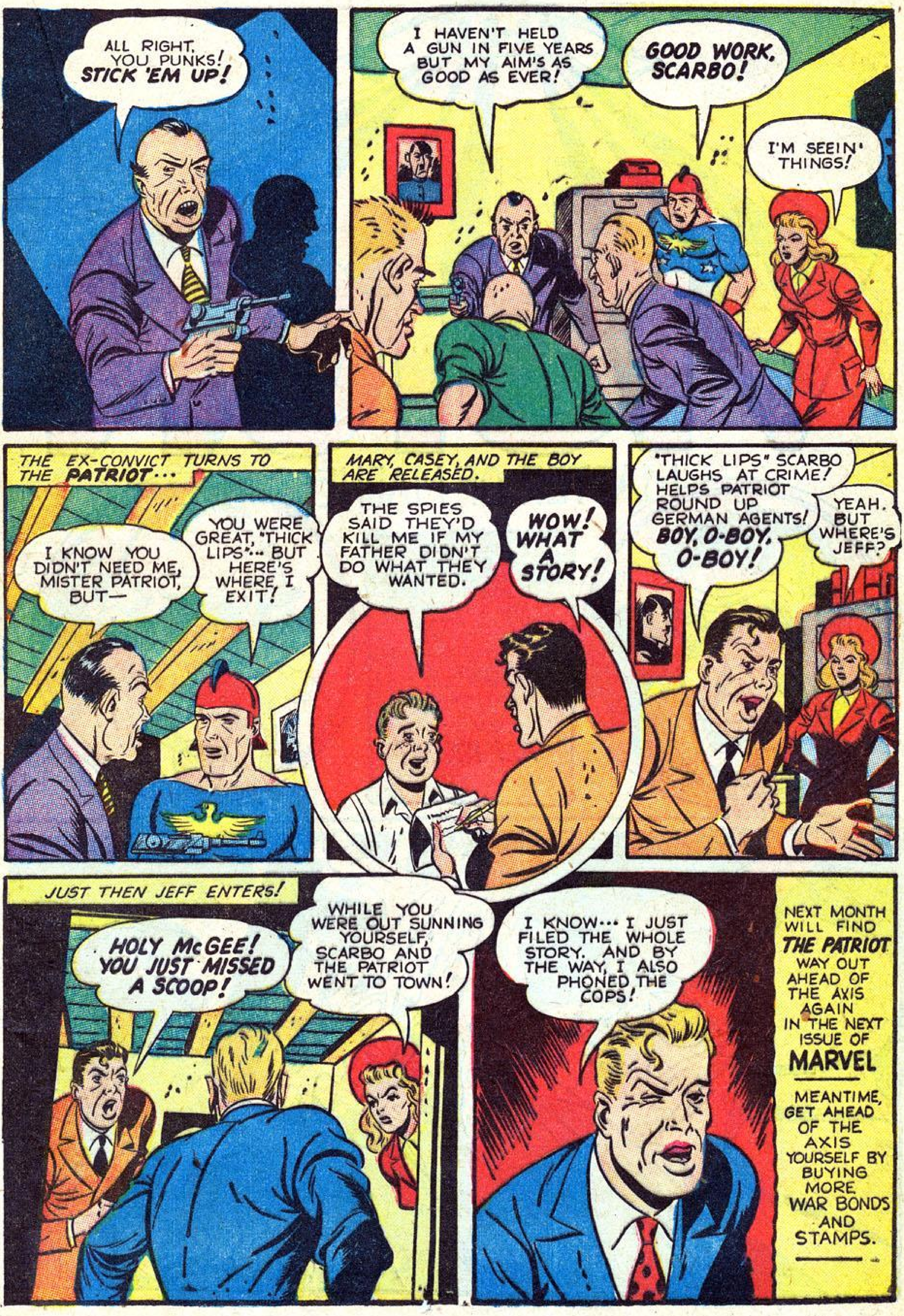

the PATRIOT
HOT ON THE TRAIL OF A HUMAN INTEREST STORY, THE TERRIFIC TRIO OF JOURNALISM WANDERS INTO SOMETHING BIGGER THAN THEY EXPECT. IS IT TOO BIG FOR THE *PATRIOT* TO HANDLE?


"THICK LIPS" SCARBO, FORMER GANG CZAR, SITS IN HIS CELL.
FIVE YEARS OF ROTTING IN THIS HOLE! AT LAST IT'S JUST ABOUT OVER!
HE IS SUMMONED TO THE WARDEN'S OFFICE.
YOU LEAVE HERE TOMORROW A FREE MAN, SCARBO. FROM THERE ON, IT'S UP TO YOU.
I UNDERSTAND, WARDEN!
MEANWHILE, IN THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE.
SO 'THICK LIPS' IS GETTING OUT. OUGHT TO BE A STORY IN THAT.
YER DARN TOOTIN', JEFF!
FORMER GANG CHIEF LEAVES PRISON BROKE. WHAT'S HE GOING TO DO? HOW'LL HE GET USED TO HIS NEW LIFE?
SOUNDS SWELL, BOYS. SO WE'LL BE THERE FOR AN INTERVIEW.
BUT THE NAZIS GET ANOTHER IDEA!
THIS "THICK LIPS" SCARBO IS THE PERFECT MAN FOR OUR SCHEME.
STAR NEW
THICK LIP SCARBO RELEASED
HE WAS ONCE WEALTHY BUT HE WILL NEED MONEY NOW VERY BADLY.
HE VILL PROBABLY KNOW MANY UDDER GANGSTERS WHO VILL VORK FOR MONEY, VON BOOM!
JA! IF HE HESITATES... WELL, HE HASS A SON. HA-HA!
VE KNOW VOT YOU MEAN. HEIL!
2


THE NEXT MORNING, WHEN THE GANGSTER IS RELEASED...
HEY! HOW ABOUT AN INTERVIEW?
I HAVE NOTHING TO SAY! TAXI!
FOLLOW THAT CAB! WE WANT THIS STORY!
HOP IN!
AND, IN THE TAXI...
VE GED OUD HERE, SCARBO!
WHAT? A GUN!
WALK IN!
JEFF! LOOK!
UNWITTINGLY AND UNNOTICED, THE THREE REPORTERS FOLLOW TO THE NAZI HIDEOUT.
INSIDE...
HEY! WHO ARE YOU GUYS?
YOU WILL NOT RECOGNIZE US!
BUT YOU DO KNOW HIM!
MY SON!
QUIET! SOMEONE'S COMING!
CASEY AND MARY WALK INTO THE ROOM BUT JEFF MACE JUMPS BACK.
INTRUDERS!
POW
NAZIS!

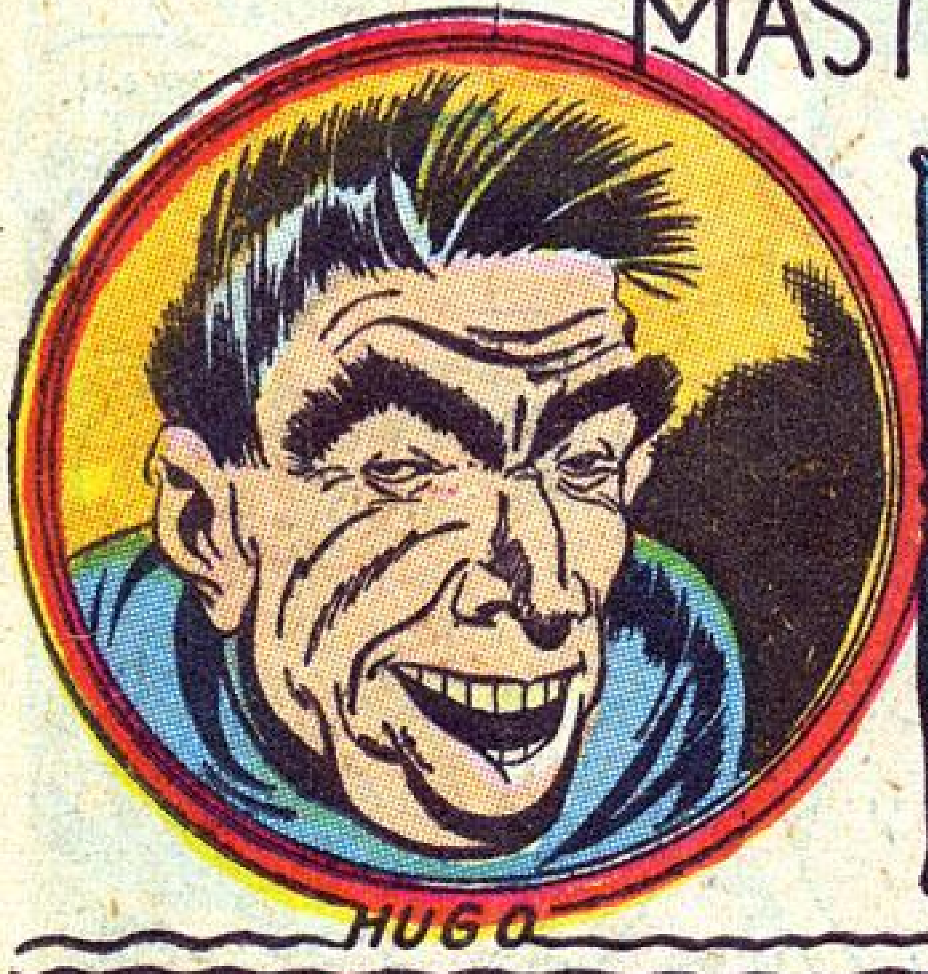

HE TURNS AND RUNS FOR THE EXIT.
STOP HIM!
WOW! HERE COMES THE GERMAN ARMY!
SO HERE GOES JEFF MACE!
A LIGHTNING-SWIFT CHANGE IN A NEARBY ALLEY AND...
THEY'LL SOON LEARN TO RESPECT THIS UNIFORM!
HUH! THE CHIEF HEEL ALMOST WALKED INTO MY DRESSING ROOM!
WHERE IS HE? FIND HIM! LOOK!
THE PATRIOT'S ARROW-LIKE FIST FINDS AN EASY TARGET.
OWWW! MY HEAD!
THERE'S ALWAYS ASPIRIN!
WHIRLING SUDDENLY, HE SURPRISES VON BOOM'S ACCOMPLICE.
YOU WON'T HEIL MUCH NOW!
OOOOOO- MY ARM!
TRYING TO SNEAK OUT, EH?
THE NAZI RUSHES AWAY, WITH THE PATRIOT IN CLOSE PURSUIT.
I MUST GET TO THE HOUSE!
4


FOR A BRIEF INSTANT, VON BOOM TURNS HIS HEAD.
MY MEN WILL KILL...
THEY'RE INSIDE...
LET'S CRASH IN TOGETHER!
VON BOOM! SAVE HIM!
THE PATRIOT!
THE NAZIS JUMP ON THE FALLEN PATRIOT.
KNOCK DER VIND OUD OF HIM!
OOOFF!
CAREFUL, FOOLS! I AM HERE!
I GAINED A YARD AND ALMOST LOST A FOOT ON THAT PLAY.
PATRIOT GRABS THE HANGING CHANDELIER!
HERE'S THE TAKE OFF!
...AND MAKES A THREE-POINT LANDING!
MAY I JOIN THE PARTY?
OOOOF!
SCRUNCH
SUDDENLY, "THICK LIPS" SCARBO MOVES.
HERE'S MY CHANCE!


ALL RIGHT, YOU PUNKS! STICK 'EM UP!
I HAVEN'T HELD A GUN IN FIVE YEARS BUT MY AIM'S AS GOOD AS EVER!
GOOD WORK, SCARBO!
I'M SEEIN' THINGS!
THE EX-CONVICT TURNS TO THE PATRIOT...
I KNOW YOU DIDN'T NEED ME, MISTER PATRIOT, BUT—
YOU WERE GREAT, "THICK LIPS"... BUT HERE'S WHERE I EXIT!
MARY, CASEY, AND THE BOY ARE RELEASED.
THE SPIES SAID THEY'D KILL ME IF MY FATHER DIDN'T DO WHAT THEY WANTED.
WOW! WHAT A STORY!
"THICK LIPS" SCARBO LAUGHS AT CRIME! HELPS PATRIOT ROUND UP GERMAN AGENTS! BOY, O-BOY, O-BOY!
YEAH. BUT WHERE'S JEFF?
JUST THEN JEFF ENTERS!
HOLY McGEE! YOU JUST MISSED A SCOOP!
WHILE YOU WERE OUT SUNNING YOURSELF, SCARBO AND THE PATRIOT WENT TO TOWN!
I KNOW... I JUST FILED THE WHOLE STORY. AND BY THE WAY, I ALSO PHONED THE COPS!
NEXT MONTH WILL FIND THE PATRIOT WAY OUT AHEAD OF THE AXIS AGAIN IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF MARVEL
MEANTIME, GET AHEAD OF THE AXIS YOURSELF BY BUYING MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS.

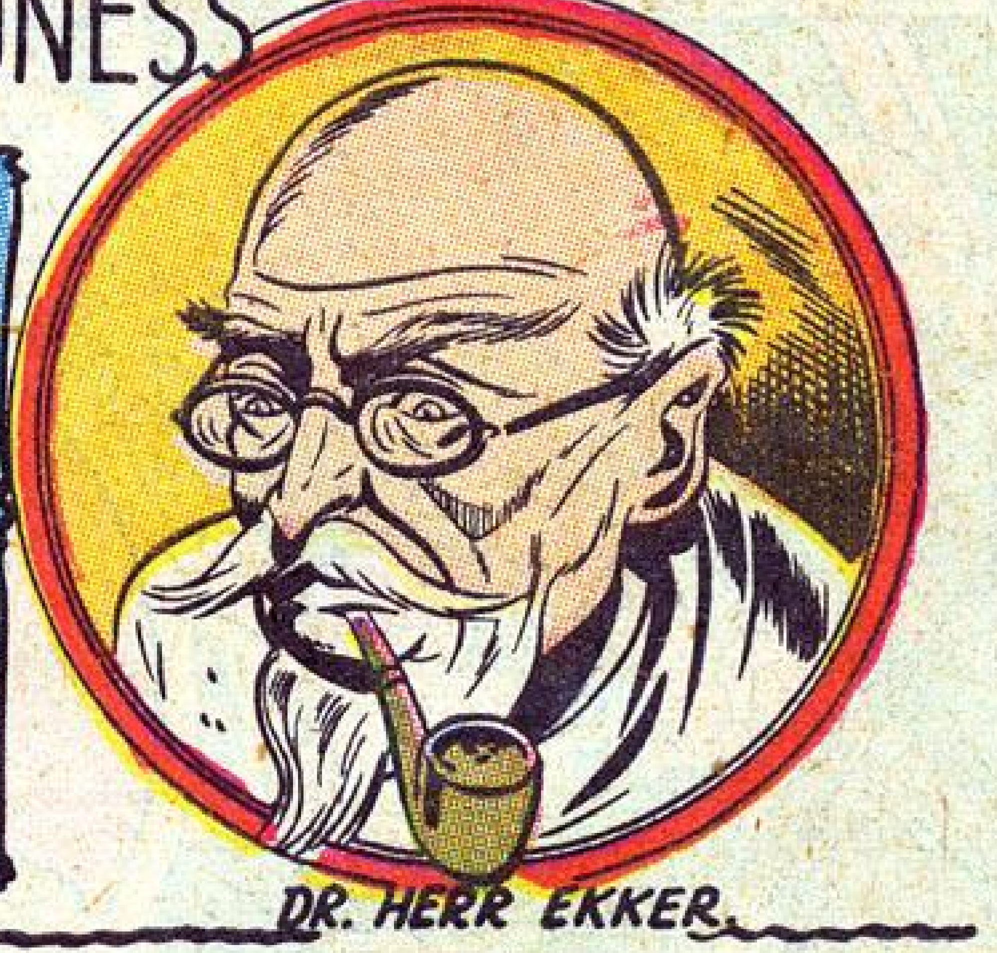
THE VISION

MASTER OF MADNESS

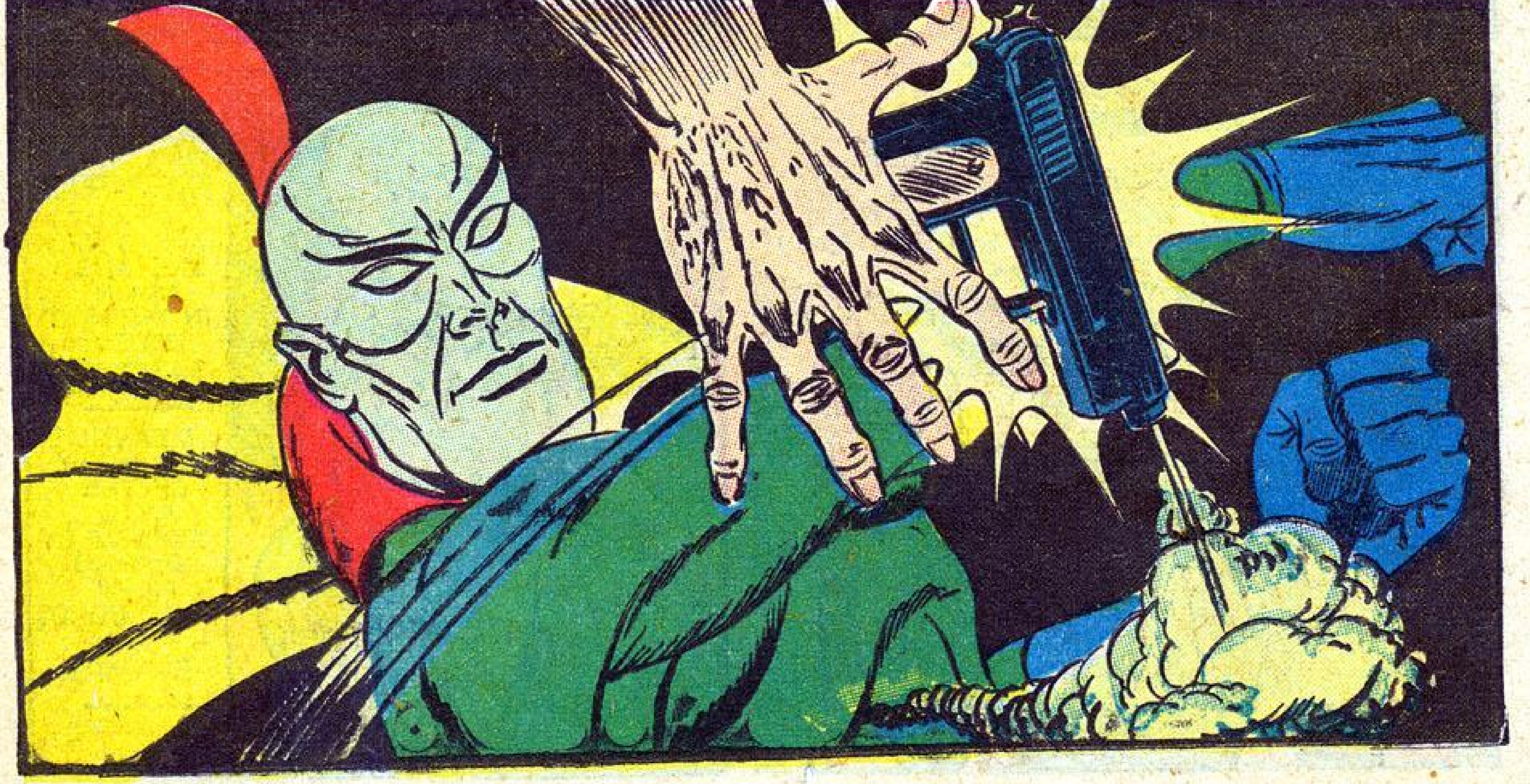


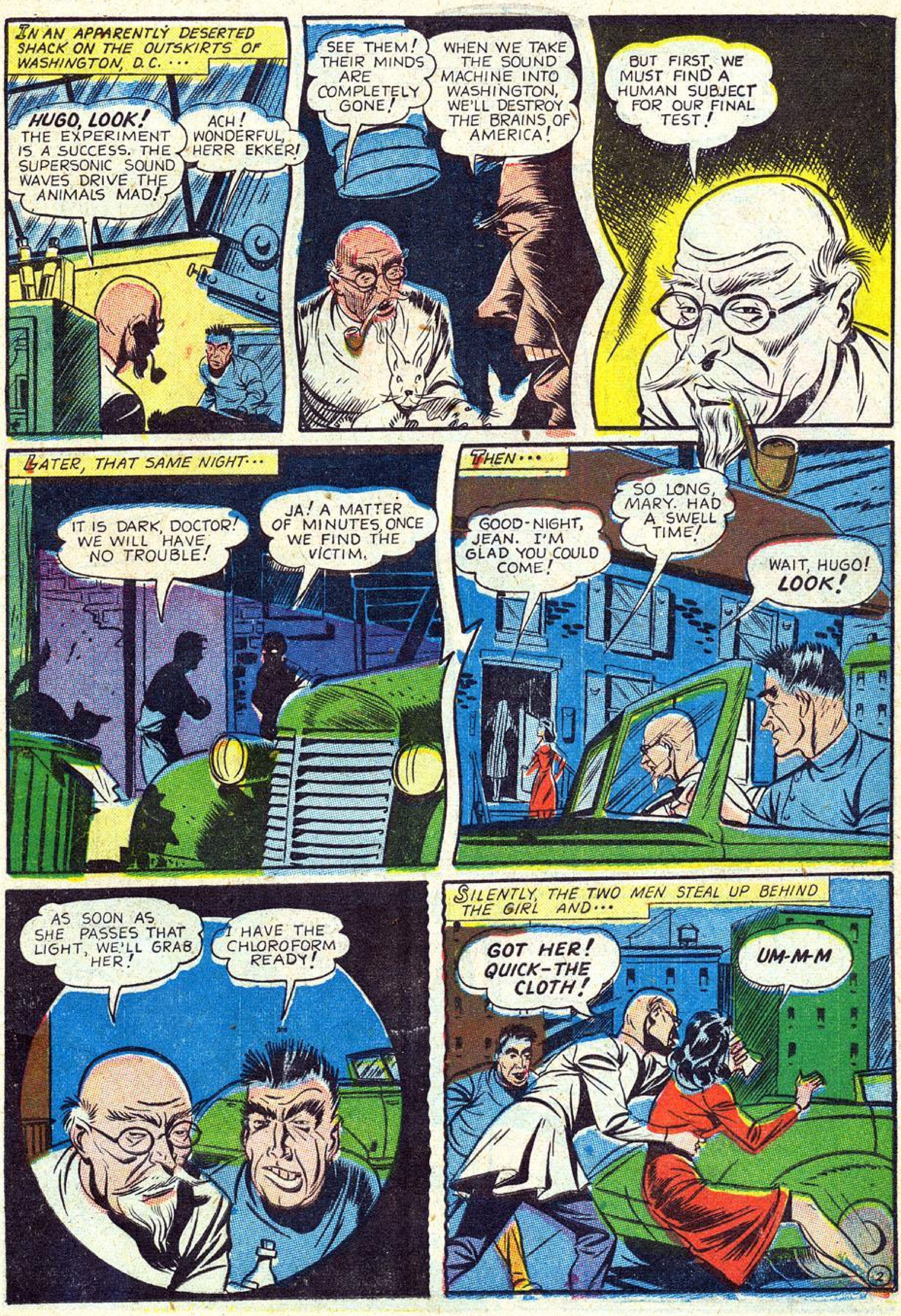
HUGO

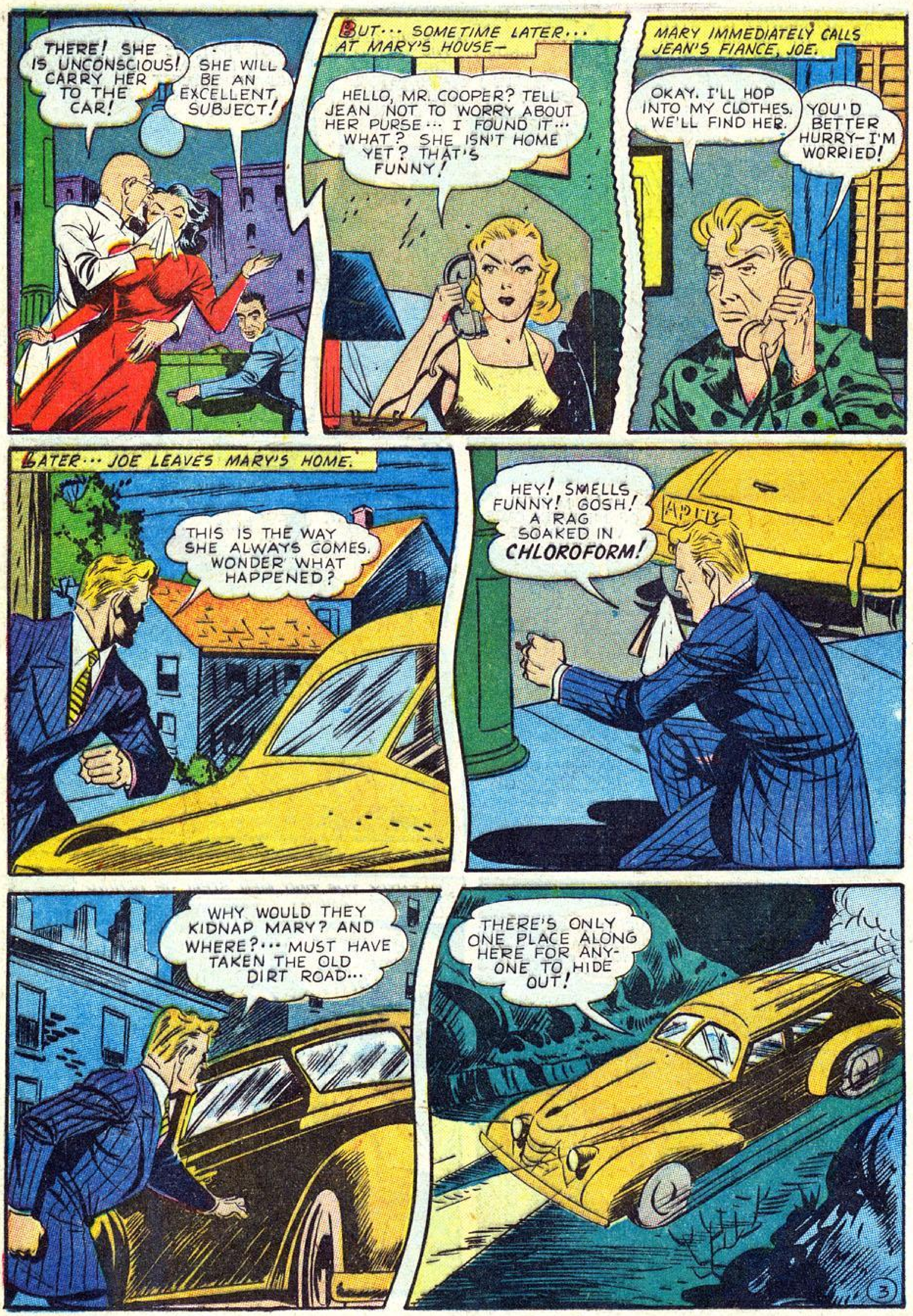
WHEN THE MASTER OF MADNESS PLANS TO STEAL THE MINDS OF WASHINGTON DIGNITARIES, HE NEGLECTS TO CONSIDER THE GREATEST ENEMY OF ALL EVIL... ***THE VISION!***

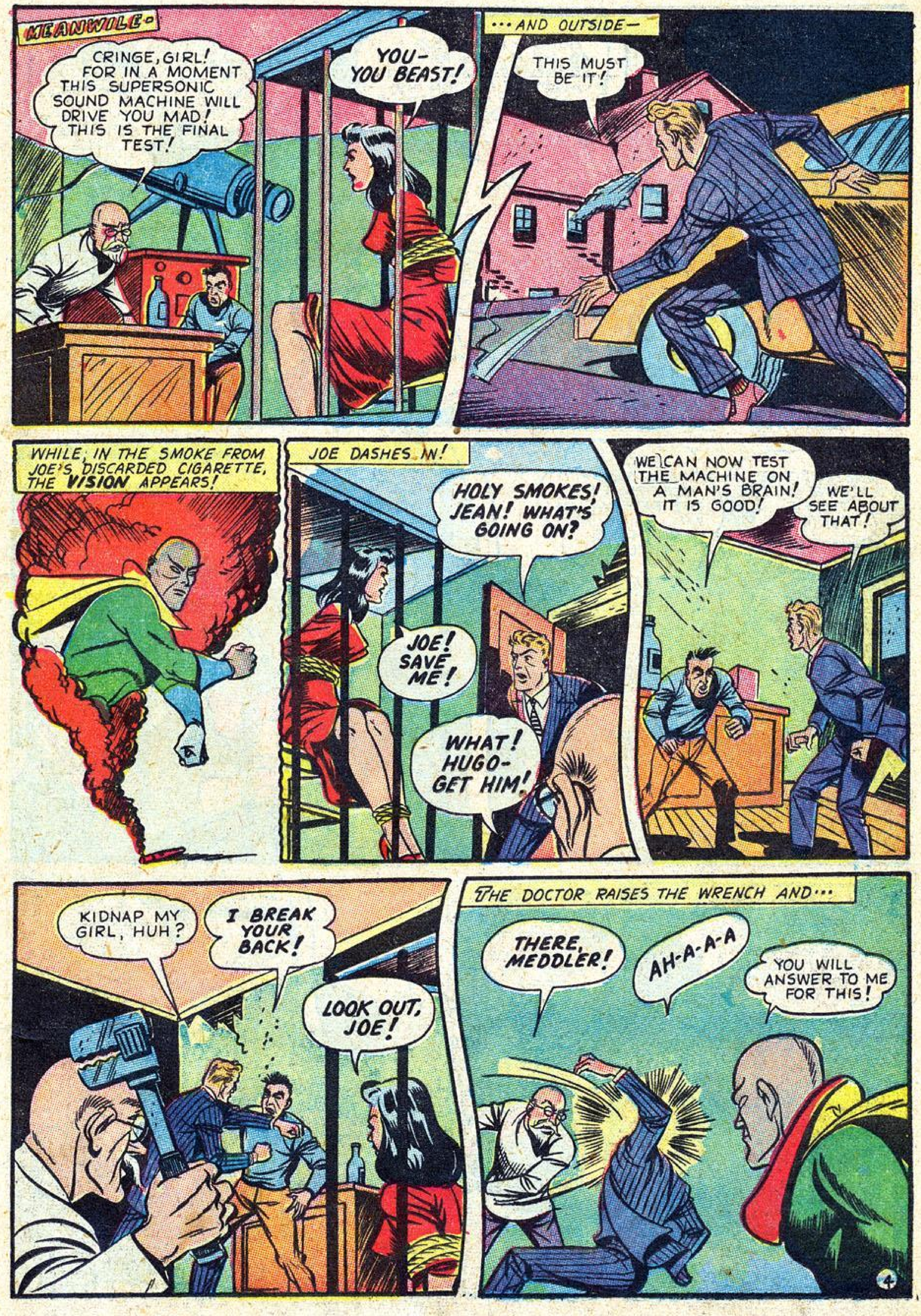


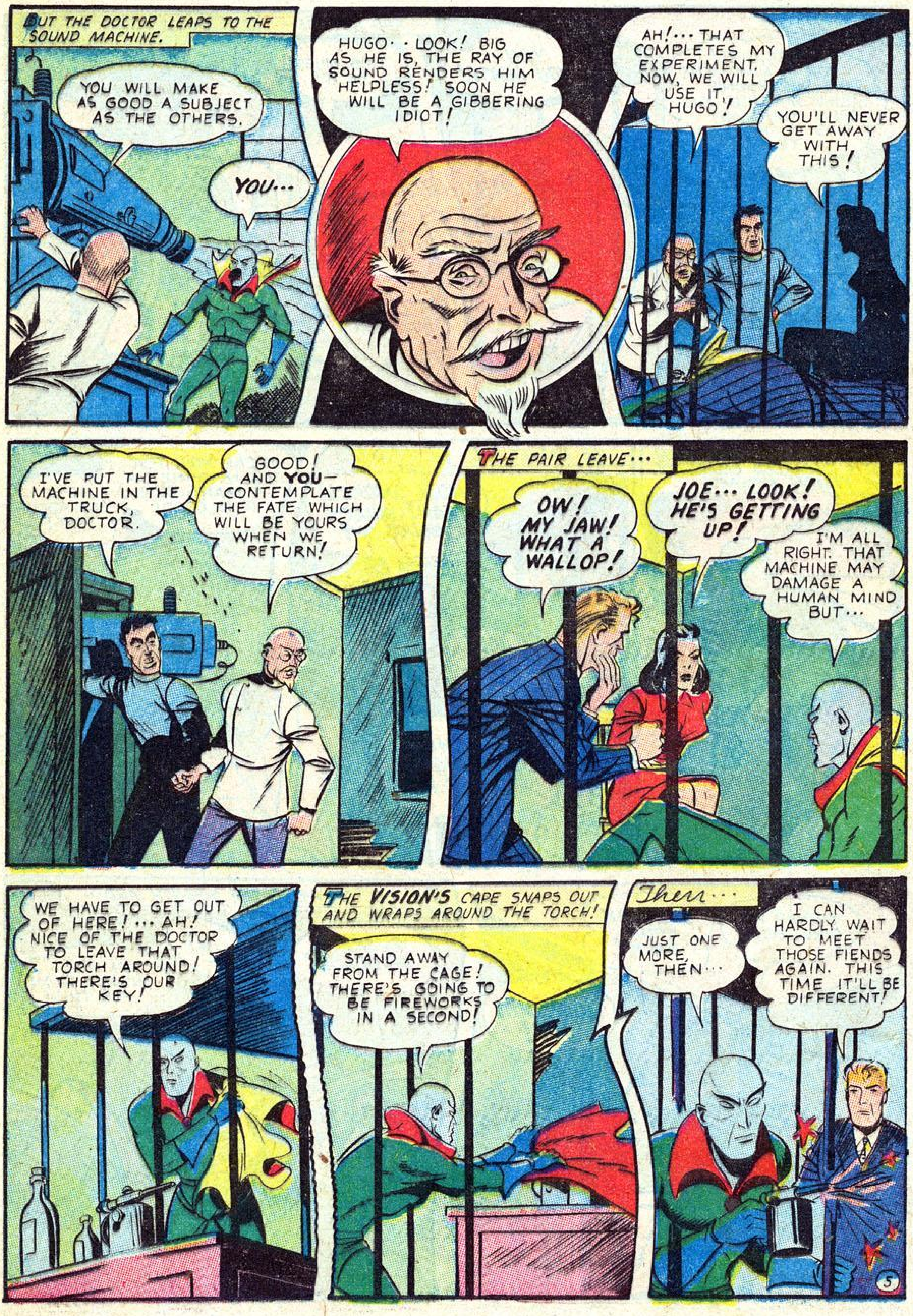
DR. HERR EKKER.

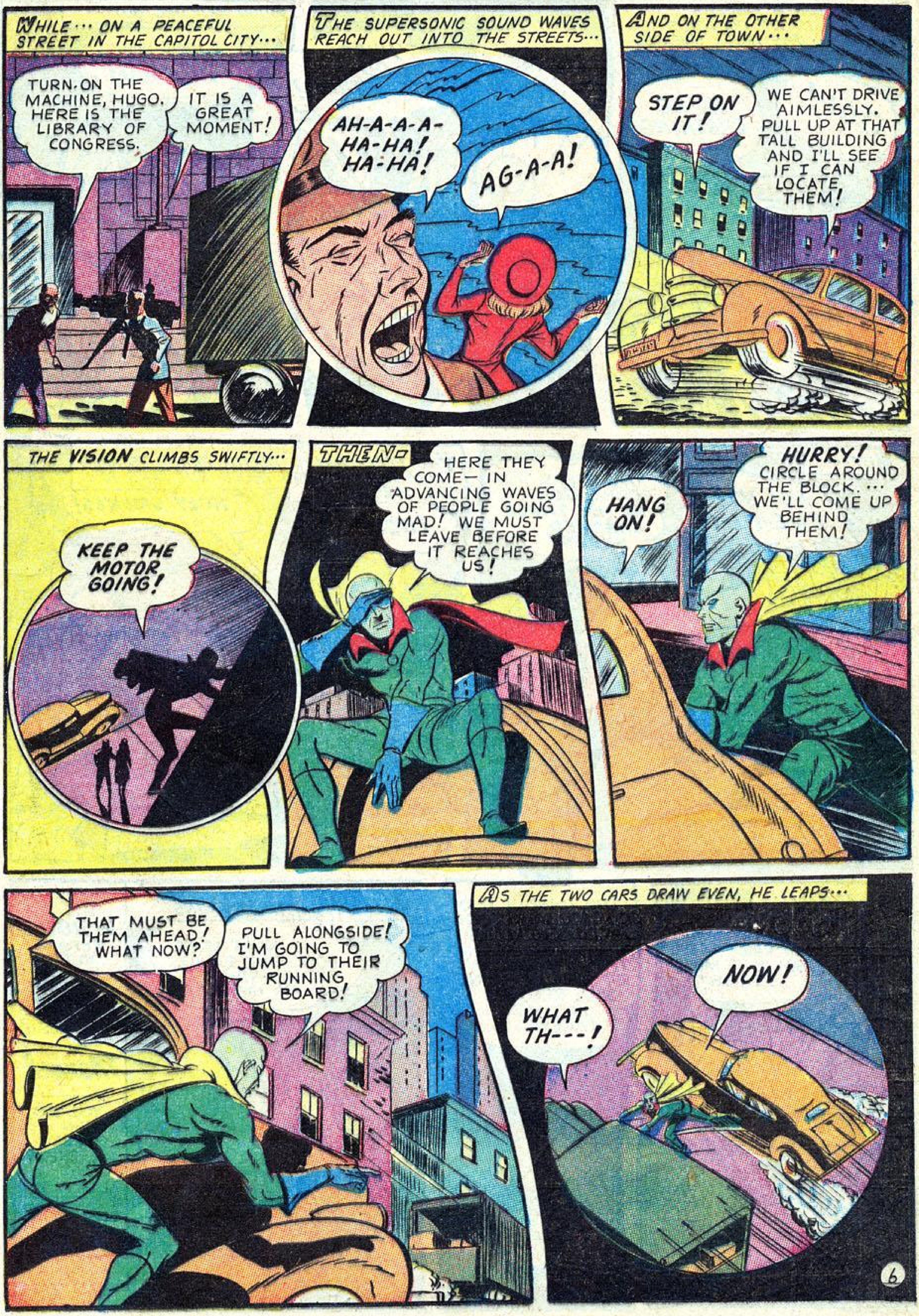


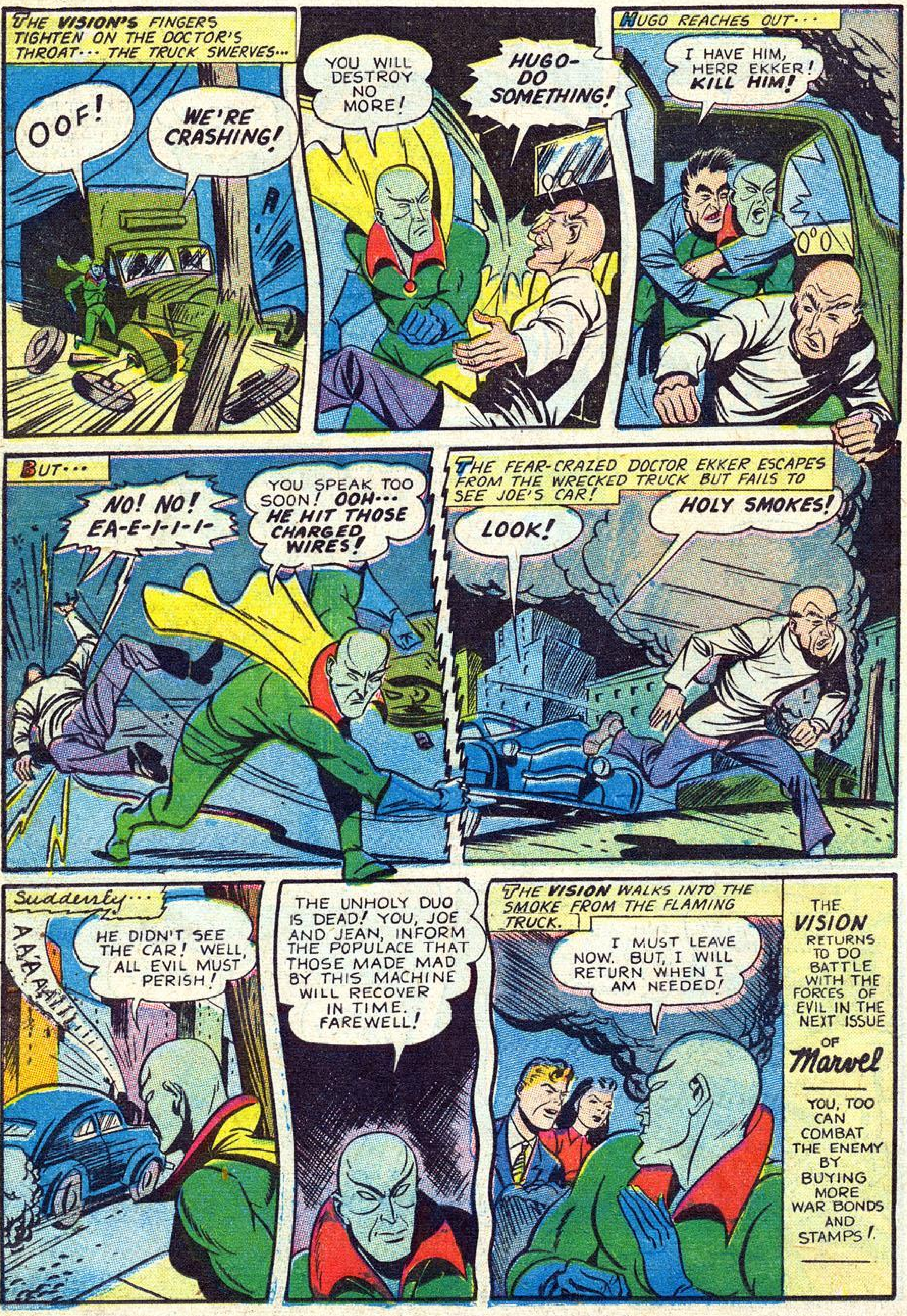

IN AN APPARENTLY DESERTED SHACK ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF WASHINGTON, D.C. ...
HUGO, LOOK! THE EXPERIMENT IS A SUCCESS. THE SUPERSONIC SOUND WAVES DRIVE THE ANIMALS MAD!
ACH! WONDERFUL, HERR EKKER!
SEE THEM! THEIR MINDS ARE COMPLETELY GONE!
WHEN WE TAKE THE SOUND MACHINE INTO WASHINGTON, WE'LL DESTROY THE BRAINS OF AMERICA!
BUT FIRST, WE MUST FIND A HUMAN SUBJECT FOR OUR FINAL TEST!
LATER, THAT SAME NIGHT...
IT IS DARK, DOCTOR! WE WILL HAVE NO TROUBLE!
JA! A MATTER OF MINUTES, ONCE WE FIND THE VICTIM.
THEN...
GOOD-NIGHT, JEAN. I'M GLAD YOU COULD COME!
SO LONG, MARY. HAD A SWELL TIME!
WAIT, HUGO! LOOK!
AS SOON AS SHE PASSES THAT LIGHT, WE'LL GRAB HER!
I HAVE THE CHLOROFORM READY!
SILENTLY, THE TWO MEN STEAL UP BEHIND THE GIRL AND...
GOT HER! QUICK—THE CLOTH!
UM-M-M
2

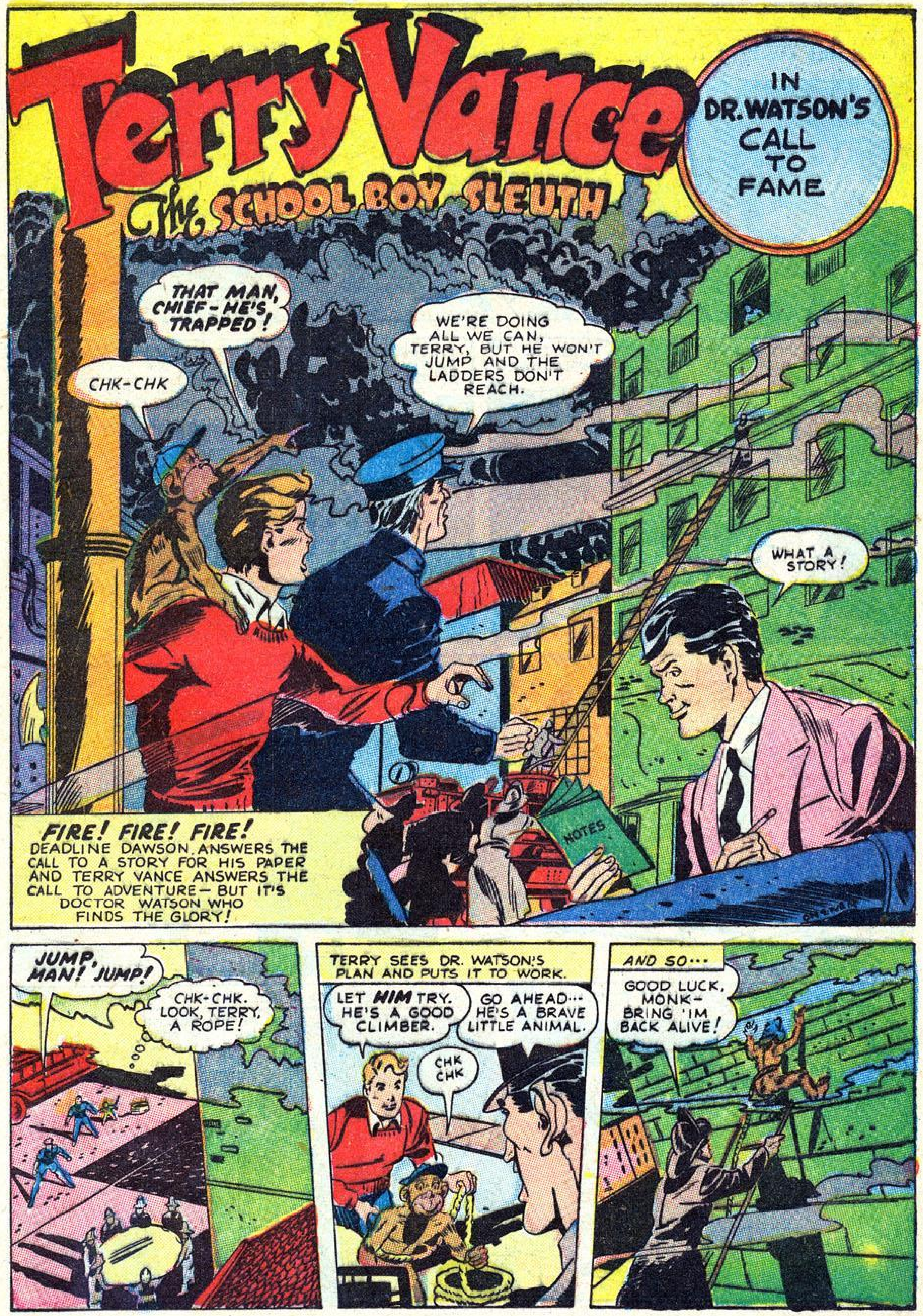

THERE! SHE IS UNCONSCIOUS! CARRY HER TO THE CAR!
SHE WILL BE AN EXCELLENT SUBJECT!
BUT··· SOMETIME LATER··· AT MARY'S HOUSE—
HELLO, MR. COOPER? TELL JEAN NOT TO WORRY ABOUT HER PURSE··· I FOUND IT··· WHAT? SHE ISN'T HOME YET? THAT'S FUNNY!
MARY IMMEDIATELY CALLS JEAN'S FIANCE, JOE.
OKAY. I'LL HOP INTO MY CLOTHES. WE'LL FIND HER.
YOU'D BETTER HURRY—I'M WORRIED!
LATER··· JOE LEAVES MARY'S HOME.
THIS IS THE WAY SHE ALWAYS COMES. WONDER WHAT HAPPENED?
HEY! SMELLS FUNNY! GOSH! A RAG SOAKED IN CHLOROFORM!
WHY WOULD THEY KIDNAP MARY? AND WHERE?··· MUST HAVE TAKEN THE OLD DIRT ROAD···
THERE'S ONLY ONE PLACE ALONG HERE FOR ANY-ONE TO HIDE OUT!

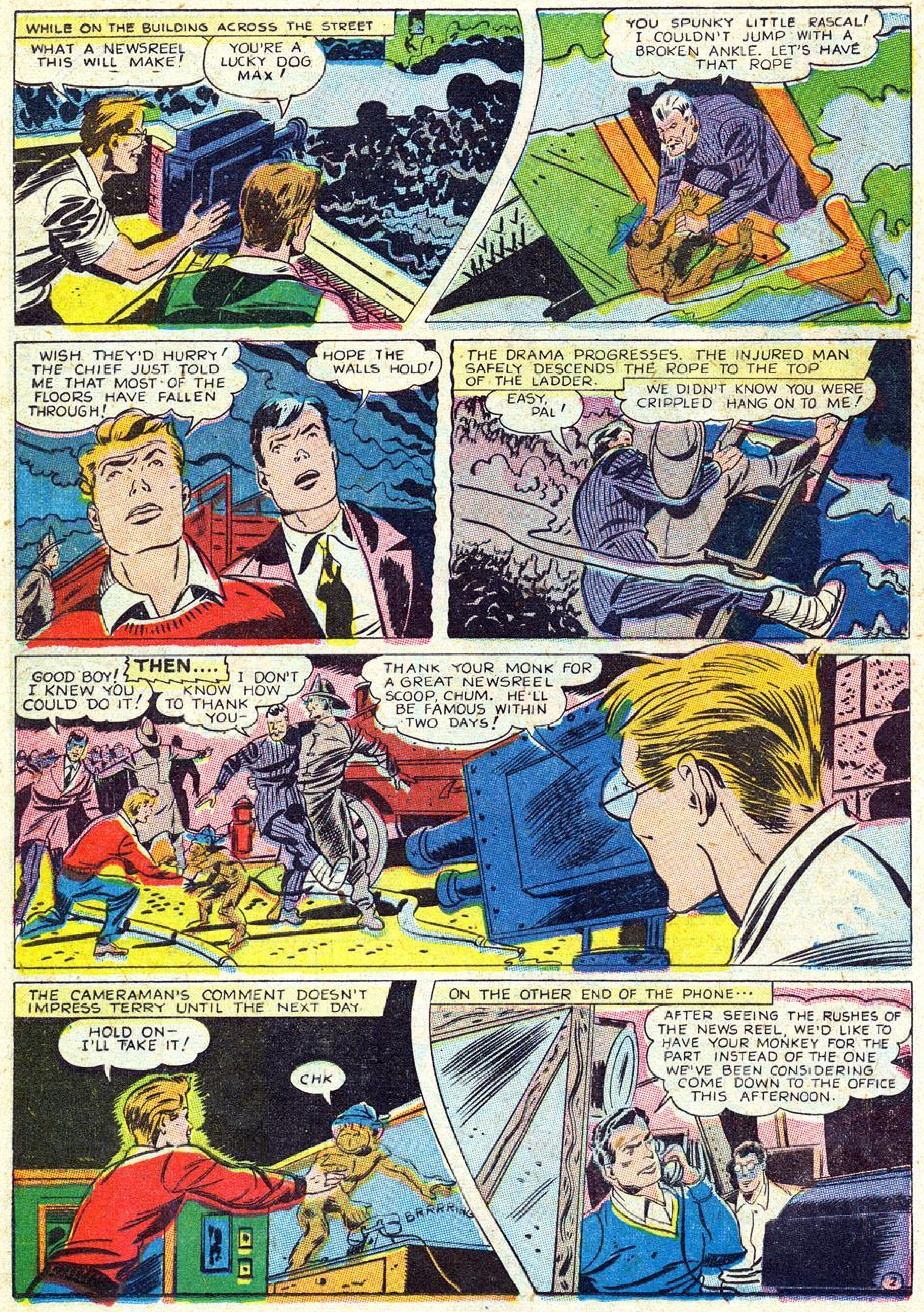

MEANWILE-
CRINGE, GIRL! FOR IN A MOMENT THIS SUPERSONIC SOUND MACHINE WILL DRIVE YOU MAD! THIS IS THE FINAL TEST!
YOU- YOU BEAST!
...AND OUTSIDE-
THIS MUST BE IT!
WHILE, IN THE SMOKE FROM JOE'S DISCARDED CIGARETTE, THE VISION APPEARS!
JOE DASHES IN!
HOLY SMOKES! JEAN! WHAT'S GOING ON?
JOE! SAVE ME!
WHAT! HUGO- GET HIM!
WE CAN NOW TEST THE MACHINE ON A MAN'S BRAIN! IT IS GOOD!
WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!
KIDNAP MY GIRL, HUH?
I BREAK YOUR BACK!
LOOK OUT, JOE!
THE DOCTOR RAISES THE WRENCH AND...
THERE, MEDDLER!
AH-A-A-A
YOU WILL ANSWER TO ME FOR THIS!

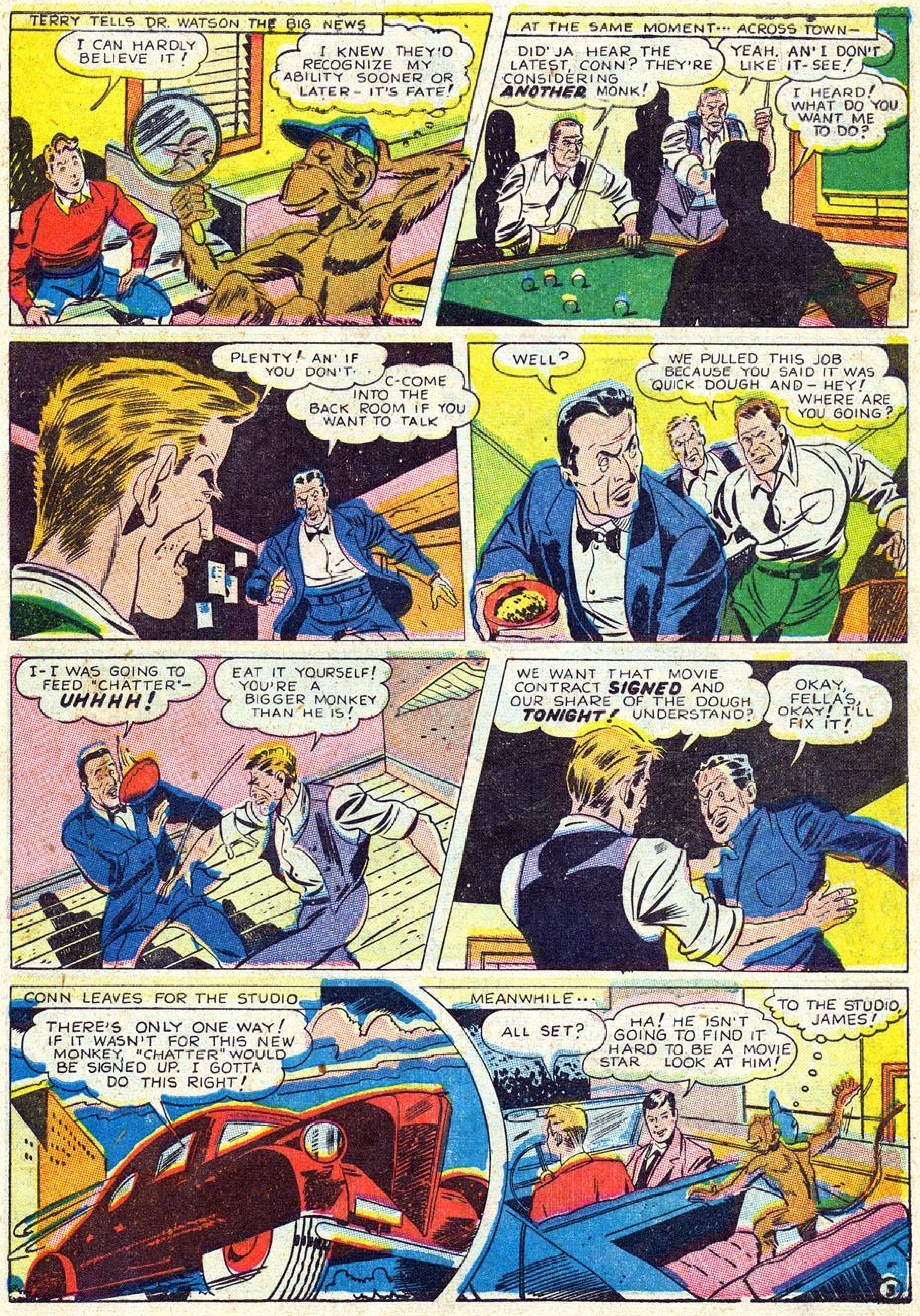

BUT THE DOCTOR LEAPS TO THE SOUND MACHINE.
YOU WILL MAKE AS GOOD A SUBJECT AS THE OTHERS.
YOU...
HUGO · · LOOK! BIG AS HE IS, THE RAY OF SOUND RENDERS HIM HELPLESS! SOON HE WILL BE A GIBBERING IDIOT!
AH! ··· THAT COMPLETES MY EXPERIMENT. NOW, WE WILL USE IT, HUGO!
YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS!
I'VE PUT THE MACHINE IN THE TRUCK, DOCTOR.
GOOD! AND YOU— CONTEMPLATE THE FATE WHICH WILL BE YOURS WHEN WE RETURN!
THE PAIR LEAVE···
OW! MY JAW! WHAT A WALLOP!
JOE··· LOOK! HE'S GETTING UP!
I'M ALL RIGHT. THAT MACHINE MAY DAMAGE A HUMAN MIND BUT···
WE HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE! ··· AH! NICE OF THE DOCTOR TO LEAVE THAT TORCH AROUND! THERE'S OUR KEY!
THE VISION'S CAPE SNAPS OUT AND WRAPS AROUND THE TORCH!
STAND AWAY FROM THE CAGE! THERE'S GOING TO BE FIREWORKS IN A SECOND!
Then···
JUST ONE MORE, THEN···
I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO MEET THOSE FIENDS AGAIN. THIS TIME IT'LL BE DIFFERENT!

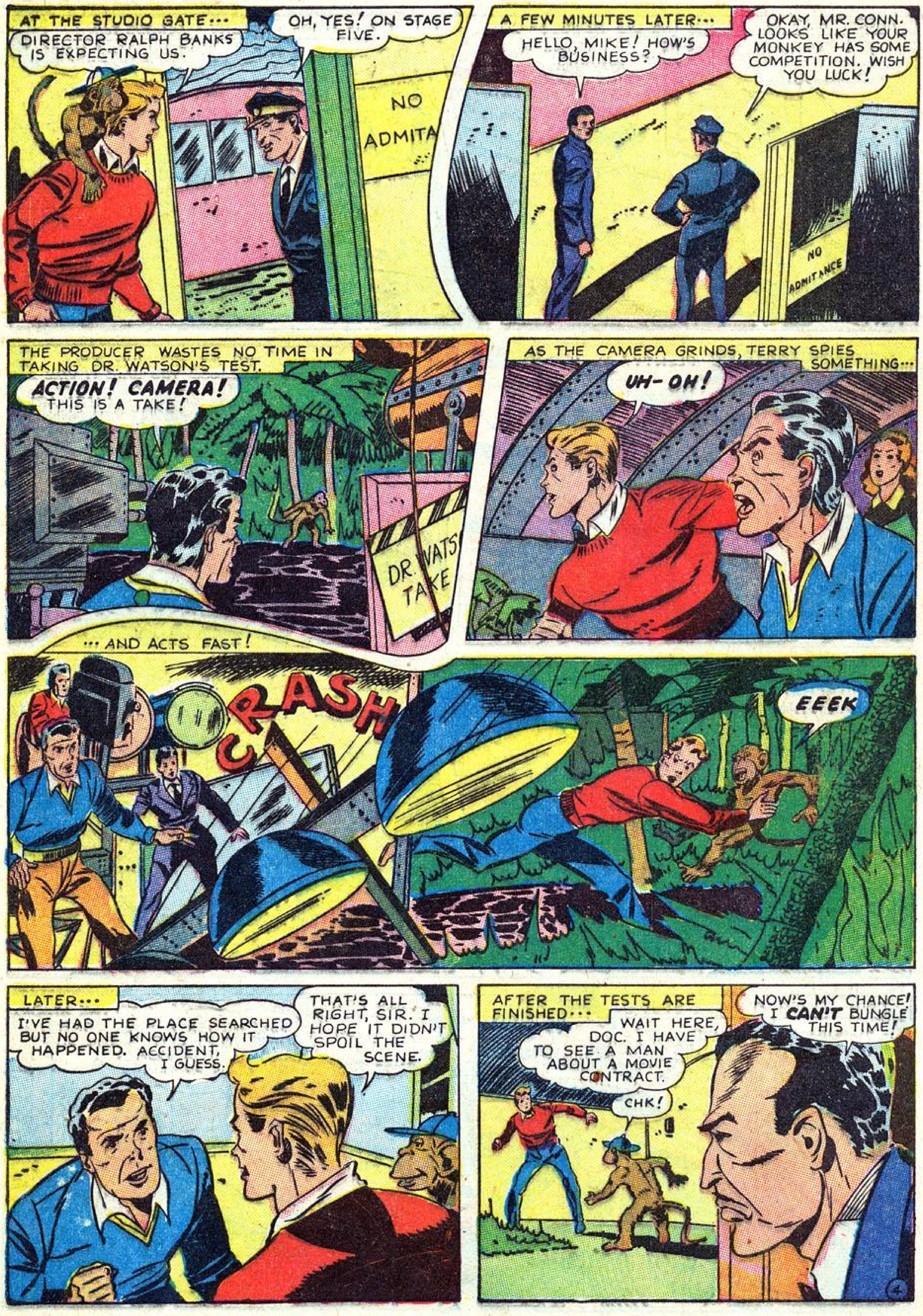

WHILE ··· ON A PEACEFUL STREET IN THE CAPITOL CITY ···
TURN ON THE MACHINE, HUGO. HERE IS THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.
IT IS A GREAT MOMENT!
THE SUPERSONIC SOUND WAVES REACH OUT INTO THE STREETS ···
AH-A-A-A-HA-HA! HA-HA!
AG-A-A!
AND ON THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN ···
STEP ON IT!
WE CAN'T DRIVE AIMLESSLY. PULL UP AT THAT TALL BUILDING AND I'LL SEE IF I CAN LOCATE THEM!
THE VISION CLIMBS SWIFTLY ···
KEEP THE MOTOR GOING!
THEN-
HERE THEY COME— IN ADVANCING WAVES OF PEOPLE GOING MAD! WE MUST LEAVE BEFORE IT REACHES US!
HANG ON!
HURRY! CIRCLE AROUND THE BLOCK. ··· WE'LL COME UP BEHIND THEM!
THAT MUST BE THEM AHEAD! WHAT NOW?
PULL ALONGSIDE! I'M GOING TO JUMP TO THEIR RUNNING BOARD!
AS THE TWO CARS DRAW EVEN, HE LEAPS ···
NOW!
WHAT TH---!

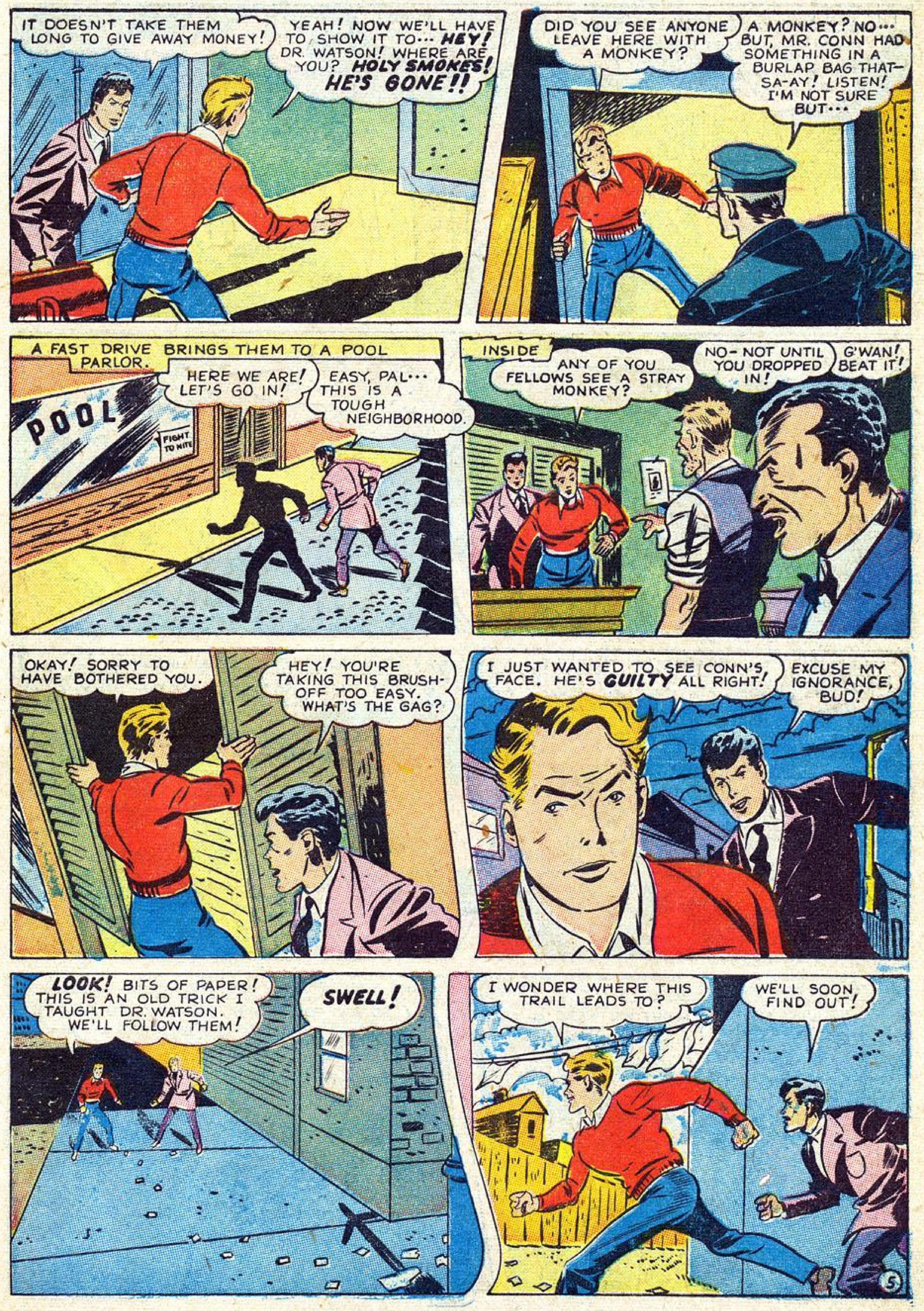

THE VISION'S FINGERS TIGHTEN ON THE DOCTOR'S THROAT... THE TRUCK SWERVES...
OOF!
WE'RE CRASHING!
YOU WILL DESTROY NO MORE!
HUGO- DO SOMETHING!
HUGO REACHES OUT...
I HAVE HIM, HERR EKKER! KILL HIM!
BUT...
NO! NO! EA-E-I-I-I-
YOU SPEAK TOO SOON! OOH... HE HIT THOSE CHARGED WIRES!
THE FEAR-CRAZED DOCTOR EKKER ESCAPES FROM THE WRECKED TRUCK BUT FAILS TO SEE JOE'S CAR!
LOOK!
HOLY SMOKES!
Suddenly...
AAAAAAIII
HE DIDN'T SEE THE CAR! WELL, ALL EVIL MUST PERISH!
THE UNHOLY DUO IS DEAD! YOU, JOE AND JEAN, INFORM THE POPULACE THAT THOSE MADE MAD BY THIS MACHINE WILL RECOVER IN TIME. FAREWELL!
THE VISION WALKS INTO THE SMOKE FROM THE FLAMING TRUCK.
I MUST LEAVE NOW. BUT, I WILL RETURN WHEN I AM NEEDED!
THE VISION RETURNS TO DO BATTLE WITH THE FORCES OF EVIL IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF Marvel
YOU, TOO CAN COMBAT THE ENEMY BY BUYING MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!

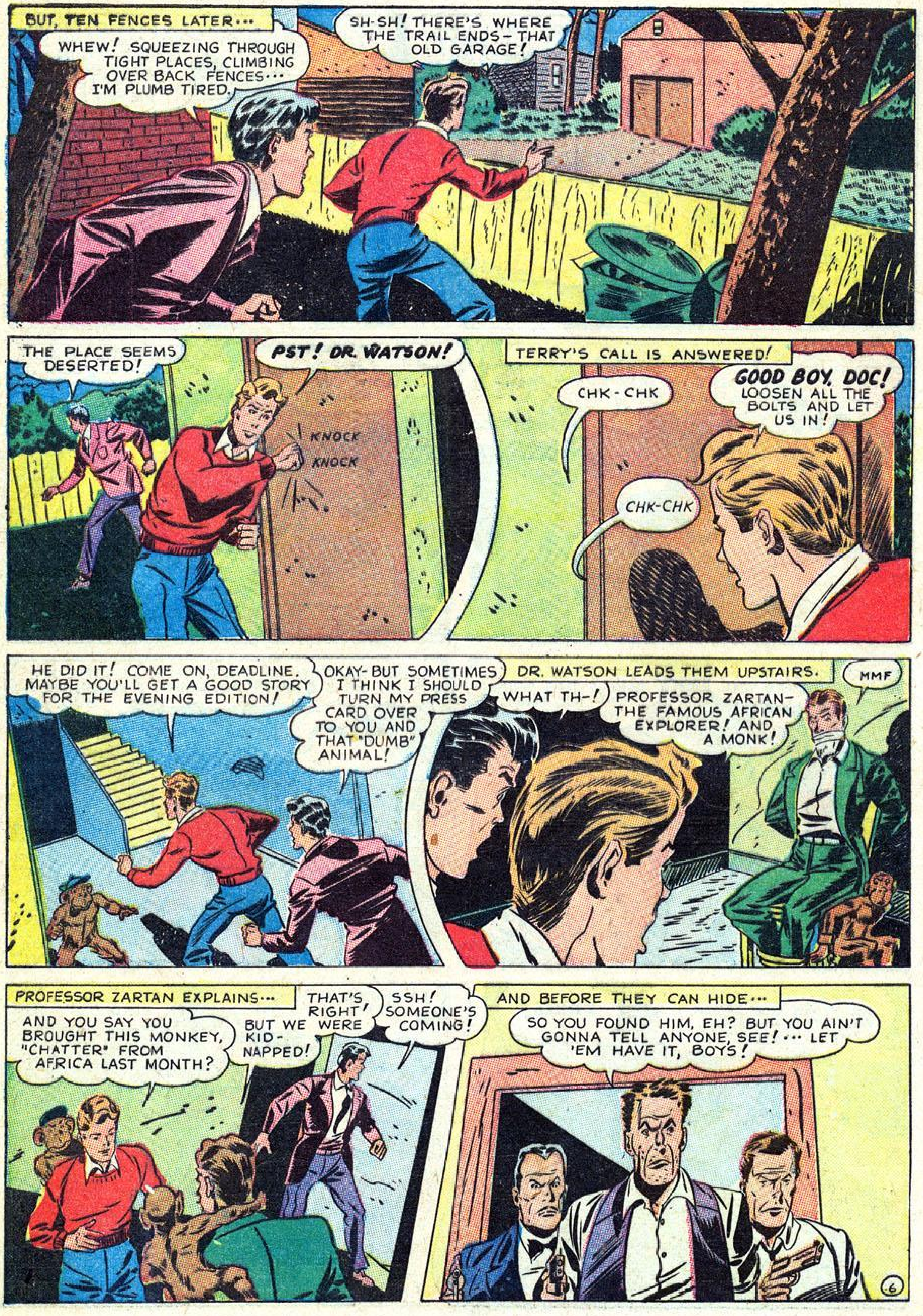

Terry Vance
The SCHOOL BOY SLEUTH
IN DR. WATSON'S CALL TO FAME
THAT MAN, CHIEF— HE'S TRAPPED!
CHK-CHK
WE'RE DOING ALL WE CAN, TERRY, BUT HE WON'T JUMP AND THE LADDERS DON'T REACH.
WHAT A STORY!
NOTES
FIRE! FIRE! FIRE! DEADLINE DAWSON ANSWERS THE CALL TO A STORY FOR HIS PAPER AND TERRY VANCE ANSWERS THE CALL TO ADVENTURE— BUT IT'S DOCTOR WATSON WHO FINDS THE GLORY!
JUMP, MAN! JUMP!
CHK-CHK. LOOK, TERRY, A ROPE!
TERRY SEES DR. WATSON'S PLAN AND PUTS IT TO WORK.
LET HIM TRY. HE'S A GOOD CLIMBER.
GO AHEAD... HE'S A BRAVE LITTLE ANIMAL.
CHK CHK
AND SO...
GOOD LUCK, MONK— BRING 'IM BACK ALIVE!

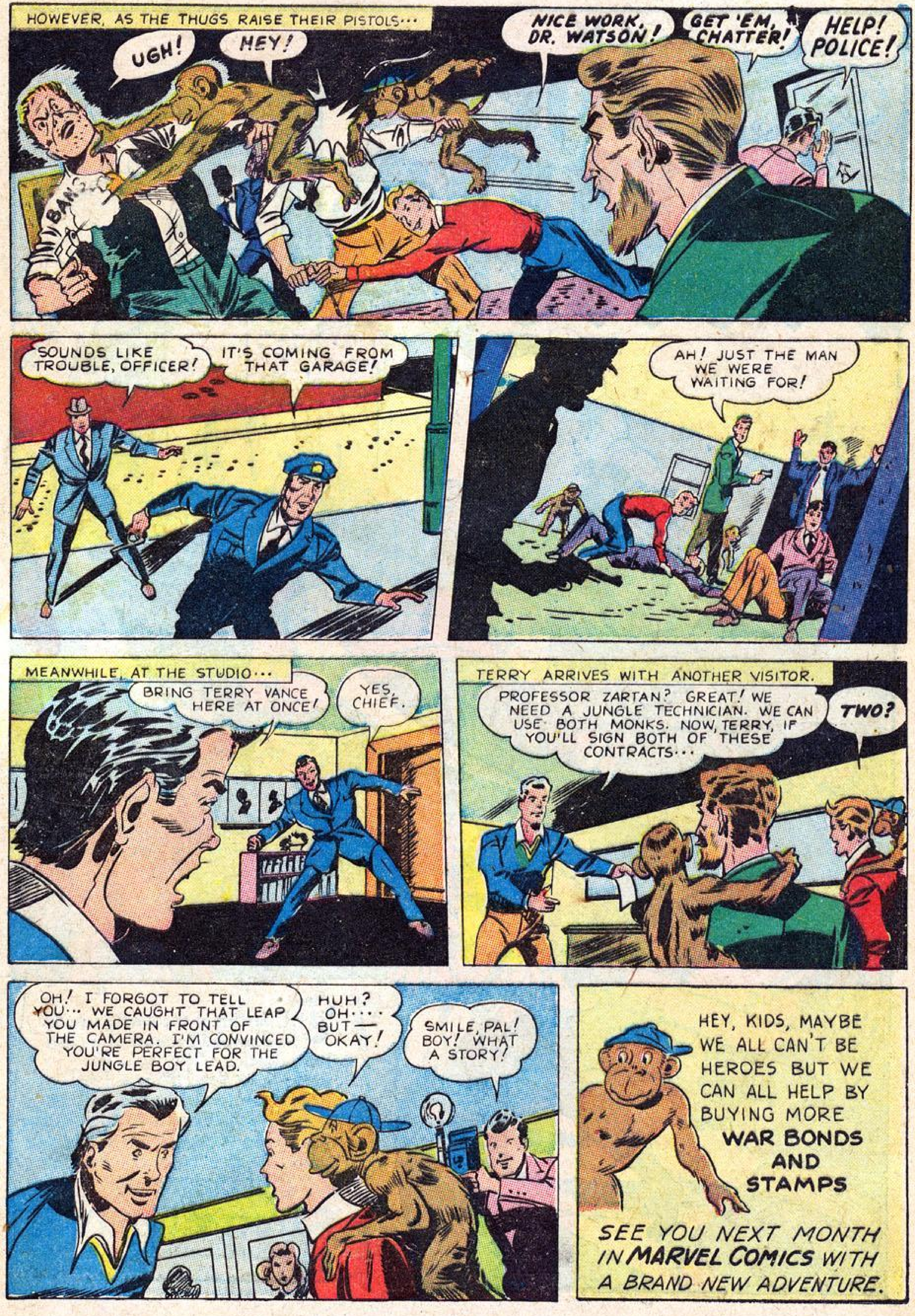

WHILE ON THE BUILDING ACROSS THE STREET
WHAT A NEWSREEL THIS WILL MAKE!
YOU'RE A LUCKY DOG MAX!
YOU SPUNKY LITTLE RASCAL! I COULDN'T JUMP WITH A BROKEN ANKLE. LET'S HAVE THAT ROPE
WISH THEY'D HURRY! THE CHIEF JUST TOLD ME THAT MOST OF THE FLOORS HAVE FALLEN THROUGH!
HOPE THE WALLS HOLD!
THE DRAMA PROGRESSES. THE INJURED MAN SAFELY DESCENDS THE ROPE TO THE TOP OF THE LADDER.
EASY, PAL!
WE DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE CRIPPLED HANG ON TO ME!
THEN....
GOOD BOY! I KNEW YOU COULD DO IT!
I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU-
THANK YOUR MONK FOR A GREAT NEWSREEL SCOOP, CHUM. HE'LL BE FAMOUS WITHIN TWO DAYS!
THE CAMERAMAN'S COMMENT DOESN'T IMPRESS TERRY UNTIL THE NEXT DAY
HOLD ON— I'LL TAKE IT!
CHK
BRRRRING
ON THE OTHER END OF THE PHONE···
AFTER SEEING THE RUSHES OF THE NEWS REEL, WE'D LIKE TO HAVE YOUR MONKEY FOR THE PART INSTEAD OF THE ONE WE'VE BEEN CONSIDERING COME DOWN TO THE OFFICE THIS AFTERNOON.
2

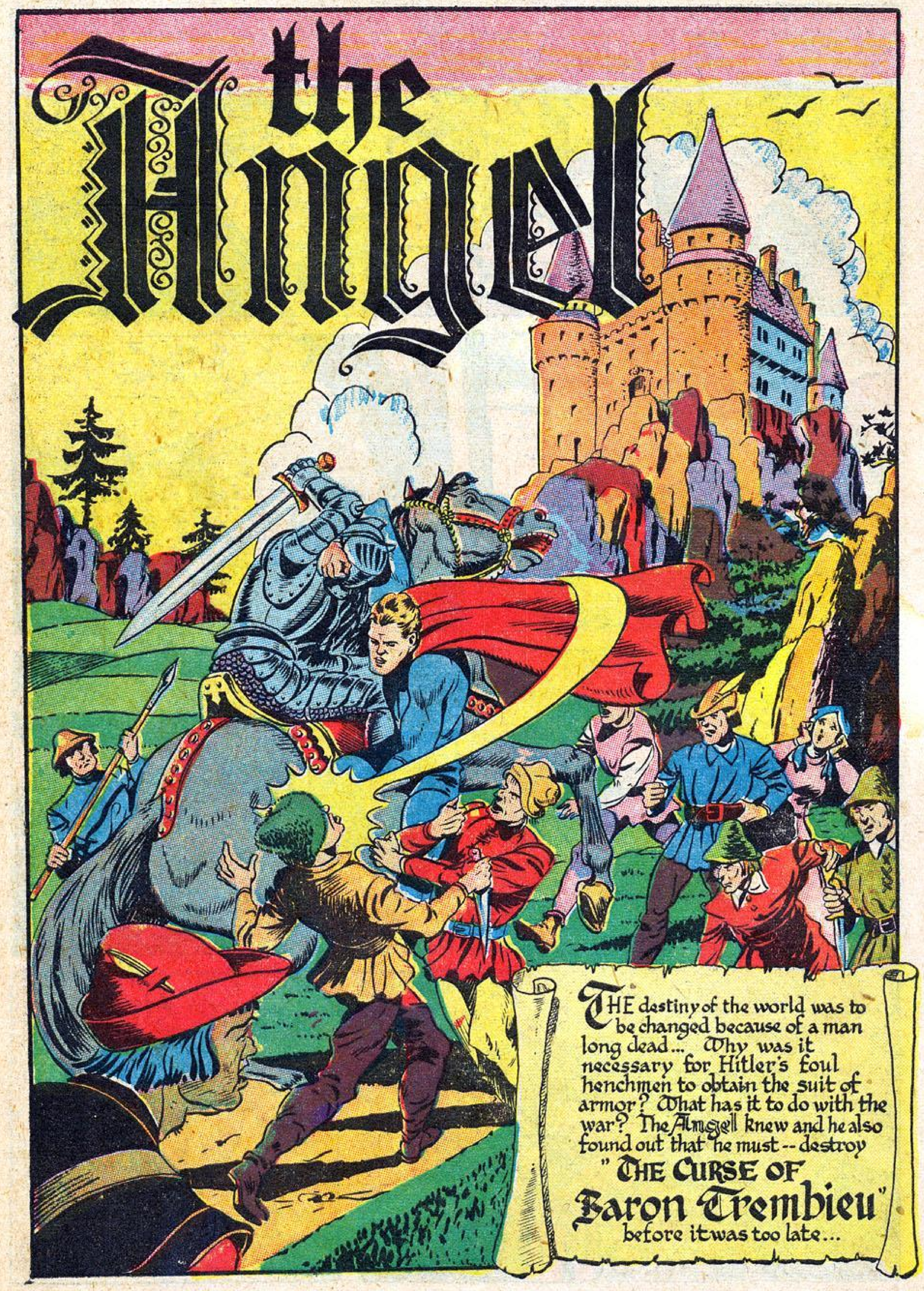

TERRY TELLS DR. WATSON THE BIG NEWS
I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT!
I KNEW THEY'D RECOGNIZE MY ABILITY SOONER OR LATER - IT'S FATE!
AT THE SAME MOMENT··· ACROSS TOWN—
DID' JA HEAR THE LATEST, CONN? THEY'RE CONSIDERING ANOTHER MONK!
YEAH. AN' I DON'T LIKE IT-SEE!
I HEARD! WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO?
PLENTY! AN' IF YOU DON'T··
C-COME INTO THE BACK ROOM IF YOU WANT TO TALK
WELL?
WE PULLED THIS JOB BECAUSE YOU SAID IT WAS QUICK DOUGH AND - HEY! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
I-I WAS GOING TO FEED "CHATTER"— UHHHH!
EAT IT YOURSELF! YOU'RE A BIGGER MONKEY THAN HE IS!
WE WANT THAT MOVIE CONTRACT SIGNED AND OUR SHARE OF THE DOUGH TONIGHT! UNDERSTAND?
OKAY, FELLA'S, OKAY! I'LL FIX IT!
CONN LEAVES FOR THE STUDIO
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY! IF IT WASN'T FOR THIS NEW MONKEY, "CHATTER" WOULD BE SIGNED UP. I GOTTA DO THIS RIGHT!
MEANWHILE···
ALL SET?
HA! HE ISN'T GOING TO FIND IT HARD TO BE A MOVIE STAR LOOK AT HIM!
TO THE STUDIO JAMES!

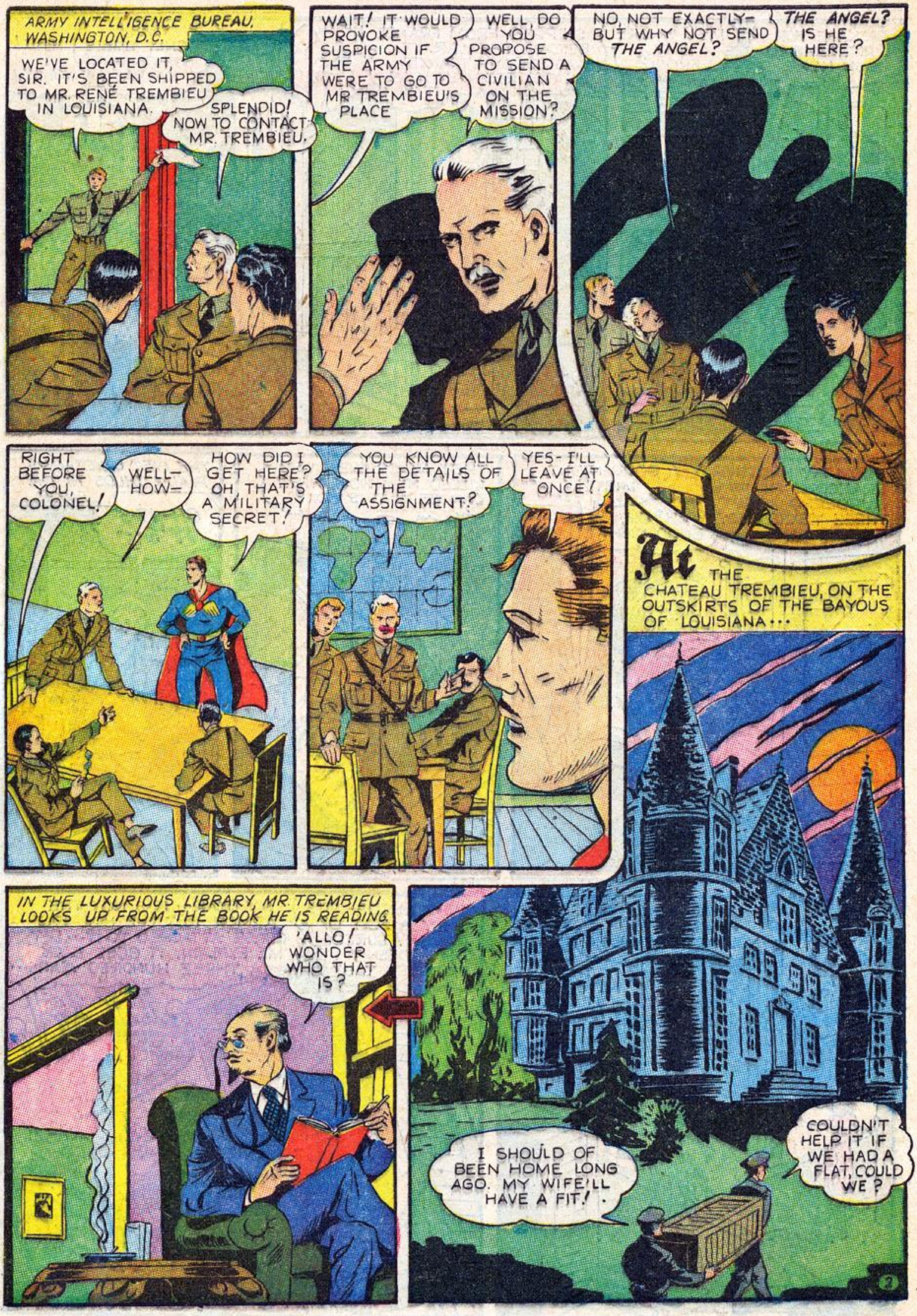

AT THE STUDIO GATE...
DIRECTOR RALPH BANKS IS EXPECTING US.
OH, YES! ON STAGE FIVE.
NO ADMITA
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
HELLO, MIKE! HOW'S BUSINESS?
OKAY, MR. CONN. LOOKS LIKE YOUR MONKEY HAS SOME COMPETITION. WISH YOU LUCK!
NO ADMITANCE
THE PRODUCER WASTES NO TIME IN TAKING DR. WATSON'S TEST.
ACTION! CAMERA! THIS IS A TAKE!
DR. WATS TAKE
AS THE CAMERA GRINDS, TERRY SPIES SOMETHING...
UH-OH!
...AND ACTS FAST!
CRASH
EEEK
LATER...
I'VE HAD THE PLACE SEARCHED BUT NO ONE KNOWS HOW IT HAPPENED. ACCIDENT, I GUESS.
THAT'S ALL RIGHT, SIR. I HOPE IT DIDN'T SPOIL THE SCENE.
AFTER THE TESTS ARE FINISHED...
WAIT HERE, DOC. I HAVE TO SEE A MAN ABOUT A MOVIE CONTRACT.
CHK!
NOW'S MY CHANCE! I CAN'T BUNGLE THIS TIME!

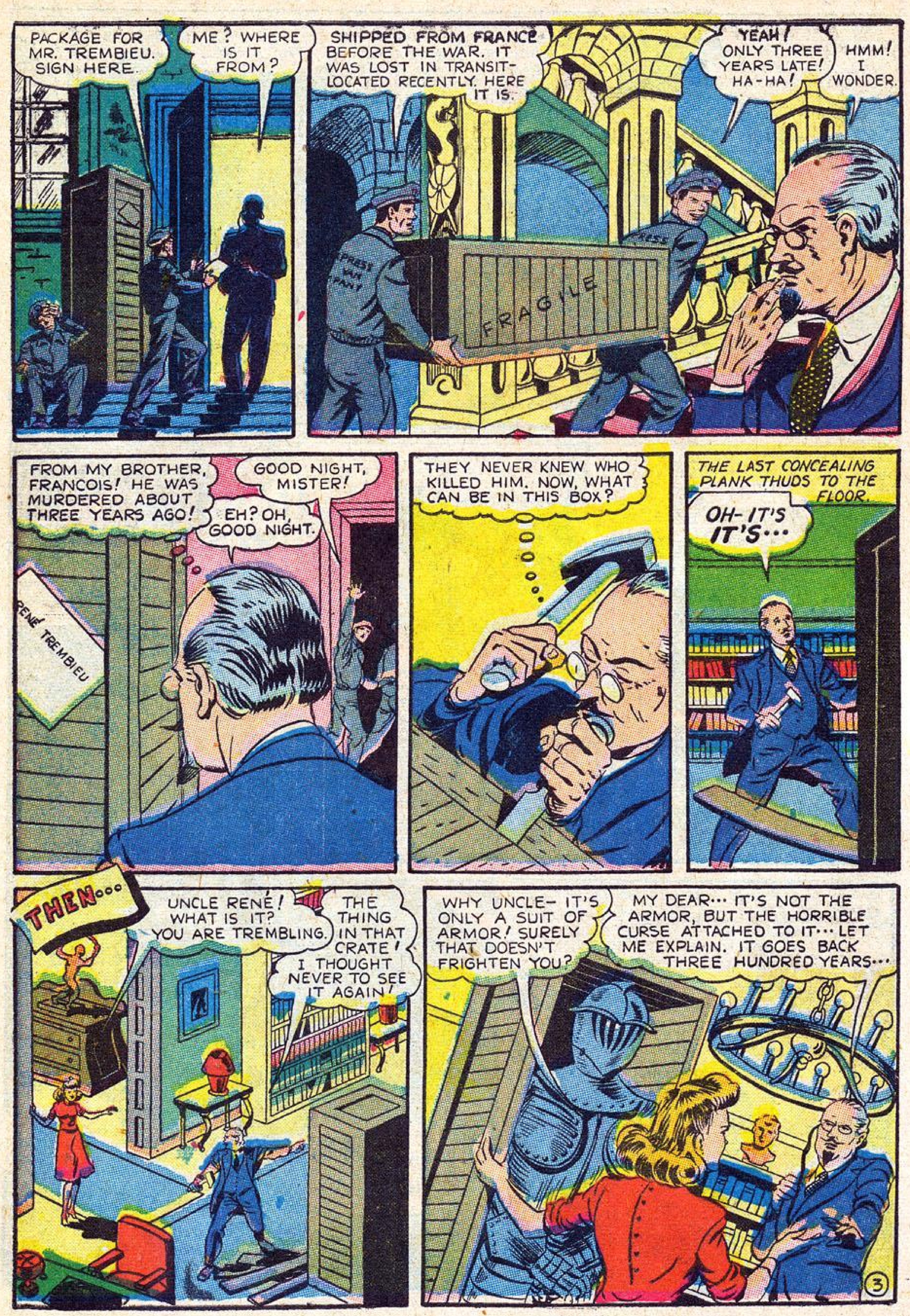

IT DOESN'T TAKE THEM LONG TO GIVE AWAY MONEY!
YEAH! NOW WE'LL HAVE TO SHOW IT TO··· HEY! DR. WATSON! WHERE ARE YOU? HOLY SMOKES! HE'S GONE!!
DID YOU SEE ANYONE LEAVE HERE WITH A MONKEY?
A MONKEY? NO··· BUT, MR. CONN HAD SOMETHING IN A BURLAP BAG THAT-SA-AY! LISTEN! I'M NOT SURE BUT···
A FAST DRIVE BRINGS THEM TO A POOL PARLOR.
HERE WE ARE! LET'S GO IN!
EASY, PAL··· THIS IS A TOUGH NEIGHBORHOOD.
POOL
FIGHT TO NITE
INSIDE
ANY OF YOU FELLOWS SEE A STRAY MONKEY?
NO- NOT UNTIL YOU DROPPED IN!
G'WAN! BEAT IT!
OKAY! SORRY TO HAVE BOTHERED YOU.
HEY! YOU'RE TAKING THIS BRUSH-OFF TOO EASY. WHAT'S THE GAG?
I JUST WANTED TO SEE CONN'S FACE. HE'S GUILTY ALL RIGHT!
EXCUSE MY IGNORANCE, BUD!
LOOK! BITS OF PAPER! THIS IS AN OLD TRICK I TAUGHT DR. WATSON. WE'LL FOLLOW THEM!
SWELL!
I WONDER WHERE THIS TRAIL LEADS TO?
WE'LL SOON FIND OUT!

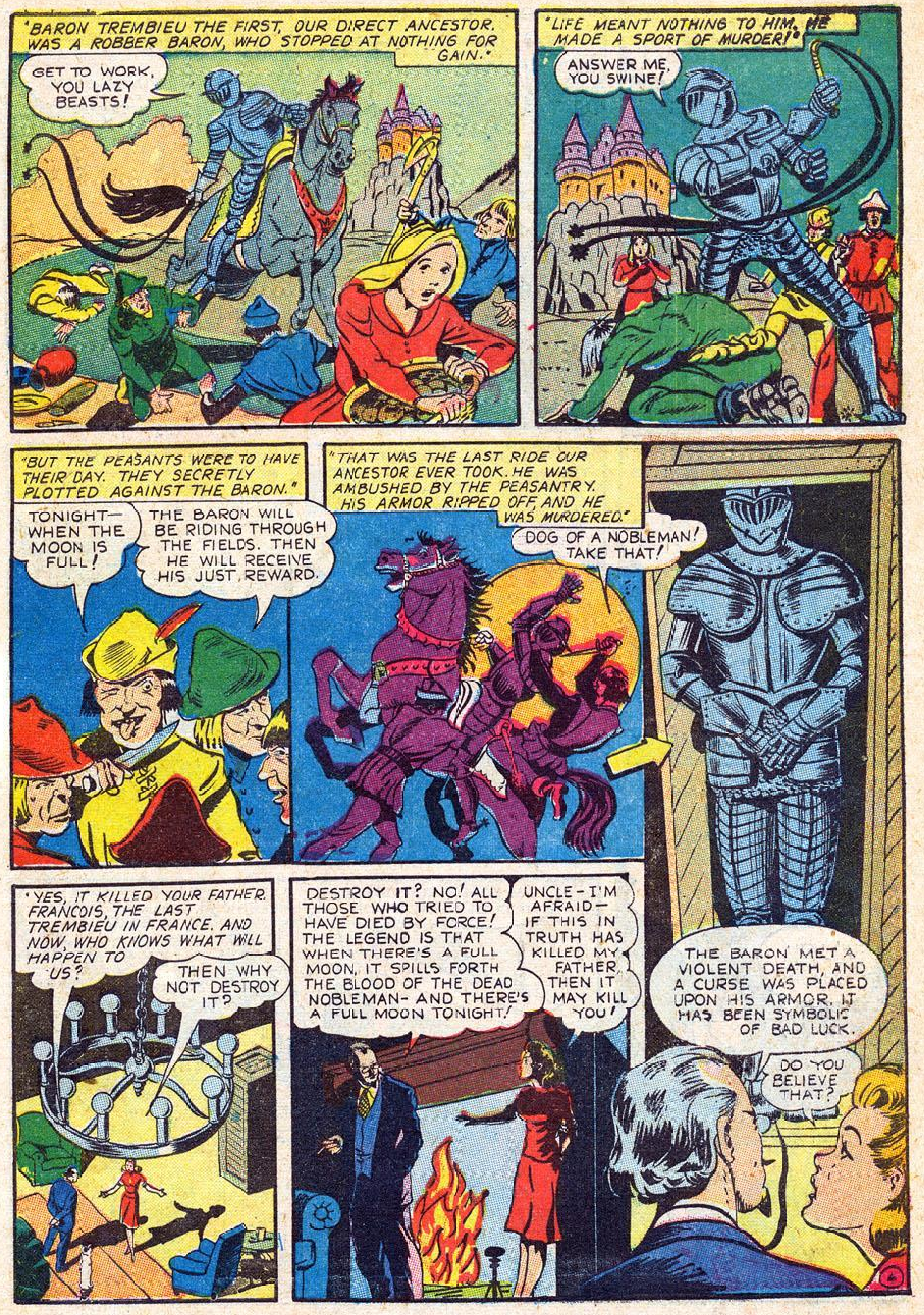

BUT, TEN FENCES LATER...
WHEW! SQUEEZING THROUGH TIGHT PLACES, CLIMBING OVER BACK FENCES... I'M PLUMB TIRED.
SH-SH! THERE'S WHERE THE TRAIL ENDS—THAT OLD GARAGE!
THE PLACE SEEMS DESERTED!
PST! DR. WATSON!
KNOCK
KNOCK
TERRY'S CALL IS ANSWERED!
CHK-CHK
GOOD BOY, DOC! LOOSEN ALL THE BOLTS AND LET US IN!
CHK-CHK
HE DID IT! COME ON, DEADLINE. MAYBE YOU'LL GET A GOOD STORY FOR THE EVENING EDITION!
OKAY—BUT SOMETIMES I THINK I SHOULD TURN MY PRESS CARD OVER TO YOU AND THAT "DUMB" ANIMAL!
DR. WATSON LEADS THEM UPSTAIRS.
MMF
WHAT TH—!
PROFESSOR ZARTAN—THE FAMOUS AFRICAN EXPLORER! AND A MONK!
PROFESSOR ZARTAN EXPLAINS...
AND YOU SAY YOU BROUGHT THIS MONKEY, "CHATTER" FROM AFRICA LAST MONTH?
THAT'S RIGHT, BUT WE WERE KIDNAPPED!
SSH! SOMEONE'S COMING!
AND BEFORE THEY CAN HIDE...
SO YOU FOUND HIM, EH? BUT YOU AIN'T GONNA TELL ANYONE, SEE!... LET 'EM HAVE IT, BOYS!

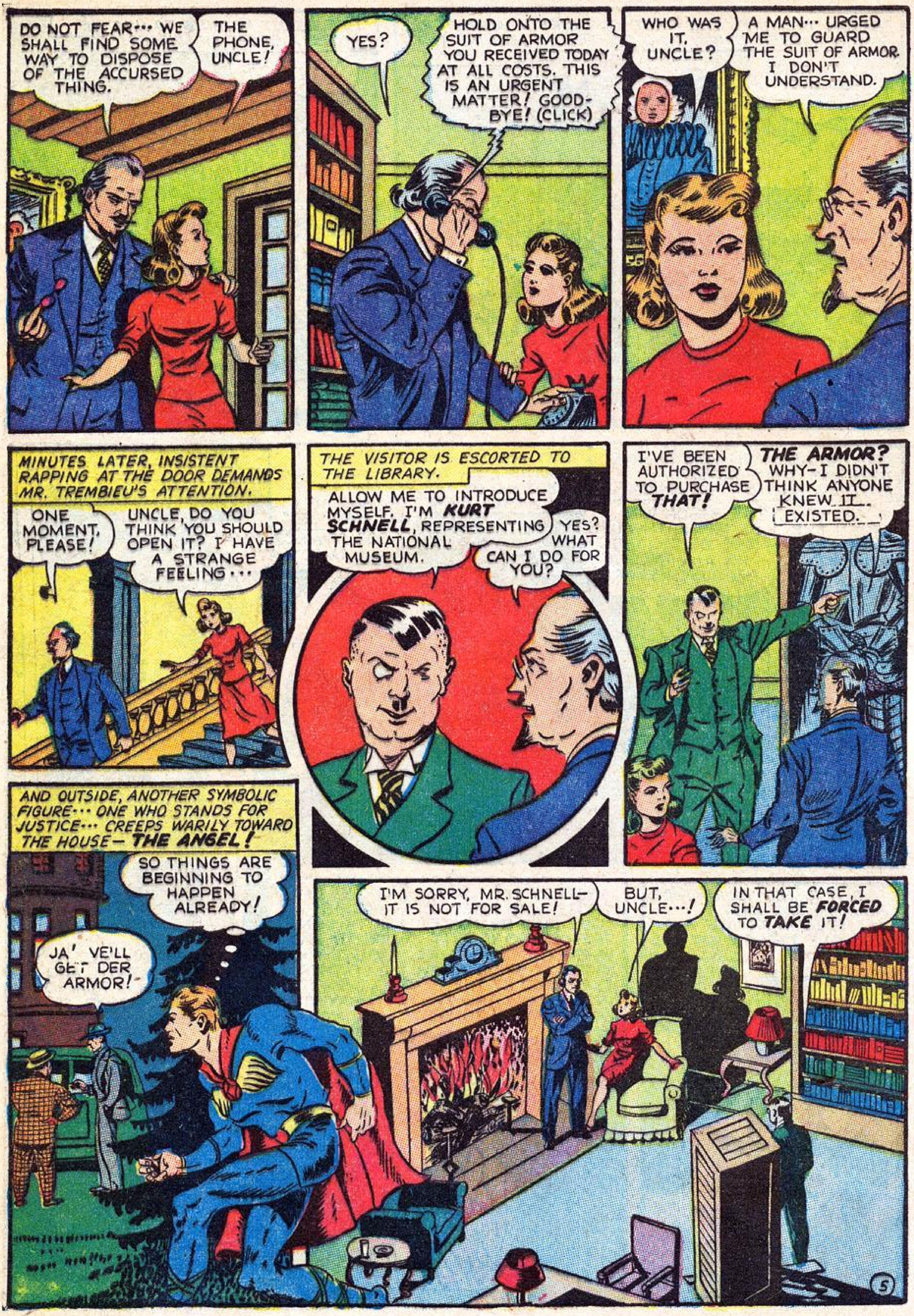

HOWEVER, AS THE THUGS RAISE THEIR PISTOLS···
UGH!
HEY!
BANG
NICE WORK, DR. WATSON!
GET 'EM, CHATTER!
HELP! POLICE!
SOUNDS LIKE TROUBLE, OFFICER!
IT'S COMING FROM THAT GARAGE!
AH! JUST THE MAN WE WERE WAITING FOR!
MEANWHILE, AT THE STUDIO···
BRING TERRY VANCE HERE AT ONCE!
YES, CHIEF.
TERRY ARRIVES WITH ANOTHER VISITOR.
PROFESSOR ZARTAN? GREAT! WE NEED A JUNGLE TECHNICIAN. WE CAN USE BOTH MONKS. NOW, TERRY, IF YOU'LL SIGN BOTH OF THESE CONTRACTS···
TWO?
OH! I FORGOT TO TELL YOU··· WE CAUGHT THAT LEAP YOU MADE IN FRONT OF THE CAMERA. I'M CONVINCED YOU'RE PERFECT FOR THE JUNGLE BOY LEAD.
HUH? OH··· BUT— OKAY!
SMILE, PAL! BOY! WHAT A STORY!
HEY, KIDS, MAYBE WE ALL CAN'T BE HEROES BUT WE CAN ALL HELP BY BUYING MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS
SEE YOU NEXT MONTH IN MARVEL COMICS WITH A BRAND NEW ADVENTURE.

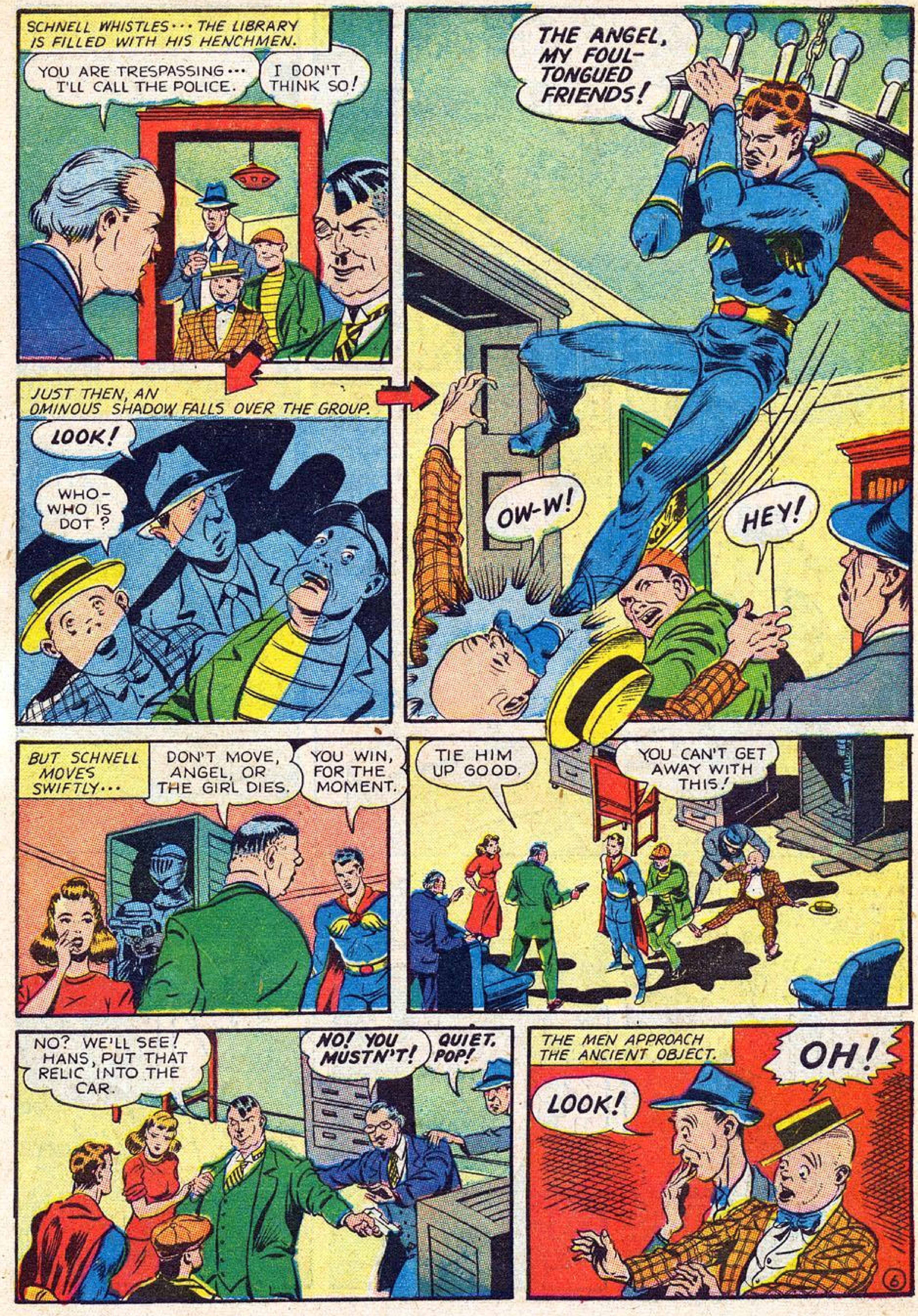

the Angel
THE destiny of the world was to be changed because of a man long dead... Why was it necessary for Hitler's foul henchmen to obtain the suit of armor? What has it to do with the war? The Angel knew and he also found out that he must -- destroy
"THE CURSE OF Baron Trembieu"
before it was too late...

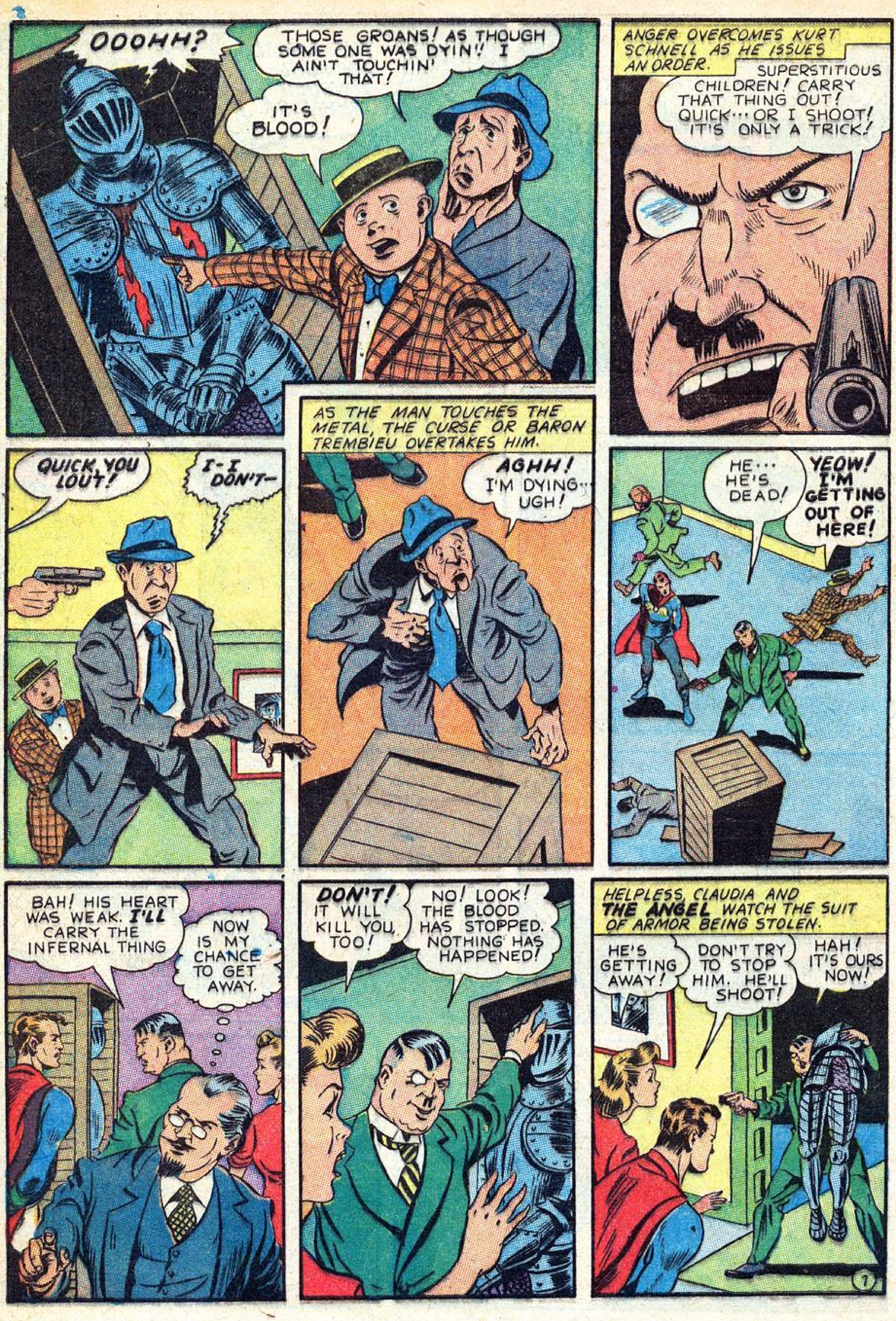

ARMY INTELLIGENCE BUREAU, WASHINGTON, D.C.
WE'VE LOCATED IT, SIR. IT'S BEEN SHIPPED TO MR. RENÉ TREMBIEU IN LOUISIANA.
SPLENDID! NOW TO CONTACT MR. TREMBIEU.
WAIT! IT WOULD PROVOKE SUSPICION IF THE ARMY WERE TO GO TO MR TREMBIEU'S PLACE
WELL, DO YOU PROPOSE TO SEND A CIVILIAN ON THE MISSION?
NO, NOT EXACTLY- BUT WHY NOT SEND *THE ANGEL?*
THE ANGEL? IS HE HERE?
RIGHT BEFORE YOU, COLONEL!
WELL- HOW-
HOW DID I GET HERE? OH, THAT'S A MILITARY SECRET!
YOU KNOW ALL THE DETAILS OF THE ASSIGNMENT?
YES- I'LL LEAVE AT ONCE!
At THE CHATEAU TREMBIEU, ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE BAYOUS OF LOUISIANA...
I SHOULD OF BEEN HOME LONG AGO. MY WIFE'LL HAVE A FIT!
COULDN'T HELP IT IF WE HAD A FLAT, COULD WE?
IN THE LUXURIOUS LIBRARY, MR. TREMBIEU LOOKS UP FROM THE BOOK HE IS READING.
'ALLO! WONDER WHO THAT IS?

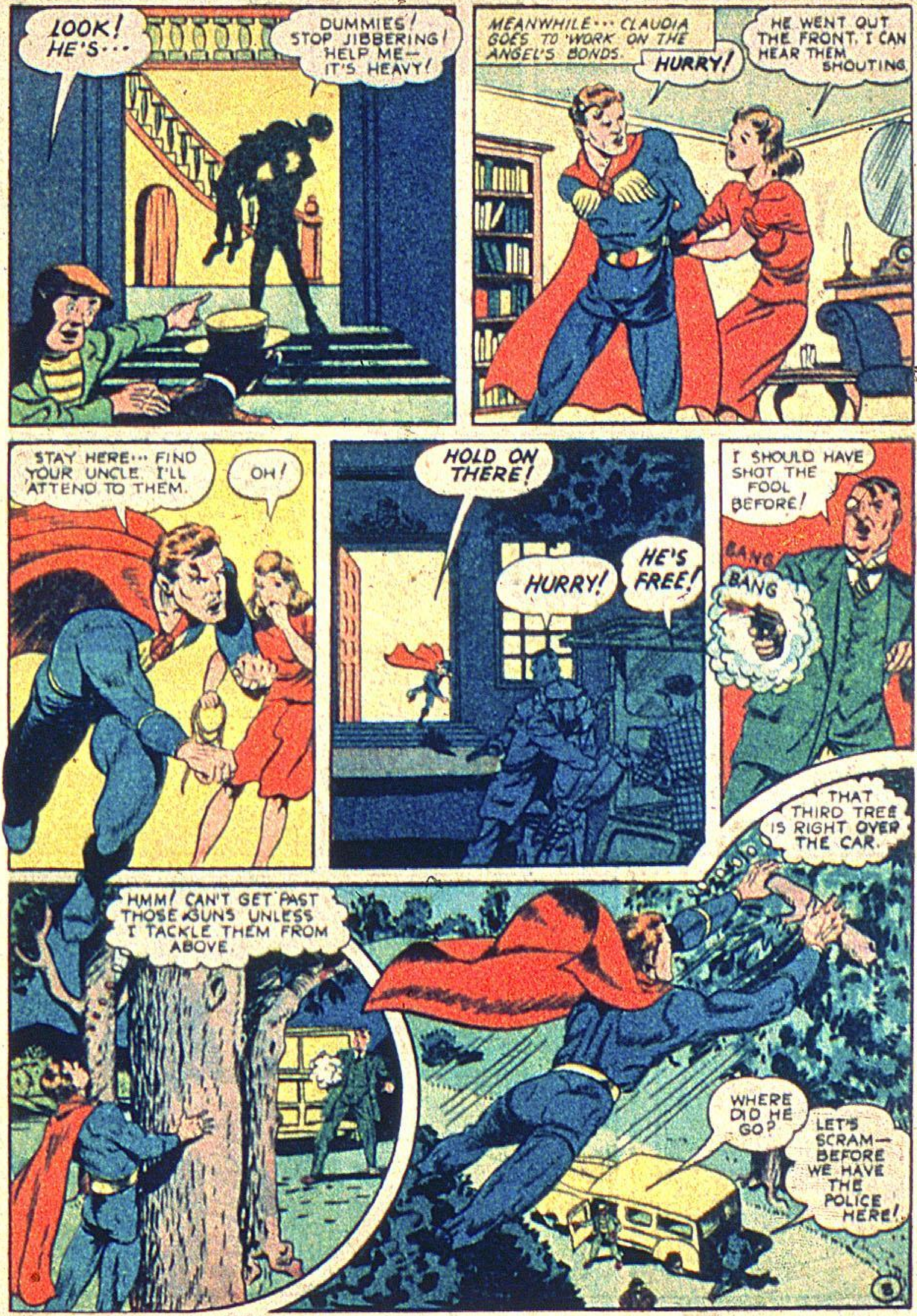

PACKAGE FOR MR. TREMBIEU. SIGN HERE.
ME? WHERE IS IT FROM?
SHIPPED FROM FRANCE BEFORE THE WAR. IT WAS LOST IN TRANSIT- LOCATED RECENTLY. HERE IT IS.
YEAH! ONLY THREE YEARS LATE! HA-HA!
HMM! I WONDER.
FRAGILE
FROM MY BROTHER, FRANCOIS! HE WAS MURDERED ABOUT THREE YEARS AGO!
GOOD NIGHT, MISTER!
EH? OH, GOOD NIGHT.
RENÉ TREMBIEU
THEY NEVER KNEW WHO KILLED HIM. NOW, WHAT CAN BE IN THIS BOX?
THE LAST CONCEALING PLANK THUDS TO THE FLOOR.
OH- IT'S IT'S···
THEN···
UNCLE RENÉ! WHAT IS IT? YOU ARE TREMBLING.
THE THING IN THAT CRATE! I THOUGHT NEVER TO SEE IT AGAIN!
WHY UNCLE- IT'S ONLY A SUIT OF ARMOR! SURELY THAT DOESN'T FRIGHTEN YOU?
MY DEAR··· IT'S NOT THE ARMOR, BUT THE HORRIBLE CURSE ATTACHED TO IT··· LET ME EXPLAIN. IT GOES BACK THREE HUNDRED YEARS···

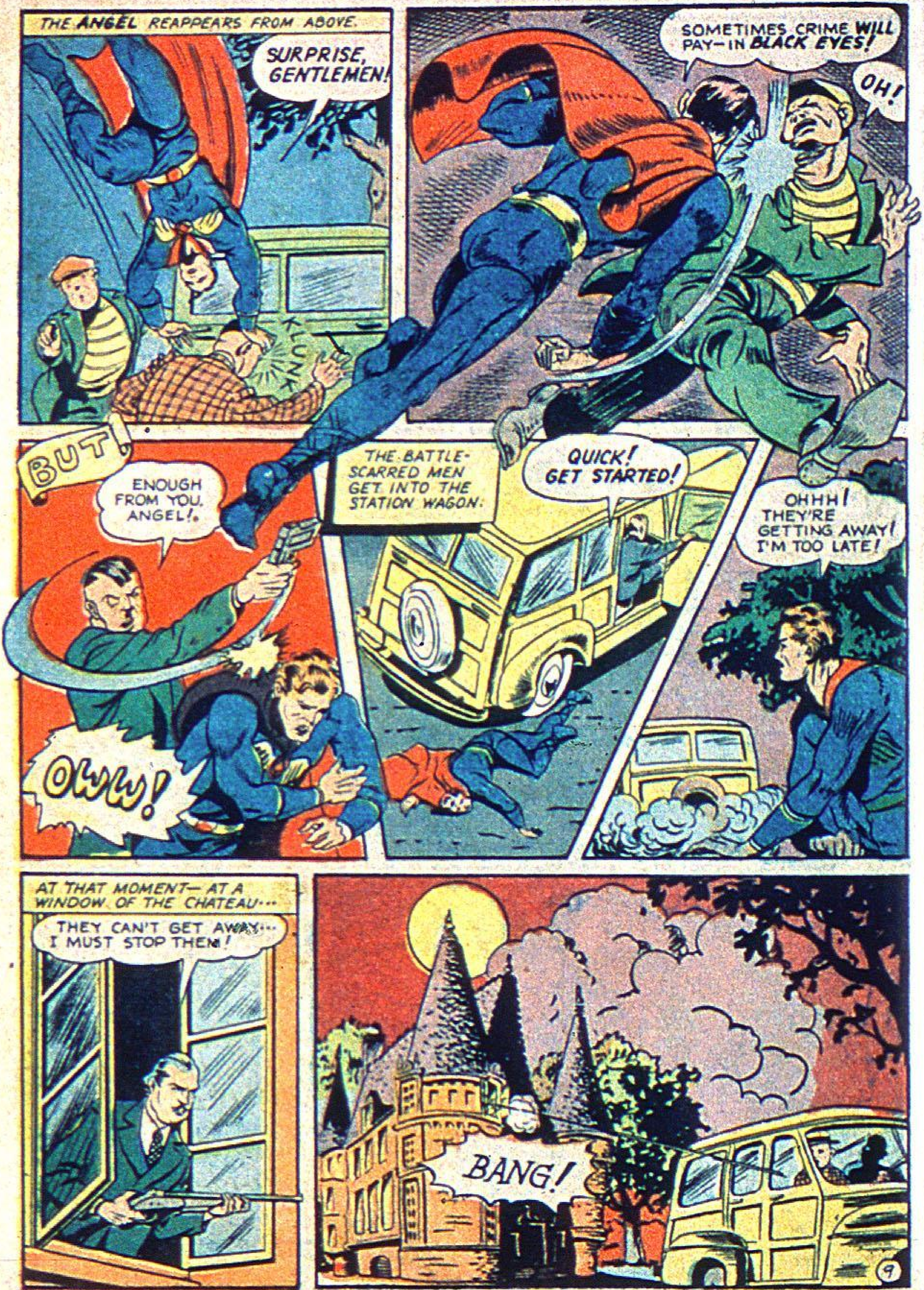

"BARON TREMBIEU THE FIRST, OUR DIRECT ANCESTOR. WAS A ROBBER BARON, WHO STOPPED AT NOTHING FOR GAIN."
GET TO WORK, YOU LAZY BEASTS!
"LIFE MEANT NOTHING TO HIM. HE MADE A SPORT OF MURDER!"
ANSWER ME, YOU SWINE!
"BUT THE PEASANTS WERE TO HAVE THEIR DAY. THEY SECRETLY PLOTTED AGAINST THE BARON."
TONIGHT— WHEN THE MOON IS FULL!
THE BARON WILL BE RIDING THROUGH THE FIELDS. THEN HE WILL RECEIVE HIS JUST REWARD.
"THAT WAS THE LAST RIDE OUR ANCESTOR EVER TOOK. HE WAS AMBUSHED BY THE PEASANTRY. HIS ARMOR RIPPED OFF, AND HE WAS MURDERED."
DOG OF A NOBLEMAN! TAKE THAT!
THE BARON MET A VIOLENT DEATH, AND A CURSE WAS PLACED UPON HIS ARMOR. IT HAS BEEN SYMBOLIC OF BAD LUCK.
DO YOU BELIEVE THAT?
"YES, IT KILLED YOUR FATHER. FRANCOIS, THE LAST TREMBIEU IN FRANCE. AND NOW, WHO KNOWS WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO US?
THEN WHY NOT DESTROY IT?
DESTROY IT? NO! ALL THOSE WHO TRIED TO HAVE DIED BY FORCE! THE LEGEND IS THAT WHEN THERE'S A FULL MOON, IT SPILLS FORTH THE BLOOD OF THE DEAD NOBLEMAN- AND THERE'S A FULL MOON TONIGHT!
UNCLE- I'M AFRAID— IF THIS IN TRUTH HAS KILLED MY FATHER, THEN IT MAY KILL YOU!

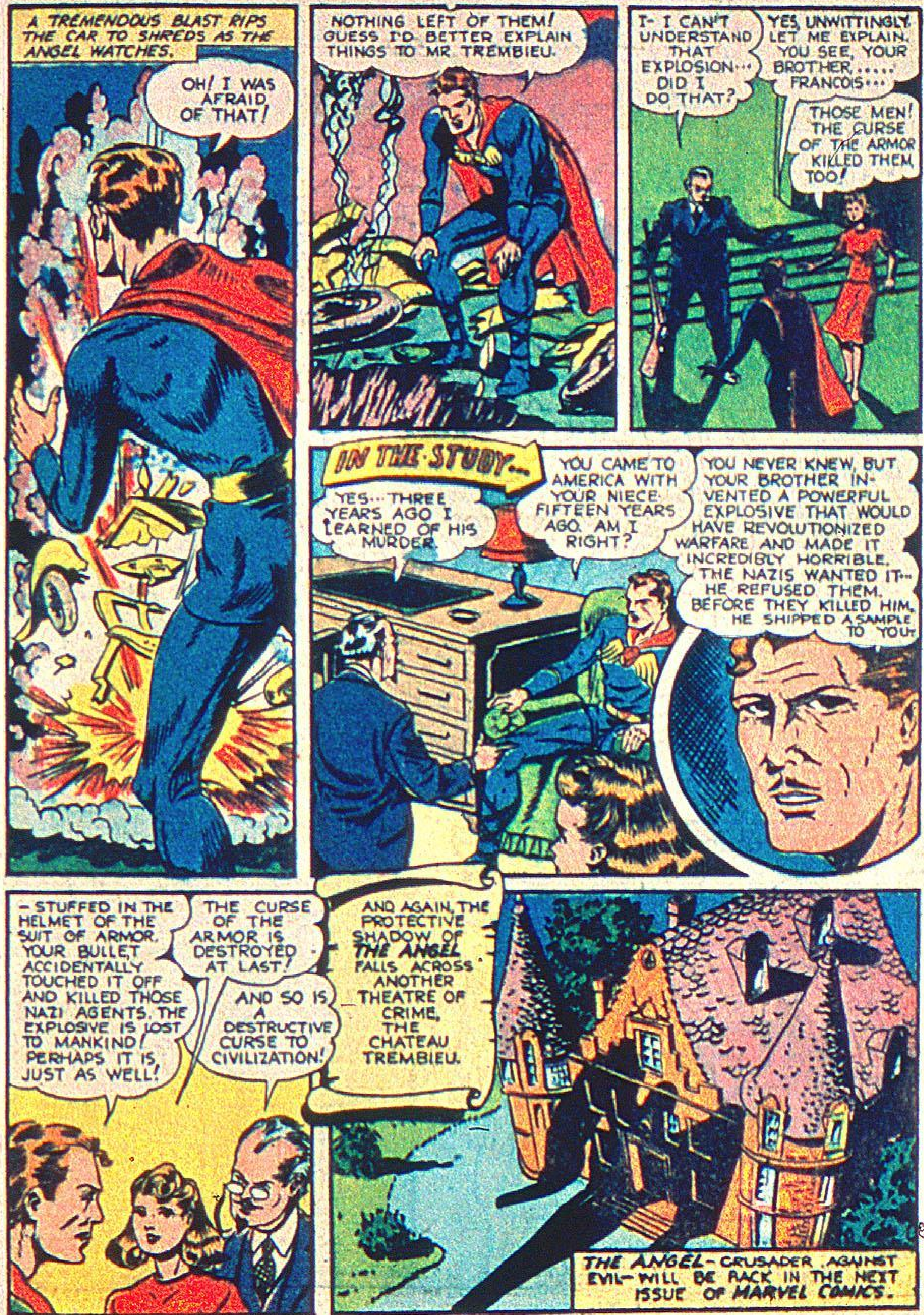

DO NOT FEAR··· WE SHALL FIND SOME WAY TO DISPOSE OF THE ACCURSED THING.
THE PHONE, UNCLE!
YES?
HOLD ONTO THE SUIT OF ARMOR YOU RECEIVED TODAY AT ALL COSTS. THIS IS AN URGENT MATTER! GOOD-BYE! (CLICK)
WHO WAS IT, UNCLE?
A MAN··· URGED ME TO GUARD THE SUIT OF ARMOR. I DON'T UNDERSTAND.
MINUTES LATER, INSISTENT RAPPING AT THE DOOR DEMANDS MR. TREMBIEU'S ATTENTION.
ONE MOMENT, PLEASE!
UNCLE, DO YOU THINK YOU SHOULD OPEN IT? I HAVE A STRANGE FEELING···
THE VISITOR IS ESCORTED TO THE LIBRARY.
ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF. I'M KURT SCHNELL, REPRESENTING THE NATIONAL MUSEUM.
YES? WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
I'VE BEEN AUTHORIZED TO PURCHASE THAT!
THE ARMOR? WHY-I DIDN'T THINK ANYONE KNEW IT EXISTED.
AND OUTSIDE, ANOTHER SYMBOLIC FIGURE··· ONE WHO STANDS FOR JUSTICE··· CREEPS WARILY TOWARD THE HOUSE—THE ANGEL!
SO THINGS ARE BEGINNING TO HAPPEN ALREADY!
JA' VE'LL GET DER ARMOR!
I'M SORRY, MR. SCHNELL—IT IS NOT FOR SALE!
BUT, UNCLE···!
IN THAT CASE, I SHALL BE FORCED TO TAKE IT!


SCHNELL WHISTLES··· THE LIBRARY IS FILLED WITH HIS HENCHMEN.
YOU ARE TRESPASSING··· I'LL CALL THE POLICE.
I DON'T THINK SO!
THE ANGEL, MY FOUL-TONGUED FRIENDS!
JUST THEN, AN OMINOUS SHADOW FALLS OVER THE GROUP.
LOOK!
WHO-WHO IS DOT?
OW-W!
HEY!
BUT SCHNELL MOVES SWIFTLY···
DON'T MOVE, ANGEL, OR THE GIRL DIES.
YOU WIN, FOR THE MOMENT.
TIE HIM UP GOOD.
YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!
NO? WE'LL SEE! HANS, PUT THAT RELIC INTO THE CAR.
NO! YOU MUSTN'T!
QUIET, POP!
THE MEN APPROACH THE ANCIENT OBJECT.
OH!
LOOK!


OOOHH?
THOSE GROANS! AS THOUGH SOME ONE WAS DYIN'! I AIN'T TOUCHIN' THAT!
IT'S BLOOD!
ANGER OVERCOMES KURT SCHNELL AS HE ISSUES AN ORDER.
SUPERSTITIOUS CHILDREN! CARRY THAT THING OUT! QUICK··· OR I SHOOT! IT'S ONLY A TRICK!
QUICK, YOU LOUT!
I-I DON'T-
AS THE MAN TOUCHES THE METAL, THE CURSE OR BARON TREMBIEU OVERTAKES HIM.
AGHH! I'M DYING··· UGH!
HE··· HE'S DEAD!
YEOW! I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!
BAH! HIS HEART WAS WEAK. I'LL CARRY THE INFERNAL THING
NOW IS MY CHANCE TO GET AWAY.
DON'T! IT WILL KILL YOU, TOO!
NO! LOOK! THE BLOOD HAS STOPPED. NOTHING HAS HAPPENED!
HELPLESS, CLAUDIA AND THE ANGEL WATCH THE SUIT OF ARMOR BEING STOLEN.
HE'S GETTING AWAY!
DON'T TRY TO STOP HIM. HE'LL SHOOT!
HAH! IT'S OURS NOW!


LOOK! HE'S···
DUMMIES! STOP JIBBERING! HELP ME— IT'S HEAVY!
MEANWHILE··· CLAUDIA GOES TO WORK ON THE ANGEL'S BONDS.
HURRY!
HE WENT OUT THE FRONT. I CAN HEAR THEM SHOUTING.
STAY HERE··· FIND YOUR UNCLE. I'LL ATTEND TO THEM.
OH!
HOLD ON THERE!
HURRY!
HE'S FREE!
I SHOULD HAVE SHOT THE FOOL BEFORE!
BANG
BANG
HMM! CAN'T GET PAST THOSE GUNS UNLESS I TACKLE THEM FROM ABOVE.
THAT THIRD TREE IS RIGHT OVER THE CAR.
WHERE DID HE GO?
LET'S SCRAM— BEFORE WE HAVE THE POLICE HERE!


THE ANGEL REAPPEARS FROM ABOVE.
SURPRISE, GENTLEMEN!
KLUNK
SOMETIMES CRIME WILL PAY—IN BLACK EYES!
OH!
BUT
ENOUGH FROM YOU, ANGEL!
OWW!
THE BATTLE-SCARRED MEN GET INTO THE STATION WAGON.
QUICK! GET STARTED!
OHHH! THEY'RE GETTING AWAY! I'M TOO LATE!
AT THAT MOMENT— AT A WINDOW OF THE CHATEAU···
THEY CAN'T GET AWAY··· I MUST STOP THEM!
BANG!

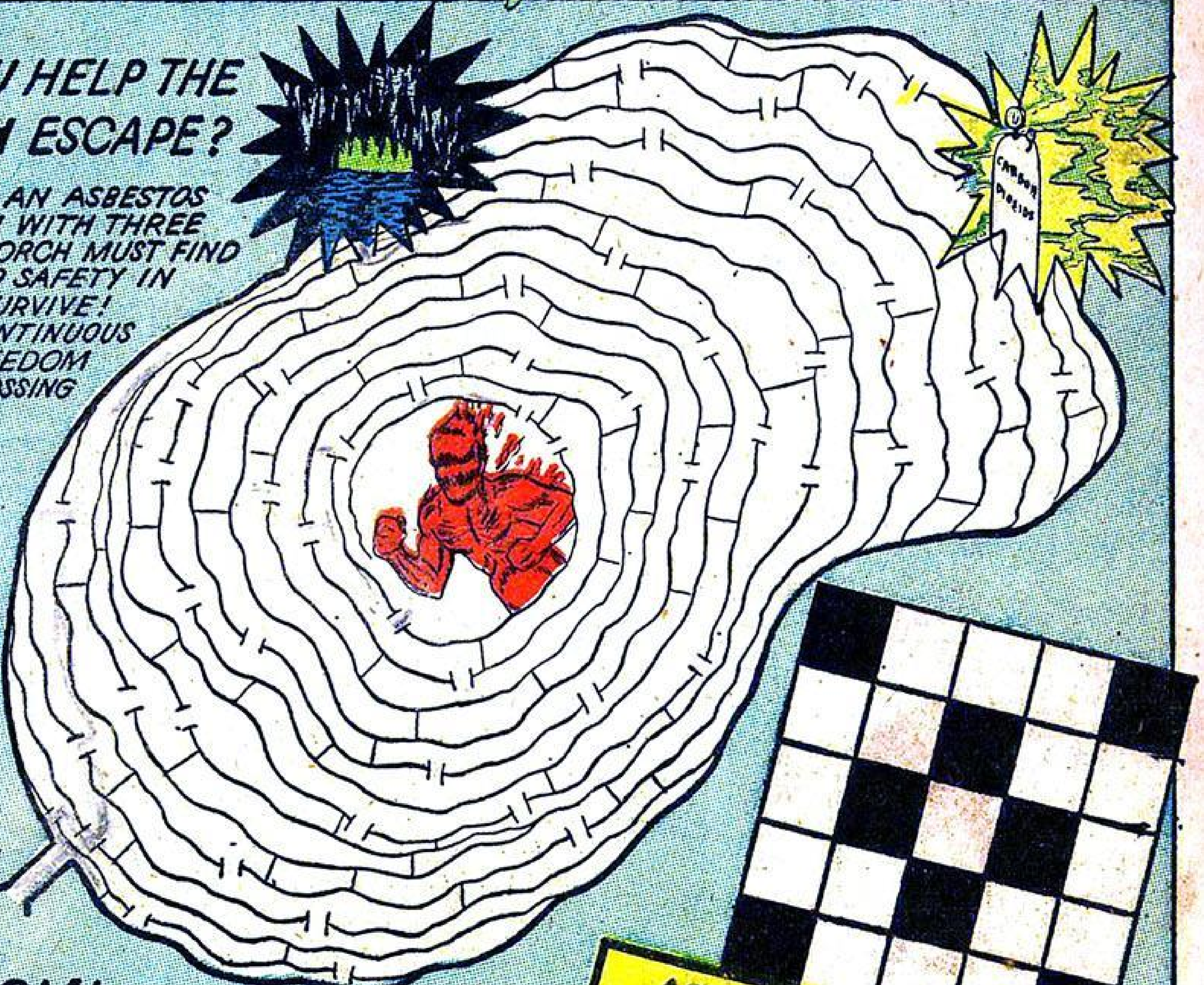

A TREMENDOUS BLAST RIPS THE CAR TO SHREDS AS THE ANGEL WATCHES.
OH! I WAS AFRAID OF THAT!
NOTHING LEFT OF THEM! GUESS I'D BETTER EXPLAIN THINGS TO MR TREMBIEU.
I- I CAN'T UNDERSTAND THAT EXPLOSION... DID I DO THAT?
YES, UNWITTINGLY. LET ME EXPLAIN. YOU SEE, YOUR BROTHER,..... FRANCOIS...
THOSE MEN! THE CURSE OF THE ARMOR KILLED THEM, TOO!
IN THE STUDY--
YES... THREE YEARS AGO I LEARNED OF HIS MURDER.
YOU CAME TO AMERICA WITH YOUR NIECE FIFTEEN YEARS AGO. AM I RIGHT?
YOU NEVER KNEW, BUT YOUR BROTHER INVENTED A POWERFUL EXPLOSIVE THAT WOULD HAVE REVOLUTIONIZED WARFARE AND MADE IT INCREDIBLY HORRIBLE. THE NAZIS WANTED IT... HE REFUSED THEM. BEFORE THEY KILLED HIM, HE SHIPPED A SAMPLE TO YOU-
- STUFFED IN THE HELMET OF THE SUIT OF ARMOR. YOUR BULLET ACCIDENTALLY TOUCHED IT OFF AND KILLED THOSE NAZI AGENTS. THE EXPLOSIVE IS LOST TO MANKIND! PERHAPS IT IS, JUST AS WELL!
THE CURSE OF THE ARMOR IS DESTROYED AT LAST!
AND SO IS A DESTRUCTIVE CURSE TO CIVILIZATION!
AND AGAIN, THE PROTECTIVE SHADOW OF THE ANGEL FALLS ACROSS ANOTHER THEATRE OF CRIME, THE CHATEAU TREMBIEU.
THE ANGEL- CRUSADER AGAINST EVIL- WILL BE BACK IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF MARVEL COMICS.

MARVEL *Mental Mystery* QUIZ!

CAN YOU HELP THE **TORCH** ESCAPE?

TRAPPED IN AN ASBESTOS LINED ROOM WITH THREE EXITS, THE TORCH MUST FIND THE PATH TO SAFETY IN ORDER TO SURVIVE! TRACE A CONTINUOUS LINE TO FREEDOM WITHOUT CROSSING ANY LINES!

ONE PATH LEADS TO THE HIDEOUS BLACK-WATER ROOM...THE OTHER LEADS TO THE CHAMBER OF CARBON DIOXIDE—THE FLAME QUENCHER...



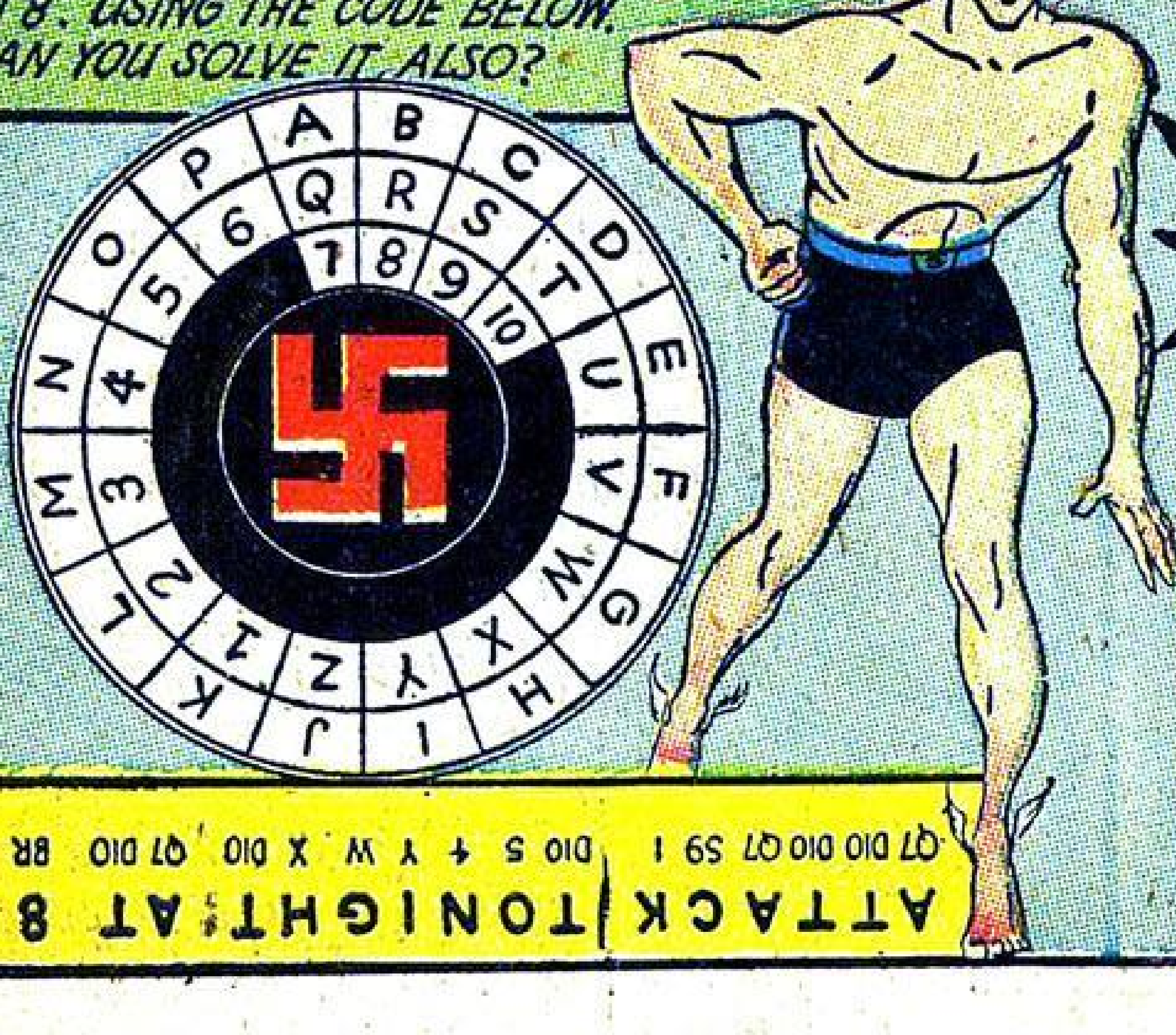
TO FREEDOM!

■				■
		■		
	■		■	
		■		
■				■

ACROSS
1. BELOW
3. HUDSON TUNNEL (AB.)
4. FOR EXAMPLE
6. NEGATIVE
8. ELEVATED SYSTEM
9. CONCEALED

DOWN
1. STREET (AB.)
2. TWO (LATIN)
3. NAZI
5. SOME ARE ELECTRIC
7. EXCLAMATION
8. BOY'S NAME (SL.)

SUBMARINER HAS DECIPHERED THE NAZI CODE MESSAGE: "Q7 D10 D10 Q7 S9 1 D10 5 4 Y W X D10 Q7 D10 BR." TO READ: "ATTACK TONIGHT AT 8". USING THE CODE BELOW. CAN YOU SOLVE IT ALSO?

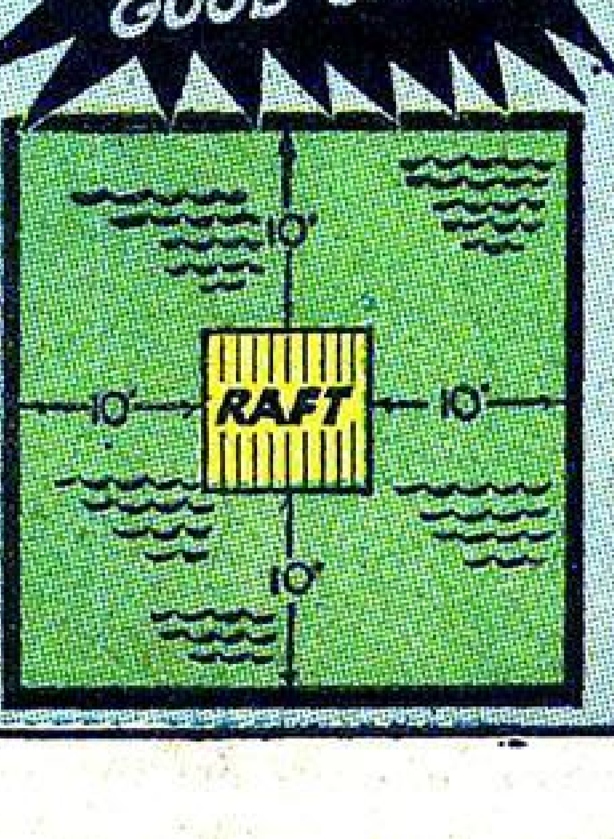

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P
Q R S T U V W X Y Z 1 2 3 4 5 6
7 8 9 10

ATTACK | TONIGHT AT 8

Q7 D10 D10 Q7 S9 1 | D10 5 4 Y W X D10 Q7 D10 BR

HERE'S A GOOD ONE!

IF YOU HAD 2 PLANKS, EACH 8 FEET LONG, HOW WOULD YOU GET ON THE RAFT IN THE CENTER? REMEMBER—NO NAILING OR FLOATING...YOU MUST MERELY LAY THE PLANKS DOWN AND WALK OVER—**IT CAN BE DONE!**



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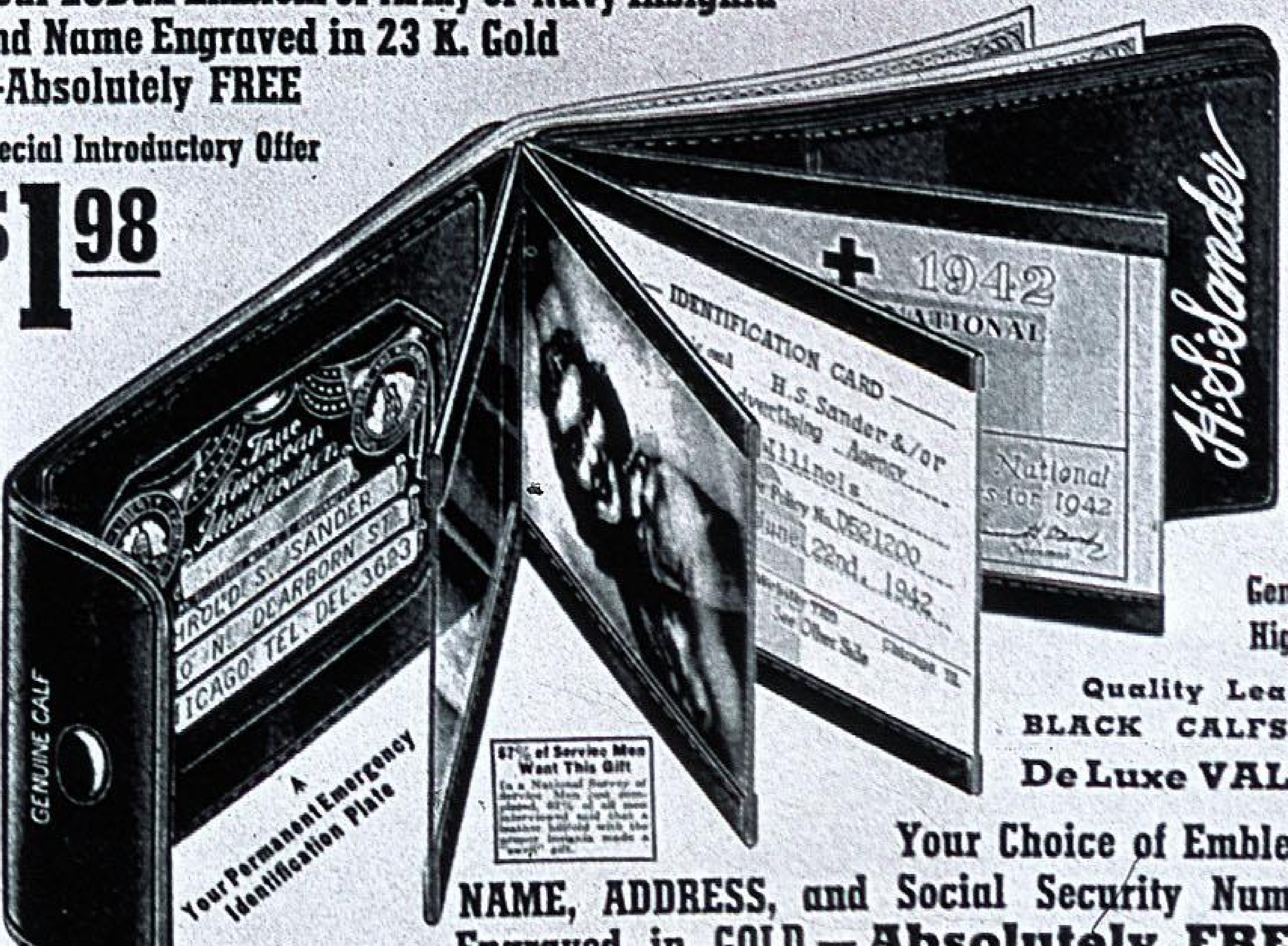
1942
NATIONAL
National
1942
IDENTIFICATION CARD
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Policy No. D521200
June 22nd, 1942
See Other Side
True American Identification
HAROLD S. SANDER
510 N. DEARBORN ST.
CHICAGO TEL. DEL. 3623
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Your Name Engraved Here

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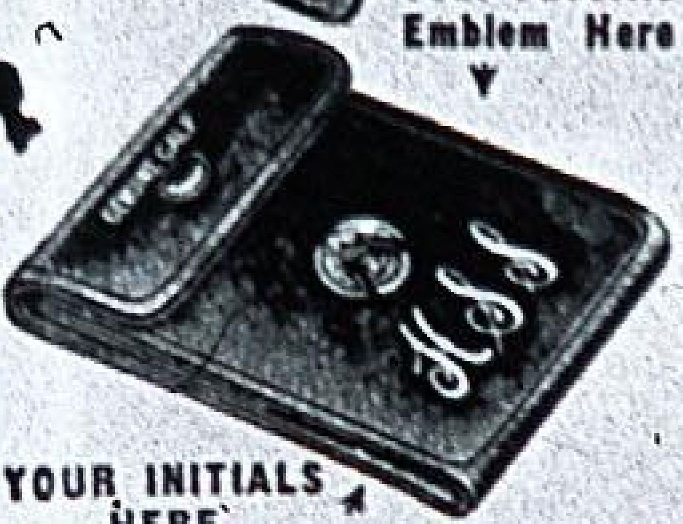
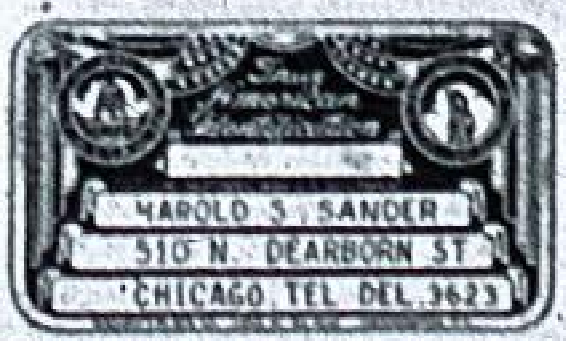
Your Choice of Emblems, NAME, ADDRESS, and Social Security Number Engraved in GOLD—Absolutely FREE!


Your Favorite Emblem Here
GENUINE CALF
H S S
YOUR INITIALS HERE

Here without a doubt is positively the greatest Billfold and Pass Case Bargain that you'll be likely to see for a good many years to come. For high quality Calfskin Billfold, beautifully engraved in gold, with your Lodge Emblem or Army, Navy, Marine or Air Corps Insignia and name, you would expect to pay up to $4.50 and consider it a marvelous buy. If you take advantage of this sensational introductory offer, you can get this superb genuine Calfskin Wallet and Pass Case for only $1.98, and we will send you absolutely free a specially designed three color lifetime Identification Plate, which carries your Social Security Number, your Name and Address or your Army Draft Number. This fine grain calfskin Billfold must actually be seen to be fully appreciated. Besides the spacious compartment at the back which can be used for currency, checks, papers, etc., it has four pockets, each protected by celluloid to prevent the soiling of your valuable membership and credit cards.

When closed, this handsome Billfold has the soft velvety feel you find only in quality Calfskin. Your Lodge Emblem or Army, Navy, Marine or Air Corps Insignia and name are beautifully embossed in 23 karat gold on the face of the Billfold. Due to difficulty in obtaining choice leather because of war conditions, the supply of these Billfolds is limited. Remember if you send your order promptly, we will include absolutely FREE, a beautiful identification Key Tag and Gilt Chain to match, all hand engraved with your Name, Address, City and State. If after receiving your Billfold and Free Gift, you don't positively agree that this is the most outstanding bargain you have ever come across, return them to us and your money will be cheerfully refunded in full. Send your order today, without fail so you won't be disappointed.

FREE!


True American Identification
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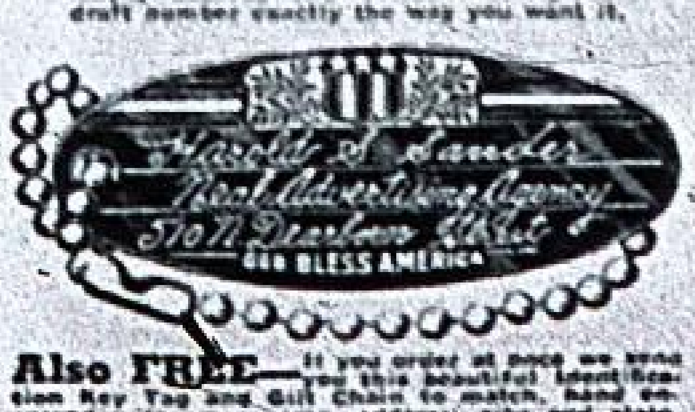
This beautiful three-color Emergency Identification Plate carries your full name, address and social security or draft number exactly the way you want it.


Harold S. Sander
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GOD BLESS AMERICA

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Rush This Coupon For This Once-In-A-Lifetime Bargain!

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If you want a LODGE, or ARMY or NAVY Insignia, state name here....................

Gentlemen: I enclose $1.98. Please send me a Genuine Calfskin Billfold with my name and choice of Emblems engraved in 23k gold. Include, absolutely free, a lifetime Identification Plate carrying my full Name and Social Security Number, or Draft Number. Also include FREE an Identification Key Tag and Gilt Chain to match, all hand-engraved with my Name, Address, City and State.

My Full Name....................
(Please print clearly)

Address....................

City.................... State....................

Social Security Number.................... Army Draft Number....................

☐ Please ship the above C.O.D. for $1.98 plus a few pennies postage and C.O.D. charges.

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ENERGY

High-altitude fighters with blazing speed, and tremendous fire-power—that's the U. S. Army's Pursuit Planes. The highly developed engines of these daredevils of the air burn fuel which is created into high-powered energy, for fast maneuvering to attack the enemy and get away at top speed!

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Your body, like the airplane motor, burns fuel . . . fuel in the form of the food you eat . . . that is transformed into energy. Dextrose is one of the primary sugars utilized by the body to replenish used-up energy.

BABY RUTH IS RICH IN DEXTROSE!

Have more fun and more energy, too! Eat a Baby Ruth Candy Bar whenever you need an energy-boost to speed up your efforts. Its wholesome ingredients are rich in Dextrose to give you a delicious, nutritious treat. Baby Ruth tastes so good—it's so good for you!

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Recipe on Every Wrapper.

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SEND A BOX TO THE BOY IN SERVICE!